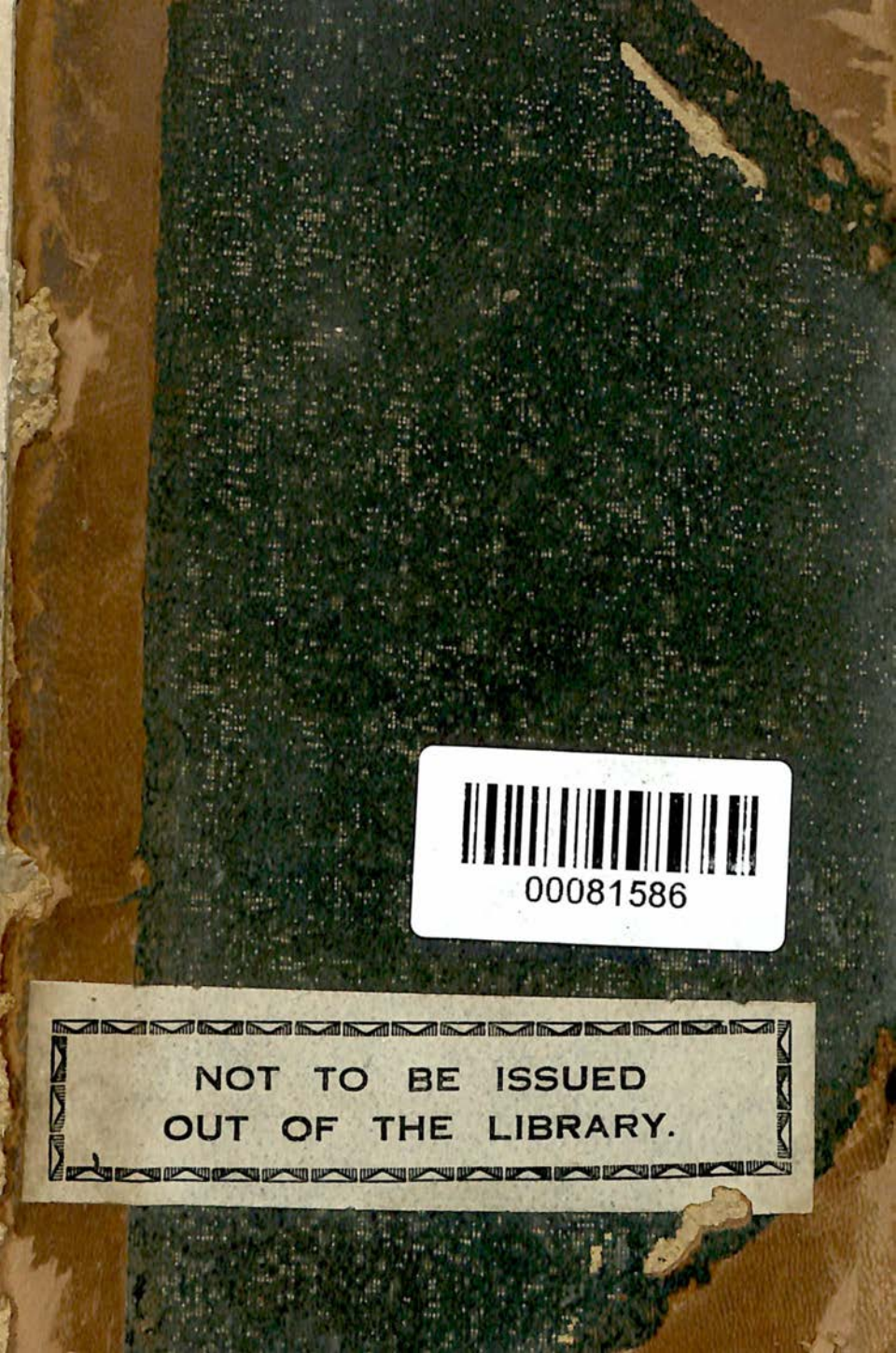
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THE

COMEDIES

OF

TERENCE,

Tranſlated into FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE.

81586

By GEORGE COLMAN.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim:
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
Quin ubi ſe a vulgo et ſcenâ in ſecreta remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis ſapientia Lælî,
Nugari cum illo et diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti. HOR.

The SECOND EDITION, reviſed and corrected.

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MDCCLXVIII.

1718

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Brothers.

THE

BROTHERS.

TO

JAMES BOOTH, Esq;

OF LINCOLN's INN,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED

MOST FAITHFUL

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

BROTHERS;

Acted at the Funeral Games of L. Æmilius Paulus,* given by Q. Fabius Maximus, and P. Cornelius Africanus: † Principal Actors, L. Attilius Prænestinus,

* *Lucius Æmilius Paulus.*] Surnamed Macedonicus, becauſe he had obtained a victory over Perſeus king of Macedon; he died in the year of Rome 593, one hundred fifty-eight years before the nativity of Chriſt: he was ſo poor at the time of his deceaſe, that they were conſtrained to ſell his eſtate in order to pay his widow her dower. DACIER.

† *Q. Fabius Maximus & P. Cornelius Africanus.*] In ſome copies we read, *Q. F. M. & P. C. A. Ædilibus Curulibus.*—"Q. Fabius Maximus, and P. "Cornelius Africanus, Curule "Ædiles."—This, as Scaliger and other commentators are of opinion, muſt be erroneous: for the children and relations of the deceaſed, and not the Ædiles, had always the direction of the funeral games. Beſides, it is very certain, that P. C. Scipio Africanus, the ſon of Paulus Æmilius, never was Ædile, the Conſulſhip having been conferred upon him the ſame year that he ſued for the Ædileſhip, though not yet arrived at the uſual age aſſigned for that high dignity; as we are told by Aurelius Victor in his little Treatiſe of Illuſtrious Men. And this event did not happen till twelve years after the death of his father and the repreſentation of this play, Scipio being even then but thirty-ſix years of age, before which time no perſon could be elected Ædile.--Muret corrected the title after an antient MS. he had ſeen at Venice. The Q. Fabius Maximus and P. Cornelius Africanus here mentioned were the two ſons of Æmilius Paulus, and had taken the ſurnames of the perſons who had adopted them. This is undoubtedly the true reading. The Ædiles that year were Q. Fulvius Nobilior and L. Marcius. DACIER.

neſtinus, and Minutius Prothimus: The Muſick compoſed for Tyrian Flutes,* by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: Taken from the Greek of Menander. Firſt acted, L. Anicius and M. Cornelius, Conſuls †.

* *Tyrian flutes.*] *Tibiis Sarranis.* Tyre by the antient Phœnicians was called *Sor*; the Carthaginians, their deſcendants, called it *Sar*, from whence it came to be called *Sarra*. *Sarranis* therefore meant the ſame thing as *Tyriis*. Theſe Tyrian flutes were the equal left-handed flutes, and always uſed upon joyful occaſions.—And here ariſes a great difficulty, for how can we imagine that the children of Æmilius would have allowed ſuch muſick at their father's funeral? It is impoſſible. This title is not only corrupt, but defective: the true reading is *Acta primum tibiis Lydiis, deinde* TIBIIS SARRANIS. The Lydian flutes were grave and ſolemn, and conſequently adapted to grave and ſolemn purpoſes. After the play had been acted at that ſolemnity, it was performed with left-handed flutes, and doubtleſs on ſome leſs mournful occaſion. See the preface of Donatus to this comedy. DACIER.

There is much ingenuity in the above note of Madam Dacier, who has plainly proved that the title to this play is defective; and ſo there is great reaſon to think, are the titles to the reſt of our author's comedies. Yet I cannot entirely agree with her, that ſuch muſick could not have been uſed at a funeral. The antients, we know, admitted all kinds of games at ſuch ſolemnities. The muſick was moſt probably ſuited to the comedy, rather than to the occaſion, on which it was exhibited: and Donatus, to whom ſhe refers, tells us in expreſs words, that it was ſo in the preſent inſtance. *Modulata eſt autem tibiis dextris, id eſt, Lydiis,* ob ſeriam gravitatem, quâ fere in omnibus comœdiis utitur hic poeta. "It was compoſed for right-handed flutes, "that is, Lydian, *becauſe of* "*the ſerious vein, which gene-*"*rally prevails in all our au-*"*thor's comedies.*" The learned reader, who will be at the pains to conſult Madam Dacier, I believe will agree with me, that ſhe has but partially cited, and inaccurately tranſlated the above extract

extract from the preface of Donatus.

I cannot conclude the notes on this title, without taking notice of the happy and elegant uſe made of the occaſion, on which the play was firſt repreſented, by my late friend Lloyd, in his Prologue to this Comedy, when acted at Weſtminſter School in the year 1759, ſoon after the melancholy news of the death of that moſt eminent military character, General Wolfe. The learned reader, I dare ſay, will not be ſorry to ſee it entire.

Prologus in Adelphos, 1759.

Cum Patres Populumque dolor communis haberet,
Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma ſuum,
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipſis
Scenis extinctum condecorâſſe ducem.
Ecquis adeſt, ſcenam nocte hâc qui ſpectet eandem,
Nec nobis luctum ſentiet eſſe parem?
Utcunque arriſit pulchris victoria cœptis,
Qua ſol extremas viſit uterque plagas,
Succeſsûs etiam medio de fonte Britannis
Surgit amari aliquid, legitimuſque dolor.
Si famæ generoſa ſitis, ſi bellica virtus,
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
Difficiles laurus, ipſoque in flore juventæ
Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel ſi quid amabile, jure
Eſto tua hæc, Wolfi, laus, propriumque decus!
Nec moriere omnis.—Quin uſque corona vigebit,
Unanimis Britonûm quam tibi nectit amor.
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
Confluet huc ſtudio viſendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;
Dumque legit mediis cecidiſſe heroa triumphis,
Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

† *L. Anicius and L. Cornelius, Conſuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 593, and 160 years before Chriſt.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE,
DEMEA,
MICIO,
ÆSCHINUS,
CTESIPHO,
HEGIO,
SANNIO,
SYRUS,
GETA,
DROMO,
PARMENO, other Servants, &c.

SOSTRATA,
CANTHARA,
MUSICK-GIRL, and other Mutes.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

THE Bard perceiving his piece cavill'd at
By partial criticks, and his adverſaries
Miſrepreſenting what we're now to play,
Pleads his own cauſe; and you ſhall be the judges,
Whether he merits praiſe or condemnation.
The *Synapothneſcontes** is a Piece
By Diphilus,† a Comedy which Plautus,
Having tranſlated, called COMMORIENTES.
In the beginning of the Græcian play
There is a youth, who rends a girl perforce
From a procurer: and this incident,
Untouch'd by Plautus, render'd word for word,
Has our Bard interwoven with his *Brothers*;
The new piece which we repreſent to-day.
Say then if this be theft,‡ or honeſt uſe

* *Synapothneſcontes.*] A Greek word [Συναποθνησκοντες] ſignifying *dying together*. Varro ſomewhere declares that Plautus was not the author of the comedy, called *Commorientes*, a Latin word of the like import: but he certainly ſpeaks of ſome other play which bore the ſame title, or the opinions of men muſt have differed in his days concerning this matter; ſome giving it to Plautus, others to Afranilius. Terence however, in my opinion, is an authority moſt to be depended upon. The play of Plautus is loſt. DACIER.

† *Diphilus.*] Diphilus, as well as Philemon, was a comick poet, cotemporary of Menander.

‡ *If this be theft, &c.*] Nothing can ſet the Greek poets in a more exalted light, than to ſee them, even from the earlieſt days of the Romans, not only ſo eagerly read, but ſo attentively and ſo carefully tranſlated, that the Latin authors ſeldom

Of what remain'd unoccupied.—For that
Which malice tells, that* certain noble perſons
Aſſiſt the Bard, and write in concert with him;
That which they deem a heavy ſlander, He
Eſteems his greateſt praiſe: that he can pleaſe
Thoſe, who pleaſe you, who all the people pleaſe;
Thoſe, who† in war, in peace, in counſel, ever
Have render'd you the deareſt ſervices,
And ever born their faculties ſo meekly.
Expect not now the ſtory of the Play:
Part the old men, who firſt appear, will open;
Part will in act be ſhewn.—Be favourable;
And let your candour to the poet now
Increaſe his future earneſtneſs to write!

dom or ever attempted any thing of their own: Donatus, in his preface to this comedy, ſays of TERENCE, *minus exiſtimans laudis proprias ſcribere, quam Græcas transferre*,—"thinking it leſs praiſe to invent "new plays, than to tranſlate "Greek ones." S.

* *Certain noble perſons.*] Scipio, Lælius, & Furius Publius. DONATUS.

See the notes to the author's life.

† *In war, peace, &c.*] In war ſignifies Scipio; in peace, Furius Publius; in counſel, Lælius. DONATUS.

THE

THE BROTHERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MICIO.

HO, Storax!*—No reply?---Then Æſchinus
Never return'd, it ſeems, laſt night from ſupper;
Nor any of the ſlaves, who went to meet him.†
—'Tis commonly,---and oh how truly!---ſaid,
If you are abſent, or delay, 'twere beſt
That ſhould befal you, which your wife declares,
Or which in anger ſhe ſuppoſes of you,
Than that which kindeſt parents fear.---Your wife,
If you delay, ſuſpects that you're engag'd
In ſome intrigue, debauch, or entertainment;
Conſulting your own happineſs abroad,
While ſhe, poor ſoul! is left to pine at home.
—But what a world of fears poſſeſs me now!

* *Ho, Storax!*] *Storax! non rediit hac nocte a cœnâ Æſchinus.* Some conſider Micio as aſking a queſtion in theſe words, but they are miſtaken. He calls Storax; and finding he does not anſwer, concludes that neither Æſchinus, nor any of his ſervants, are come home. DONATUS.

† *Who went to meet him.*] *Qui advorſum ierant.* The ſervants, who went to meet their maſters, and defend them home, were called *Adverſitores.* DONATUS.

How

How many ills I figure to myſelf,
As cauſes that my ſon is not return'd!
Leſt he have taken cold, or had a fall,
Or broke a limb!---Good Heavens! that a man
Shou'd doat ſo much, or ſuffer any one
To wind himſelf ſo cloſe about his heart,
As to grow dearer to him than himſelf!
And yet he is not *my* ſon, but my brother's,
Whoſe bent of mind is wholly different.
I, from youth upward even to this day,
Have led a quiet, and ſerene, town-life;
And, as ſome reckon fortunate, ne'er married.
He, in all points the oppoſite of this,
Has paſt his days entirely in the country
With thrift, and labour; married; had two ſons.
The elder boy is by adoption mine;
I've brought him up; kept; lov'd him as my own;
Made him my joy, and all my ſoul holds dear,
Striving to make myſelf as dear to him.
I give, o'erlook, nor think it requiſite
That all his deeds ſhould be controul'd by me,
Giving him ſcope to act as of himſelf;
So that the pranks of youth, which other children
Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my ſon
Not to conceal from me. For whoſoe'er
Hath won upon himſelf to play the falſe one,
And practiſe impoſitions on a father,
Will do the ſame with leſs remorſe to others;

And 'tis, in my opinion, better far *
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleneſs and modeſty, than fear.
And yet my brother don't accord in this,
Nor do theſe notions, nor this conduct pleaſe him.
Oft he comes open-mouth'd---" Why how now, Micio?
" Why do you ruin this young lad of our's?
" Why does he wench? why drink? and why do you
" Allow him money to afford all this?
" You let him dreſs too fine. 'Tis idle in you."
—'Tis hard in *him*, unjuſt, and out of reaſon.
And he, I think, deceives himſelf indeed,
Who fancies that authority more firm
Founded on force, than what is built on friendſhip;
For thus I reaſon, thus perſuade myſelf:
He who performs his duty, driven to't
By fear of puniſhment, while he believes
His actions are obſerv'd, ſo long he's wary;
But if he hopes for ſecrecy, returns

* *And 'tis in my opinion, &c.*] Theſe ſentiments are adopted by Ben Jonſon in his Every Man in his Humour, where they are put into the mouth of old Knowell.

There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modeſty, than fear:
Force works on ſervile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodneſs may be good;
But 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn
By ſoftneſs and example, get a habit.
Then if they ſtray, but warn them; and the ſame
They ſhou'd for virtue have done, they'll do for ſhame.

To

To his own ways again: But he whom kindneſs,
Him alſo inclination makes your own:
He burns to make a due return, and acts,
Preſent or abſent, evermore the ſame.
'Tis this then is the duty of a father.
To make a ſon embrace a life of virtue,
Rather from choice, than terror or conſtraint.
Here lies the mighty difference between
A father and a maſter. He who knows not
How to do this, let him confeſs he knows not
How to rule children.---But is this the man,
Whom I was ſpeaking of? Yes, yes, 'tis he.
He ſeems uneaſy too, I know not why,
And I ſuppoſe, as uſual, comes to wrangle.*

SCENE II.

Enter DEMEA.

Micio. Demea, I'm glad to ſee you well.

Demea. Oho!†
Well met: the very man I came to ſeek.

Micio. But you appear uneaſy: What's the matter?

* *Comes to wrangle.*] There are ſeveral fine paſſages in this ſpeech, and good obſervations on human life; yet it is too long a ſoliloquy. COOKE.

† *Oho! well met.*] The Poet has in this place improved on Menander, in repreſenting Demea as more ready to wrangle with his brother, than to return his compliments. DONATUS.

Demea.

Demea. Uneaſy? well I may.---The matter, ſay you?
What can the matter be but Æſchinus?

Micio. I ſaid it wou'd be ſo.---What has he done?

Demea. What has he done! a wretch whom neither fear,
Nor modeſty, nor any law can bind!
For not to ſpeak of all his former pranks,
What has he been about but even now?

Micio. What has he done?

Demea. Burſt open doors, and made *
His way by force into another's houſe;
Half-kill'd the maſter and his family,
And carried off a wench whom he was fond of.
All Athens cries out ſhame upon him for it.
I have been told of it a hundred times
Since my arrival. 'Tis the town-talk, Micio.
†And if we needs muſt draw compariſons,
Does not he ſee his brother, thrifty, ſober,
Attentive to his buſineſs in the country?
Not given to theſe practices? and when
I ſay all this to Him, to You I ſay it.

* *Burſt open doors, &c.*] The character and paſſion of Demea is finely marked in the account which he gives of the riot; in which he dwells on every minute particular, endeavouring to multiply and exaggerate the offences of Æſchinus, and concealing every palliating circumſtance. DONATUS.

† *And if we needs muſt draw compariſons.*] 'There is much humour in this paſſage, when it appears that the ſon ſo much commended is the moſt in fault. DONATUS.

You

You are his ruin, Micio.

Micio. How unjuſt
Is he, who wants experience! who believes
Nothing is right, but what he does himſelf!

Demea. Why d'ye ſay that?

Micio. Becauſe you, Demea,
Misjudge theſe matters. 'Tis no heinous crime
For a young man to wench, or drink.---'Tis not,
Believe me!---nor to force doors open.---This
If neither you nor I have done, it was
That poverty allow'd us not. And now
You claim a merit to yourſelf, from that
Which want conſtrain'd you to. It is not fair.
For had there been but wherewithal to do't,
We likewiſe ſhould have done thus. Wherefore You,
Were you a man, would let your younger ſon,
Now, while it ſuits his age, perſue his pleaſures;
Rather than, when it leſs becomes his years,
When, after wiſhing long, he ſhall at laſt
Be rid of you, he ſhould run riot then.

Demea. Oh Jupiter! the man will drive me mad,
No heinous crime, d'ye ſay, for a young man
To take theſe courſes?

Micio. Nay, nay; do but hear me,
Nor ſtun me with the ſelf-ſame thing for ever!
Your elder ſon you gave me for adoption:
He's mine then, Demea; and if he offends,
'Tis an offence to Me, and *I* muſt bear

The burden.* Does he treat? or drink? or dreſs?
'Tis at my coſt.——Or wench? I will ſupply him,
While 'tis convenient to me; when 'tis not,
†His miſtreſſes perhaps will ſhut him out.

* *Does he treat? or drink? &c.*] The mild character of Micio is contraſted by Tully to that of a furious, ſevere father, as drawn by the famous comick poet Cæcilius. Both writers are quoted in the oration for Cælius, in the compoſition of which it is plain that the orator kept his eye pretty conſtantly on our poet.——The paſſages from Cæcilius contain all that vehemence and ſeverity, which, as Horace tells us, was accounted the common character of the ſtile of that author.

Nunc demum mihi animus ardet, nunc meum cor cumulatur irâ.

—O infelix, O ſcelus!——

Egone quid dicam? egone quid velim? quæ tu omnia tuis fædis factis facis, ut nequidquam velim.

Cur te in iſtam vicinitatem meretriciam contuliſti? cur illecebris cognitis non refugiſti? cur alienam ullam mulierem noſti? dide ac diſſice, per me licebit. Si egebis, tibi dolebit: mihi ſat eſt, qui ætatis quod reliquum eſt, oblectem meæ.

Now my ſoul burns, now my heart ſwells with anger.
——Oh wretch, oh monſter!——
What can I ſay? what can I wiſh? when you
By your vile deeds make all my wiſhes vain?
Why did you go into that neighbourhood?
Why, knowing her allurements, not avoid them?
And why maintain an intercourſe ſo vile?
—Spend, ſquander, diſſipate, I give you leave.
If want o'ertakes you, you alone will feel it:
For my remains of life I've yet enough.

† *His miſtreſſes perhaps will ſhut him out.*] *Fortaſſe excludetur foras.* I once underſtood this paſſage thus: *perhaps I may turn him out of doors:* but on further conſideration I think the ſenſe which I have followed more agreeable to the character of Micio. The fondneſs he expreſſes in this ſentiment is very remarkable: he does not abſolutely ſay, Æſchinus's miſtreſſes *will* turn him out of doors, *excludetur foras*, but *fortaſſe excludetur foras*, PERHAPS *they* MAY *turn him out of doors.*

—Has he broke open doors? we'll make them good.
Or torn a coat? it ſhall be mended. I,
Thank heaven, have enough to do all this,
And 'tis as yet not irkſome.---In a word,
Have done, or chuſe ſome arbiter between us:
I'll prove that you are more in fault than I.

Demea. Ah, learn to be a father; learn from thoſe,
Who know what 'tis to be indeed a parent!

Micio. By nature you're his father, I by counſel.

Demea. You! do you counſel any thing?

Micio. Nay, nay;
If you perſiſt, I'm gone.

Demea. Is't thus you treat me?

Micio. Muſt I be plagued with the ſame thing ſo often?

Demea. It touches me.

Micio. And me it touches too.
But, Demea, let us each look to our own;
Let me take care of one, and mind you t'other.
For to concern yourſelf with both, appears
As if you'd re-demand the boy you gave.

Demea. Ah, Micio!

Micio. So it ſeems to me.

Demea. Well, well;
Let him, if 'tis your pleaſure, waſte, deſtroy,

He is ſo extremely partial to his adopted ſon, that he thinks his miſtreſſes would certainly careſs him, even though he made them no preſents. This expreſſion *fortaſſe* has an admirable effect, as was obſerved by Donatus. DACIER.

And

And ſquander; it is no concern of mine.
If henceforth I e'er ſay one word———
Micio. Again?
Angry again, good Demea?
Demea. You may truſt me.
Do I demand him back again I gave you?
—It hurts me. I am not a ſtranger to him.
—But if I once oppoſe---Well, well, I've done.
You wiſh I ſhould take care of One. I do
Take ſpecial care of him; and he, thank heav'n,
Is as I wiſh he *ſhould* be: which your ward,
I warrant, ſhall find out one time or other.
I will not ſay aught worſe of him at preſent. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MICIO *alone.**

Though what he ſays be not entirely true,
There's ſomething in it, and it touches me.
But I diſſembled my concern with him,
Becauſe the nature of the man is ſuch,
To pacify, I muſt oppoſe and thwart him;

* *Micio alone.*] Terence ſeems inclined to favour the part of mild fathers. He repreſents Micio as affected at his ſon's irregularities; leſt, if he ſhould appear wholly unmoved, he might ſeem to corrupt his ſon, rather than to treat him with a proper indulgence. Wherefore, through all his moderation, he ſtill betrays a fatherly emotion. DONATUS.

And even thus I ſcarce can teach him patience.
But were I to inflame or aid his anger,
I were as great a madman as himſelf.
Yet Æſchinus, 'tis true, has been to blame.
What wench is there but he is her gallant?
Or tempts her with ſome gift?---But lately too
(Tir'd, I ſuppoſe, and ſick of wantonneſs)
*He told me he propos'd to take a wife.
I hop'd the hey-day of the blood was over,
And was rejoic'd: but his intemperance
Breaks out afreſh.---Well, be it what it may,
I'll find him out; and know it inſtantly,
If he is to be met with at the Forum. [*Exit.*

* *He told me he propos'd to take a wife.*] The art of Terence in preparing his incidents is wonderful. He contrives that even ignorant perſons ſhall open the plot: as in the preſent inſtance, which gives us to underſtand that Æſchinus had mentioned to Micio his intentions of taking a wife, though he had not entered into particulars. This naturally leads us to the enſuing part of the fable, without foreſtalling any of the circumſtances. Don.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ÆSCHINUS, SANNIO, PARMENO, *the* Muſick Girl, *and a Croud of People.*

San. HELP, help, dear countrymen, for heaven's ſake!
Aſſiſt a miſerable harmleſs man!
Help the diſtreſt!

Æſch. to the Girl.] Fear nothing: ſtand juſt there!
Why d'ye look back? you're in no danger. Never,
While I am by, ſhall he lay hands upon you.

San. Ay, but I will, in ſpite of all the world.

Æſch. Rogue as he is, he'll ſcarce do any thing
To make me cudgel him again to day.

San. One word, Sir Æſchinus! that you may not
Pretend to ignorance of my profeſſion;
I'm a Procurer. *

* *I'm a Procurer.*] He ſays this to Æſchinus to intimidate him, alluding to the privileges allowed to the Procurers at Athens, on account of the profit accruing to the republick from their traffick in ſlaves. It was forbid to abuſe them, on pain of diſinheritance. Hence in Lucian a young man complaining of being diſinherited by his father, ſays, τι; πορνοβοσκος ὑβρικα; "what ſlave-merchant accuſes "me of having mal-treated "him?" DACIER.

Æſch. True.

San. And in my way
Of as good faith as any man alive.
Hereafter, to abſolve yourſelf, you'll cry,
That you repent of having wrong'd me thus.
I ſhan't care *that* for your excuſe. [*ſnapping his fingers.*]
Be ſure,
I'll proſecute my right; nor ſhall fine words
Atone for evil deeds. I know your way.
——" I'm ſorry that I did it: and I'll ſwear
" You are unworthy of this injury"——
Though all the while I'm us'd moſt ſcurvily.

Æſch. to Par.] Do you go forwards, Parmeno, and throw
The door wide open.

San. That ſha'n't ſignify.

Æſch. to Parmeno.] Now in with her!

San. ſtepping between.] I'll not allow it.

Æſch. to Parmeno.] Here!
Come hither, Parmeno!---you're too far off.---
Stand cloſe to that Pimp's ſide---There---there---juſt there!
And now be ſure you always keep your eyes
Stedfaſtly fix'd on mine; and when I wink,
To drive your fiſt directly in his face.

San. Ay, if he dare.

Æſch.

Æſch. to Par.] Now mind!---[*to Sannio.*] Let go the girl! [Sannio *ſtill ſtruggling with the Girl,* Æſchinus *winks, and* Parmeno *ſtrikes* Sannio.

San. Oh monſtrous!

Æſch. He ſhall double it, unleſs
You mend your manners.

[Parmeno *ſtrikes* Sannio *again.*

San. Help, help: murder, murder!

Æſch. to Parmeno.] I did not wink: but you had better err
That way than t'other. Now go in with her.

[Parmeno *leads the Girl into* Micio's *Houſe.*

San. How's this?----Do you reign King here, Æſchinus?

Æſch. Did I reign King, you ſhould be recompens'd
According to your virtues, I aſſure you.

San. What buſineſs have you with me?

Æſch. None.

San. D'ye know *
Who I am, Æſchinus?

Æſch. Nor want to know.

San. Have I touch'd aught of your's, Sir?

Æſch. If you had,
You ſhould have ſuffer'd for't.

* *D'ye know who I am?*] *Noſtin' qui ſim?* A law term, ſignifying, "Do I owe you any thing?" DONATUS.

San. What greater right
Have you to take away my ſlave, for whom
I paid my money? anſwer me!
Æſch. 'Twere beſt,
You'd leave off bellowing before our door:
If you continue to be troubleſome,
I'll have you dragg'd into the houſe, and there
Laſh'd without mercy.
San. How, a freeman laſh'd!
Æſch. Ev'n ſo.
San. O monſtrous tyranny! Is this,
Is this the liberty they boaſt of here,
Common to all?
Æſch. If you have brawl'd enough,
Pleaſe to indulge me with one word, you Pimp.
San. Who has brawl'd moſt, yourſelf, or I?
Æſch. Well! well!
No more of that, but to the point!
San. What point?
What wou'd you have?
Æſch. Will you allow me then
To ſpeak of what concerns you?
San. Willingly:
Speak but in juſtice.
Æſch. Excellent! a Pimp,
And talks of juſtice!

San.

San. Well, I am a Pimp;*
The common bane of youth, a perjurer,
A publick nuiſance, I confeſs it: yet
I never did You wrong.

Æſch. No, that's to come.

San. Prithee return to whence you firſt ſet out, Sir!

Æſch. You, plague upon you for it! bought the girl*
For twenty Minæ; which ſum we will give you.

San. What if I do not chuſe to ſell the girl?
Will you oblige me?

* *A Pimp, the common bane, &c.*] This ſeems to be a tranſlation from Diphilus, from whom this part of the fable was taken.

Ουκ εϛιν ὑδε τεχνου εξωλεϛερου
Τυ πορνοβοσκυ.

No calling is more baneful and pernicious,
Than that of a procurer. WESTERHOVIUS.

The Procurer was a common character in the comedy of the antients; but if we may pronounce from their remains, we may venture to ſay that the character was never ſo finely painted in any of their works, as in the following lines of Shakeſpeare.

Fie, ſirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy vice? Say to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! Go mend, mend.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

Æſch.

Æſch. No.

San. I fear'd you would.

Æſch. She's a free-woman, and ſhould *not* be ſold,
And, as ſuch,* by due courſe of law I claim her.
Now then conſider which you like the beſt,
To take the money, or maintain your action.
Think on this, Pimp, till I come back again. [*Exit.*†

SCENE II.

SANNIO *alone.*

Oh Jupiter! I do not wonder now
That men run mad with injuries. He drags me
Out of my own houſe; cudgels me moſt ſoundly;
And carries off my ſlave againſt my will:
And after this ill-treatment, he demands
The Muſick-Girl to be made over to him,
At the ſame price I bought her.---He has pour'd
His blows upon me, thick as hail; for which,
Since he deſerves ſo nobly at my hands,
He ſhould no doubt be gratified.---Nay, nay,
Let me but touch the caſh, I'm ſtill content.

* *By due courſe of law I claim her.*] *Ego liberali illam aſſero cauſa manu.* Law terms. The defenders of the liberty of another were called *Aſſertores*, and the ſuit commenced on that account called *Liberalis cauſa*, an action of freedom. DONATUS.

† *Exit.*] I do not remember, in the whole circle of modern comedy, a more natural picture of the elegant eaſe and indifference of a fine gentleman, than that exhibited in this ſcene in the character of Æſchinus.

But

But this I gueſs will be the caſe: as ſoon
As I ſhall have agreed to take his price,
He'll produce witneſſes immediately
To prove that I have ſold her.---And the money
Will be mere moon-ſhine.----" By and by."----" To-
morrow."
—Yet I could bear that too, tho' much wrong,
Might I but get the money after all:
For thus it is, friend Sannio; when a man
Has taken up this trade, he muſt receive,
And pocket the affronts of young gallants.
—But nobody will pay me, and I draw
Concluſions to no purpoſe.

SCENE III.

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus to Æſch. within.] Say no more!
Let me alone to talk with him! I warrant
I'll make him take the money; ay, and own
That he's well treated too. [*coming forward.*
Why how now, Sannio?
What's the diſpute I overheard juſt now
'Twixt you and my young maſter?
San. Never ſure
Was a diſpute conducted more unfairly,
Than that between us two to-day! Poor I

With

With being drubb'd, and he with drubbing me,
'Till we were both quite weary.

Syrus. All your fault.

San. What could I do?

Syrus. Give a young man his way.

San. What could I give him more, who gave my face?

Syrus. Nay, but conceive my meaning, Sannio!
To ſeem upon occaſion to ſlight money,
Proves in the end, ſometimes, the greateſt gain.
Why prithee, blockhead, could you be afraid,
Had you abated ſomewhat of your right,
And humour'd the young gentleman, he would not
Have paid you back again with intereſt?

San. I never purchaſe hope with ready money.

Syrus. Away! you'll never thrive. You do not know
How to enſnare men, Sannio.

San. Well, perhaps,
Your way were beſt: yet I was ne'er ſo crafty
But I had rather, when 'twas in my power,
Receive prompt payment.

Syrus. Pſhaw! I know your ſpirit:
As if you valued Twenty Minæ now,
So you might do a kindneſs to my maſter!
—Beſides they ſay you're ſetting out for Cyprus. [*careleſsly.*

San. Ha! [*alarmed.*

Syrus.—And have purchas'd a large ſtock of goods
To carry over thither. Hir'd a veſſel,

That 'tis, I know, which keeps you in ſuſpence:
When you return, I hope, you'll ſettle this.

San. I ſhall not budge a foot.---Undone, by heav'n!
Urg'd by theſe hopes they've undertaken this. [*aſide.*

Syrus. He fears. I hinted Cyprus. There's the rub.
[*aſide.*

San. to himſelf.] Confuſion! they have nick'd me to a hair!*
I've bought up ſev'ral ſlaves, and other wares,
For exportation; and to miſs my time
†At Cyprus-fair would be a heavy loſs.
Then if I leave this buſineſs broken thus,
All's over with me; and at my return
'Twill come to nothing, grown quite cold and ſtale.
"—What! come at laſt?---Why did you ſtay ſo long?
"Where have you been?"---that it were better loſe it,
Than wait for it ſo long, or ſue for't then.

Syrus, coming up to him.] ‡ Well, have you calculated what's your due?

* *Nick'd me to a hair.*] *In ipſo articulo oppreſſit.* Literally, "hit me in the very "joint."

† *At Cyprus-fair.*] The merchants uſed to buy up ſlaves in all parts of Greece, to ſell them at Cyprus, where a celebrated fair was kept for that purpoſe. DACIER.

‡ *Well, have you calculated what's your due?*] *Jamne enumerâſti id, quod ad te rediturum putes?* I have tranſlated theſe words according to the interpretation of Donatus. Madam Dacier puts another ſenſe upon them, and thinks they rather mean Sannio's calculation of his profits at Cyprus. The ſubſequent converſation between Syrus and Sannio inclined me rather to adopt the former opinion.

San. Monſtrous oppreſſion! Is this honourable,
Or juſt in Æſchinus, to take away
My property by force?

Syrus. So, ſo, he comes. [*aſide.*
—I have but one word more to ſay to you.
See, how you like it.---Rather, Sannio,
Than run the riſk to get or loſe the whole,
E'en halve the matter: and he ſhall contrive
To ſcrape together by ſome means* Ten Minæ.

San. Alas! alas! am I in danger then
Of loſing ev'n my very principal?
Shame on him! he has looſen'd all my teeth:
My head is ſwell'd all over like a muſhroom:
And will he cheat me too?---I'm going no where.

Syrus. Juſt as you pleaſe.---Have you aught elſe to ſay,
Before I go?

San. Yes, one word, prithee Syrus!
However things have happen'd, rather than
I ſhould be driven to commence a ſuit,
Let him return me my bare due at leaſt;
The ſum ſhe coſt me, Syrus.---I'm convinc'd
You've had no tokens of my friendſhip yet;
But you ſhall find I will not be ungrateful.

* *Scrape together by ſome means Ten Minæ.*] Syrus knew very well that Æſchinus was ready to pay the whole, but offers Sannio half, that he might be glad to take his bare principal, and think himſelf well off into the bargain. DONATUS.

Syrus.

Syrus. I'll do my beſt. But I ſee Cteſipho.
He is rejoic'd about his miſtreſs.

San. Say,
Will you remember me?

Syrus. Hold, hold a little!

[Syrus *and* Sannio *retire.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CTESIPHO *at another part of the Stage.*

Ctef. Favours are welcome in the hour of need
From any hand; but doubly welcome, when
Conferr'd by thoſe, from whom we moſt expect them;
O brother, brother, how ſhall I applaud thee?
Ne'er can I riſe to ſuch a height of praiſe
But your deſervings will out-top me ſtill:
For in this point I am ſupremely bleſt,
That none can boaſt ſo excellent a brother,
So rich in all good qualities, as I.

Syrus coming forward.] O Cteſipho!

Ctef. turning round.] O Syrus! where's my brother?

Syrus. At home, where he expects you.

Ctef. Ha! [*joyfully.*

Syrus. What now?

Ctef. What now!---By his aſſiſtance I live, Syrus.
Ah,

Ah, he's a friend indeed! who diſregarding
All his own intereſts for my advantage,
The ſcandal, infamy, intrigue, and blame,
All due to me, has drawn upon himſelf!
What could exceed it?---But who's there?---The door
Creaks on the hinges. [*offering to go.*

Syrus. Hold! 'tis Æſchinus.

SCENE V.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æſch. Where is that raſcal?*

San. behind.] He enquires for Me,
Has he brought out the caſh with him?---Confuſion!
I ſee none.

Æſch. to Cteſipho.] Ha! well met: I long'd to ſee you.
How is it, Cteſipho? All's ſafe. Away
With melancholy!

Cteſ. Melancholy! I

* *Æſch. Where is that raſcal? San. He enquires for me.*] The character of Sannio is well ſuſtained. He immediately takes to himſelf the infamous name of raſcal, and acknowledges it with joy, thinking he is enquired after, in order to be paid; and droops afterwards, not on account of hard words and ill uſage, but only for fear he ſhould not get his money. DONATUS.

Be

Be melancholy, who have ſuch a brother?
Oh my dear Æſchinus! thou beſt of brothers,
---Ah, I'm aſham'd to praiſe you to your face,
Leſt it appear to come from flattery,
Rather than gratitude.

Æſch. Away, you fool!
As if we did not know each other, Cteſipho.
It only grieves me, we ſo lately knew this,
When things were almoſt come to ſuch a paſs,
That all the world, had they deſir'd to do it,
Could not aſſiſt you.

Cteſ. 'Twas my modeſty.

Æſch. Pſhaw! it was folly, and not modeſty.
For ſuch a trifle, almoſt * fly your country?
Heaven forbid it!---fie, fie, Cteſipho!

Cteſ. I've been to blame.

Æſch. Well, what ſays Sannio?

Syrus. He's pacified at laſt.

Æſch. I'll to the Forum,
And pay him off.---You Cteſipho, go in
To the poor girl.

* *Almoſt fly your country.*] In Menander the young man was on the point of killing himſelf. Terence has ſoftened this circumſtance. DONATUS.

We know that the circumſtance of carrying off the Muſick-Girl was borrowed from Diphilus: yet it is plain from Donatus, that there was alſo an intrigue of Cteſipho in the play of Menander: which gives another proof of the manner in which Terence uſed the Greek comedies.

San. Now urge the matter, Syrus! [*apart to* Syrus.

Syrus. Let's go; for Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.*

San. Not in ſuch haſte; tho' truly I've no cauſe
To loiter here.

Syrus. You ſhall be paid: ne'er fear!

San. But all?

Syrus. Yes, all: ſo hold your tongue, and follow.

San. I will. [*Exit after* Æſchinus---Syrus *going.*

Cteſ. Hiſt! hark ye, Syrus!

Syrus, turning back.] Well, what now?

Cteſ. For heaven's ſake diſcharge that ſcurvy fellow
Immediately; for fear, if further urg'd,
This tale ſhould reach my father's ears: and then
I am undone for ever.

Syrus. It ſha'n't be.
Be of good courage! meanwhile, get you in,
And entertain yourſelf with Her; and order
The couches to be ſpread, and all prepar'd.
For theſe preliminaries once diſpatch'd,
I ſhall march homewards with proviſions.

Cteſ. Do!
And ſince this buſineſs has turn'd out ſo well,
Let's ſpend the day in mirth and jollity!

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

* *Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.*] A piece of arch malice in Syrus, in order to teaze Sannio. DONATUS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SOSTRATA, CANTHARA.

Sof. PRITHEE, good nurſe, how will it go with her?

Can. How go with her? Why well, I warrant you.

Sof. Her pains begin to come upon her, nurſe.

Can. You're as much frighten'd at your time of day,
As if you ne'er were preſent at a labour,
Or never had been brought to-bed yourſelf.

Sof. Alas, I've no ſoul here: we're all alone.
Geta is abſent; nor is there a creature
To fetch a midwife, or call Æſchinus.

Can. He'll be here preſently, I promiſe you:
For he, good man, ne'er lets a ſingle day
Go by, but he is ſure to viſit us.

Sof. He is my only comfort in my ſorrows.

Can. Troth, as the caſe ſtands, madam, circumſtances
Could not have happen'd better than they have:
And ſince your daughter ſuffer'd violence,
'Twas well ſhe met with ſuch a man as this;
A man of honour, rank, and family.

Sof. He is, indeed, a worthy gentleman:
The Gods preſerve him to us!

SCENE II.

Enter GETA *haſtily at another part of the Stage.*

Geta. We are now
So abſolutely loſt, that all the world
Joining in conſultation to apply
Relief to the misfortune, that has fallen
On me, my miſtreſs, and her daughter, all
Wou'd not avail.---Ah me! ſo many troubles
Environ us at once, we ſink beneath them.
Rape, poverty, oppreſſion, ſolitude,
And infamy! oh, what an age is this!
O wicked, oh vile race!---oh impious man!
Sof. to Canthara.] Ah, why ſhould Geta ſeem thus terrified,
And agitated?
Geta, to himſelf.] Wretch! whom neither honour,
Nor oaths, nor pity could controul or move!
Nor her approaching labour; her, on whom
He ſhamefully committed violation!
Sof. I don't well underſtand him.
Can. Prithee then
Let us draw nearer, Soſtrata!
Geta, to himſelf.] Alas,
I'm ſcarcely in my perfect mind, I burn

With

With ſuch fierce anger.---Oh, that I had all
That villain-family before me now,
That I might vent my indignation on them,
While yet it boils within me.---There is nothing
I'd not endure to be reveng'd on them.
Firſt I'd tread out the ſtinking ſnuff his father,
Who gave the monſter being.---And then, Syrus,
Who urg'd him to it,---how I'd tear him!---Firſt,
I'd ſeize him round the waiſt, and lift him high,
Then daſh his head againſt the ground, and ſtrew
The pavement with his brains.---For Æſchinus,
I'd tear his eyes out, and then tumble him
Headforemoſt down ſome precipice.---The reſt
I'd ruſh on, drag, cruſh, trample underfoot.
But why do I delay to tell my miſtreſs
Theſe heavy news as ſoon as poſſible? [*going.*

Sof. Let's call him back.---Ho, Geta!

Geta. Whoſoe'er
You are, excuſe me.*

Sof. I am Soſtrata.

Geta. Where, where is Soſtrata? [*turns about.*] I ſought you, Madam;
Impatiently I ſought you: and am glad
To have encounter'd you thus readily.

* *Whoſoe'er you are, excuſe me.*] Geta's reply is founded on a frolickſome, but ill-natured cuſtom, which prevailed in Greece; to ſtop the ſlaves in the ſtreets, and deſignedly keep them in chat, ſo that they might be laſhed when they came home, for ſtaying out ſo long. DACIER.

Sof. What is the matter? why d'ye tremble thus?

Geta. Alas!

Sof. Take breath!---But why thus mov'd, good Geta?

Geta. We're quite———

Sof. Quite what?

Geta. Undone: We're ruin'd, Madam.

Sof. Explain, for heaven's ſake!

Geta. Ev'n now——

Sof. What now?

Geta. Æſchinus——

Sof. What of Æſchinus?

Geta. Has quite
Eſtrang'd himſelf from all our family.

Sof. How's that? confuſion! why?

Geta. He loves another.

Sof. Wretch that I am!

Geta. Nor that clandeſtinely;
But ſnatch'd her in the face of all the world
From a procurer.

Sof. Are you ſure of this?

Geta. Sure? With theſe very eyes I ſaw it, Madam.

Sof. Alas, alas! What then can we believe?
To whom give credit?---What? our Eſchinus!*

* *What? our Æſchinus? &c.*] *Noſtrumne Æſchinum? &c.* There is ſomething extremely touching in this manner of ſpeaking. Shakeſpeare, whoſe works contain examples of every ſpecies of beauty in poetry, affords us a very elegant inſtance of this irregular manner, which, addreſſing itſelf to the paſſions, affects us more ſenſibly than ſet forms of ſpeech. The turn of

of

Our very life, our ſole ſupport, and hope!
Who ſwore he could not live one day without her,
And promis'd he would place the new-born babe
Upon his father's lap,* and in that way
Wring from him his conſent to marry her!

Geta. Nay, weep not, miſtreſs; but conſider rather

of phraſe, in which Deſdemona pleads for Caſſio, is a good deal ſimilar to the way in which Soſtrata here ſpeaks of Æſchinus.

— — — — — — — What? Michael Caſſio?—
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in! OTHELLO.

* *Upon his father's lap.*] The Grecians, as ſoon as they had a child born, immediately put it on the grandfather's knee if he were living. Phœnix in the ninth Iliad ſays that his father loaded him with curſes, and invoked the Furies, conjuring them that no child of his ſon might be placed on his knees.

——— Πατηρ δ' εμος, αυτικ' οιεθεις,
Πολλα κατηρατο, ςυγερας δ' επεκεκλετ' Ερινυς,
Μη ποτε γυναςιν οισιν εφεσσεσθαι φιλον υιον
Εξ εμεθεν γεγαωτα. Iliad, l. ix. v. 453.

Mr. Pope's tranſlation not having preſerved that idea, the liberty has been taken, of adding two lines.

My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye Furies! barren be his bed."
Never, dread ſiſters, never may I ſee
A child, his offspring, plac'd upon my knee!
See Pope's Iliad, b. 9. v. 582.

This cuſtom did not prevail among the Romans: our author, notwithſtanding, as he tranſlated his play from the Greek, judiciouſly preſerves that uſage. DACIER.

What courſe were beſt to follow: to conceal
This wrong, or to diſcloſe it to ſome friend?

Can. Diſcloſe it! Are you mad? Is this a thing
To be diſclos'd, d'ye think?

Geta. I'd not adviſe it.
For firſt, that he has quite abandon'd us,
The thing itſelf declares. If we then make
The ſtory known, no doubt but he'll deny it.
Your reputation, and your daughter's life
Will be endanger'd: or if he confeſs,
Since he affects another, 'twere not good
That he ſhould wed your daughter.—For which reaſons,
Silence is requiſite.

Sof. Ah, no: not I.

Geta. What mean you?

Sof. To diſcloſe the whole.

Geta. How, Madam!
Think what you are about.

Sof. Whatever happens,
The thing can't be in a worſe ſtate than now.
In the firſt place my daughter has no portion,
And that which ſhould have been her ſecond dowry,
Is alſo loſt; and ſhe can ne'er be giv'n
In marriage as a virgin. For the reſt,
If he denies his former commerce with her,
I have the ring he loſt to vouch the fact.
In ſhort, ſince I am conſcious to myſelf,
That I am not to blame in this proceeding,

And

And that no ſordid love of gain, nor aught,
Unworthy of my daughter or myſelf,
Has mixt in this affair, I'll try it, Geta.

Geta. Well, I agree, 'twere better to diſcloſe it.*

* *Well, I agree 'twere better to diſcloſe it.*] *Accedo, ut melius dicas.* Nothing can be plainer than theſe words: Yet they have been the occaſion of great perplexity to commentators and tranſlators. Madam Dacier gives them a ſenſe directly oppoſite to that which I have followed. *Ah, qu'allez vous faire? je vous en prie changez de ſentiment.* Echard, who keeps his eye more conſtantly on the French tranſlation than on the original, ſays, much to the ſame purpoſe. *D'ye think ſo? Pray think on't again.* Cooke has it, *How? let me adviſe you to think better of it.* Weſterhovius ſuppoſes Soſtrata to have appeared angry with Geta, and therefore explains *ut melius dicas* to ſignify *ut bona verba loquaris—that you may ſpeak mildly.* Patrick juſtly thinking that this is too ſtrained, and no ſatisfying anſwer to Soſtrata; and, from what follows, ſeeing the neceſſity of explaining Geta's anſwer, ſo as to make it imply an aſſent, ſuppoſes an elleipſis, and ſupplies it thus. *Accedo* tibi, *ut* qui *melius dicas.—I ſubmit to you, as you ſeem to ſpeak with more juſtice.* All theſe interpretations are founded on the ſuppoſition that *melius* is the accuſative governed by *dicas.* I have no doubt but that *melius* is here uſed adverbially, which will lead us to this eaſy conſtruction, *Accedo, melius ut dicas; —I agree, that you may better tell it;* implying Geta's coming into her opinion on the point in diſpute. The remark of Donatus on this paſſage, *ut conſentiam, velut qui melius poſſim dicere,* is certainly corrupted; but if we read, as we are told it ſtands in ſome copies, *veluti melius potens ſis dicere,* it will give the ſame ſenſe that I have followed. Eugraphius in his long note on the words *Hera, lacrumas mitte! weep not, miſtreſs!* plainly underſtands them in this manner. But, as a greater authority than all commentators, I ſhall appeal to Terence himſelf; and ſubmit the whole context, as it ſtands in the original, to the judgment of the learned.——Theſe verbal criticiſms are dry and unpleaſant both to the writer and reader. I very frequently avoid them: but in a controverted paſſage,

where

Sof. You then away, as faſt as poſſible,
And run to Hegio our good friend and kinſman,
To let kim know the whole affair: for He
Was the chief friend of my dear Simulus,
And ever ſhew'd much tenderneſs for Us.

Geta. And well he does, for no one elſe regards us.

Sof. And you, good Canthara, away with haſte,

where the ſenſe is materially concerned, it would ſeem indolence or arrogance not to ſubmit to them.

G. Hera, lacrumas mitte, ac potius, quod ad hanc rem opu', porro proſpice.
Patiamurne, an *narremus* cuipiam? C. au, au mi homo ſanun' es? An hoc *proferendum* tibi uſquam eſſe videtur? G. mihi quidem non placet.
Jam primum, illum alieno animo à nobis eſſe, res ipſa indicat.
Nunc ſi hoc *palam proferimus,* ille inficias ibit, ſat ſcio;
Tua fama, & gnatæ vita in dubium veniet. tum ſi maxume
Fateatur, cum amet aliam, non eſt utile hanc illi dari.
Quapropter, quoquo pacto *tacito* eſt opus. S. ah, minime gentium:
Non faciam. G. quid ages? S. *proferam.* G. hem, mea Soſtrata, vide quam rem agas.
S. Pejore res loco non potis eſt eſſe, quam in hoc, quo nunc ſita eſt.
Primum indotata eſt: tum præterea, quæ ſecunda ei dos erat,
Periit: pro virgine dari nuptum non poteſt: hoc relliquum eſt,
Si inficias ibit, teſtis mecum eſt annulus, quem amiſerat.
Poſtremo, quando ego conſcia mî ſum, à me culpam hanc procul eſſe, nec
Pretium, neque rem ullam interceſſe illa aut me indignam; *experiar,* Geta.
G. Quid iſtic? accedo, ut melius *dicas.* S. tu, quantum poteſt, abi, &c.

And

And call a midwife; that we may be ſure
Of her aſſiſtance in the time of need.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

DEMEA.

Dem. Confuſion! I have heard that Cteſipho
Was preſent with his brother at this riot.
This is the ſum of all my miſeries,
If He, even He, a ſober, hopeful, lad,
May be ſeduc'd into debaucheries.
—But where ſhall I enquire for him? I warrant
They have decoy'd him into ſome vile brothel.
That profligate perſuaded him, I'm ſure.
—But here comes Syrus.—I ſhall know from him
What is become of Cteſipho.—And yet
This raſcal's of the gang; and if he once
Perceives that I'm enquiring after him,
He'll never tell, a villain!---I'll take care
To cover my deſign.

SCENE IV.

Enter SYRUS *at another part of the Stage.*

Syrus, to himſelf.] We've juſt diſclos'd
The whole of this affair to Micio,
Exactly as it happen'd. I ne'er ſaw
The good old gentleman more pleas'd.
Dem. Oh heav'n,
The folly of the man! [*liſtening.*
Syrus, to himſelf.] He prais'd his ſon;
Me, who concerted the whole ſcheme, he thank'd.
Dem. I burſt with rage. [*liſtening.*
Syrus, to himſelf.] He told the money down
Immediately, and threw us in beſide,
To make an entertainment, a Half-Mina:
Which I've laid out according to my liking.
Dem. So! If you'd have your buſineſs well diſcharg'd,
Commit it to this fellow!
Syrus, overhearing.] Who's there? Demea!
I did not ſee you, Sir. How goes it?
Dem. How?
I can't ſufficiently admire your conduct.
Syrus, negligently.] Silly enough, to ſay the truth,
and idle---
To ſervants within.] Here! hark ye, Dromo! ſee you
gut and ſcale

The

The other fiſh immediately: But let
That large eel play a little in the water.
When I return it ſhall be bon'd; till then
It muſt not be.

Dem. Are crimes like theſe——

Syrus, to Demea.] Indeed
I like them not, and oft cry ſhame upon them.
—*To Servants within.*] See that thoſe ſalt fiſh are well
ſoak'd, Stephanio!

Dem. Gods, is this done on purpoſe? Does he think
'Tis laudable to ſpoil his ſon? Alas!
I think I ſee the day, when Æſchinus
Shall fly for want, and liſt himſelf a ſoldier.

Syrus. O Demea! That is to be wiſe: To ſee
Not that alone which lies before your feet,
But ev'n to pry into futurity.

Dem. What? is the Muſick-Girl at your houſe?

Syrus. Ay,
Madam's within.

Dem. What! and is Æſchinus
To keep her at home with him?

Syrus. I believe ſo;
Such is their madneſs.

Dem. Is it poſſible?

Syrus. A fond, and fooliſh father!

Dem. I'm aſham'd
To own my brother. I'm griev'd for him.

Syrus. Ah!

Thre

There is a deal of difference, Demea,
---Nor is't, becauſe you're preſent, that I ſay this——
There is a mighty difference between you!
You are, from top to toe, all over wiſdom:
He, a mere dotard.---Would you e'er permit
Your boy to do ſuch things?

Dem. Permit him? I?
Or ſhould I not much rather ſmell him out
Six months before he did but dream of it?

Syrus. Pſhaw! do you boaſt your vigilance to *Me?*

Dem. Heav'n keep him ever, as he is at preſent!

Syrus. As fathers form their children, ſo they prove.

Dem. But, prithee, have you ſeen the lad to-day?
[*with an affected careleſsneſs.*

Syrus. Your ſon, d'ye mean?---I'll drive him out of town. [*aſide.*
He's hard at work upon your grounds by this time.
[*to* Demea.

Dem. Ay? Are you ſure he's gone into the country?

Syrus. Sure? I ſet out with him myſelf.

Dem. Good! good!
I was afraid he loiter'd here. [*aſide.*

Syrus. And much
Enrag'd, I promiſe you.

Dem. On what account?

Syrus. A quarrel with his brother at the Forum,
About the Muſick-Girl.

Dem.

Dem. Indeed?

Syrus. Ay, faith:

He did not mince the matter: he ſpoke out.
For as the caſh was telling down, in pops,
All unexpected, Maſter Cteſipho:
Cries out,---" Oh Æſchinus, are theſe your courſes?
" Theſe your perſuits? enormities like theſe?
" Oh ſhame! oh ſcandal to our family!"

Dem. Oh, oh, I weep for joy.

Syrus. ——" You ſquander not
" The money only, but your life, your honour."

Dem. Heav'n bleſs him! He is like his anceſtors.

[*weeping.*

Syrus. Father's own ſon, I warrant him.

Dem. Oh, Syrus!

He's full of all thoſe precepts, He!

Syrus. No doubt on't:

He need not go from home for good inſtruction.

Dem. I ſpare no pains; neglect no means: I train him.
---In ſhort I bid him look into the lives
Of all, as in a mirror, and thence draw
From others an example for himſelf.
---" Do this."

Syrus. Good!

Dem. " Fly that."

Syrus. Very good!

Dem. " This deed

" Is highly commendable."

Syrus. That's the thing!

Dem. " That's reprehenſible."

Syrus. Moſt excellent!

Dem. " And then moreover——"

Syrus. Faith, I have not time
To give you further audience juſt at preſent.
I've got an admirable diſh of fiſh;
And I muſt take good care they are not ſpoilt.
For that were an offence as grievous, Demea,
In Us, as 'twere in You to leave undone
The things you juſt now mention'd: and I try,
According to my weak abilities,
To teach my fellow-ſlaves the ſelf-ſame way.
---" This is too ſalt.---This is burnt-up too much.
---" That is not nice and cleanly.---That's well done.
" Mind and do ſo again."---I ſpare no pains,
And give them the beſt precepts that I can.
In ſhort, I bid them look into the diſhes,
As in a mirror, Demea, and thence learn
The duty of a cook.---This ſchool of our's,
I own, is idle: but what *can* you do?
According to the man muſt be the leſſon.
---Would you aught elſe with us?

Dem. Your reformation.

Syrus. Do you go hence into the country?

Dem. Straight.

Syrus.

For what ſhould you do here, where nobody,
However good your precepts, cares to mind them?

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

DEMEA *alone.*

I then will hence, ſince he, on whoſe account
I hither came, is gone into the country.
He is my only care, *He's* my concern.
My Brother, ſince he needs will have it ſo,
May look to Æſchinus himſelf.—But who
Is coming yonder? Hegio, of our tribe?*
If I ſee plainly, beyond doubt 'tis he.
Ah, we've been old acquaintance quite from boys;
And ſuch men now-a-days are wondrous ſcarce.
A citizen of antient faith and virtue!
The commonwealth will ne'er reap harm from Him.
How I rejoice to ſee but the remains
Of this old ſtock! Ah, life's a pleaſure now.

* *Hegio, of our tribe.*] We are told that the Athenians were divided into tribes, but writers are not agreed as to their number. Some ſay twelve, in imitation of the Jewiſh tribes: but what connection was there between the Athenians and Jews? It is probable that this number was derived from the twelve months of the year: for we find that there were alſo in every tribe thirty ſubdiviſions, alluding to the number of days in a month. PATRICK.

I'll wait, that I may aſk about his health,
And have a little converſation with him.

SCENE VI.

Enter HEGIO *and* GETA *converſing at a diſtance.*

Hegio. Good heav'n! a moſt unworthy action, Geta!
Can it be true?

Geta. Ev'n ſo.

Hegio. A deed ſo baſe
Sprung from that family?---Oh Æſchinus,
This was not acting like your father.

Demea, behind.] So!
He has juſt heard about this Muſick-Girl,
And is affected at it, tho' a ſtranger,
While his good father truly thinks it nothing.
Oh monſtrous! wou'd that he were ſomewhere nigh,
And heard all this!

Hegio. Unleſs they do you juſtice,
They ſhall not carry off the matter thus.

Geta. Our only hope is in You, Hegio.
You're our ſole friend, our guardian, and our father.
On his death-bed, the good old Simulus
Bequeath'd us to your care. If *you* deſert us,
We are undone indeed.

Hegio. Ah, name it not!

I will

I will not, and, with honeſty, I cannot.

Dem. I will accoſt him.---Save you, Hegio!

Hegio. The man I look'd for.---Save you, Demea!

Dem. Your pleaſure?

Hegio. Æſchinus, your elder ſon,
Your brother's by adoption, has committed
A deed unworthy of an honeſt man,
And of a gentleman.

Dem. How ſo?

Hegio. You knew
Our friend and good acquaintance, Simulus?

Dem. Ay, ſure.

Hegio. He has debauch'd his daughter.

Dem. How!

Hegio. Hold, Demea; for the worſt is ſtill to come.

Dem. Is there aught worſe?

Hegio. Much worſe: for this perhaps
Might be excus'd. The night, love, wine, and youth
Might prompt him. 'Tis the frailty of our nature.
---Soon as his ſenſe returning made him conſcious
Of his raſh outrage, of his own accord
He came to the girl's mother, weeping, praying,
Intreating, vowing conſtancy, and ſwearing
That he would take her home.---He was forgiven;
The thing conceal'd; and his vows credited.
The girl from that encounter prov'd with child:

This is the tenth month.*---He, good gentleman,
Has got a Muſick-Girl, heav'n bleſs the mark!
With whom he means to live, and quit the other.

Dem. And are you well aſſur'd of this?

Hegio. The mother,
The girl, the fact itſelf, are all before you,
Joining to vouch the truth on't. And beſides,
This Geta here---as ſervants go, no bad one,
Nor given up to idleneſs---maintains them;
The ſole ſupport of all the family.
Here take him, bind him, force the truth from him.

Geta. Ay, torture me, if 'tis not ſo, good Demea!
Nay, Æſchinus, I'm ſure, will not deny it.
Bring me before him.

Dem. aſide.] I'm aſham'd: and what
To do, or what to ſay to him, I know not.

Pamphila, within.] Ah me! I'm torn in pieces!---
Racking pains!†
Juno Lucina, help me! ſave, I pray thee!

Hegio. Ha! Is ſhe then in labour, Geta?

* *This is the tenth month.*] Lunar months: the common method of computation before Julius Cæſar. WESTERHOVIUS.

† *Ah me! &c.*] This is the ſecond inſtance in our author of the outcries of a woman in labour: a circumſtance not eaſily to be reconciled to modern notions of decency, though certainly conſidered as no indecorum in thoſe days. I ſhall not defend the practice; but cannot help obſerving, that allowing ſuch an incident, Terence in the preſent inſtance makes a moſt pathetick and oratorical uſe of it.

Geta,

Geta. Yes, Sir.

Hegio. Hark! ſhe now calls upon your juſtice,
Demea!
Grant her then freely, what law elſe will claim,
And heaven ſend, that you may rather do
What honour bids! But if you mean it not,
Be ſure of this; that with my utmoſt force
I'll vindicate the girl, and her dead father.
He was my kinſman:* we were bred together
From children; and our fortunes twin'd together
In war, and peace, and bitter poverty.
Wherefore I'll try, endeavour, ſtrive, nay loſe
My life itſelf, before I will forſake them.
---What is your anſwer?

Dem. I'll find out my brother:
What he adviſes, I will follow, Hegio.†

Hegio. But ſtill remember, Demea, that the more
You live at eaſe; the more your pow'r, your wealth,

* *He was my kinſman.*] In Menander, Hegio was the brother of Soſtrata. WESTERHOVIUS.

† *What he adviſes, I will follow, Hegio.*] *Quod mihi de hâc re dederit conſilium, id ſequar.* Madam Dacier rejects this line, becauſe it is alſo to be found in the Phormio. But it is no uncommon thing with our author to uſe the ſame expreſſion or verſe in different places, eſpecially on familiar occaſions. There is no impropriety in it here, and the foregoing hemiſtich is rather lame without it. The propriety of conſulting Micio, or Demea's preſent ill-humour with him, are of no conſequence. The old man is ſurprized at Hegio's ſtory, does not know what to do or to ſay, and means to evade giving a poſitive anſwer, by ſaying that he would conſult his brother.

Your riches, and nobility; the more
It is your duty to act honourably,
If you regard the name of honeſt men.
Dem. Go to: we'll do you juſtice.
Hegio. 'Twill become you.
Geta, conduct me into Soſtrata. [*Exit with* Geta.

SCENE VII.

DEMEA *alone.*

This is no more than I foretold: and well
If his intemperance wou'd ſtop *here!*---But this
Immoderate indulgence muſt produce
Some terrible misfortune in the end.
---I'll hence, find out my brother, tell my news,
And empty all my indignation on him. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.*

Re-enter HEGIO, *ſpeaking to* Soſtrata *at the Door.*

Be of good cheer, my Soſtrata; and comfort,
As much as in your pow'r, poor Pamphila!

* *Scene VIII.*] Donatus tells us, that in ſome old copies, this whole ſcene was wanting. Guyetus therefore entirely rejects it. I have not ventured to take that liberty; but muſt confeſs, that it appears to me, if not ſuppoſititious, at leaſt cold and ſuperfluous, and the ſubſtance of it had better have been ſuppoſed to have paſſed between Hegio and Soſtrata within.

I'll

I'll find out Micio, if he's at the Forum,
And tell him the whole ſtory: if he'll act
With honour in it, why 'tis well; if not,
Let him but ſpeak his mind to me, and then
I ſhall know how to act accordingly. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CTESIPHO, SYRUS.

Ctef. MY father gone into the country, ſay you?
Syrus. Long ſince.
Ctef. Nay; ſpeak the truth!
Syrus. He's at his farm,
And hard at work, I warrant you.
Ctef. I wiſh,
So that his health were not the worſe for it,
He might ſo heartily fatigue himſelf,
As to be forc'd to keep his bed theſe three days!
Syrus. I wiſh ſo too; and more, if poſſible.
Ctef. With all my heart: for I wou'd fain conſume,
As I've begun, the live-long day in pleaſure.
Nor do I hate that farm of our's ſo much
For any thing, as that it is ſo near.
For if 'twas at a greater diſtance, night
Would come upon him, ere he could return.
But now, not finding me, I'm very ſure
He'll hobble back again immediately;
Queſtion me where I've been, that I've not ſeen him

All

All the day long; and what ſhall I reply?

Syrus. What? can you think of nothing?

Cteſ. No, not I.

Syrus. So much the worſe.---Have you no client, friend,

Or gueſt?

Cteſ. I have. What then?

Syrus. You've been engag'd

With them.

Cteſ. When not engag'd? It cannot be.

Syrus. It may.

Cteſ. Ay marry, for the day I grant you.

But if I paſs the night here, what excuſe

Then, Syrus?

Syrus. Ah! I would it were the cuſtom

To be engag'd at night too with one's friends!

---But be at eaſe! I know his mind ſo well,

That when he raves the loudeſt, I can make him

As gentle as a lamb.

Cteſ. How ſo?

Syrus. He loves

To hear you prais'd.. I ſing your praiſes to him,

And make you out a little God.

Cteſ. Me!

Syrus. You.

And then the old man blubbers like a child,

For very joy.---But have a care! [*looking out.*

Cteſ.

Cteſ. What now?

Syrus. The wolf i'th' fable!*

Cteſ. What, my father?

Syrus. He.

Cteſ. What's the beſt, Syrus?

Syrus. In! fly! I'll take care.

Cteſ. You have not ſeen me, if he aſks: d'ye hear?

Syrus. Can't you be quiet? [*puſhes out* Cteſipho.

SCENE II.

Enter DEMEA *at another part of the Stage.*

Dem. Verily, I am
A moſt unhappy man! for firſt of all,
I cannot find my brother any where:
And then beſides, in looking after him,
I chanc'd on one of my day-labourers,†
Who had but newly left my farm, and told me
Cteſipho was not there. What ſhall I do?

* *The wolf in the fable.*] *Lupus in fabula.* A proverb, ſignifying that the perſon of whom we are ſpeaking, is at hand.

† *I chanc'd on one of my day-labourers.*] The poet artfully contrives to detain Demea in town, his preſence being neceſſary in the ſubſequent part of the fable. DONATUS.

Cteſipho,

Ctſipho, peeping out.] Syrus!
Syrus. What?
Ctef. Does he ſeek me?
Syrus. Yes.
Ctef. Undone!
Syrus. Courage! *apart.*
Demea, to himſelf.] Plague on it, what ill luck is this!
I can't account for it: but I believe
That I was born for nothing but misfortunes.
I am the firſt who feels our woes; the firſt
Who knows of them; the firſt who tells the news;
And come what may, I bear the weight alone.
Syrus, behind.] Ridiculous! he ſays he knows all firſt;
And he alone is ignorant of all.
Dem. I'm now return'd to ſee if Micio
Be yet come home again.
Ctef. peeping out.] Take care, good Syrus,
He don't ruſh in upon us unawares!
Syrus. Peace! I'll take care. *apart.*
Ctef. 'Faith, I'll not truſt to you,
But ſhut myſelf and her in ſome bye place
Together: that's the ſafeſt.
Syrus. Well, away! [Cteſipho *diſappears.*
I'll drive the old man hence, I warrant you.
Dem. ſeeing Syrus.] But ſee that raſcal Syrus coming hither!

Syrus,

Syrus, advancing haſtily, and pretending not to ſee Demea.] By Hercules, there is no living here,
For any one, at this rate.---I'd fain know
How many maſters I'm to have.---Oh monſtrous!

Dem. What does he howl for? what's the meaning on't?
Hark ye, my good Sir! prithee tell me, if
My brother is at home.

Syrus. My good Sir! Plague!
Why do you come with your *Good Sirs* to me?
I'm half kill'd.

Dem. What's the matter?

Syrus. What's the matter!
Cteſipho, vengeance on him, fell upon me,
And cudgel'd me and the poor Muſick-Girl
Almoſt to death.

Dem. Indeed?

Syrus. Indeed. Nay ſee
How he has cut my lip! [*pretending to ſhew it.*

Dem. On what account?

Syrus. The girl, he ſays, was bought by my advice.

Dem. Did not you ſay you ſaw him out of town
A little while ago?

Syrus. And ſo I did.
But he came back ſoon after, like a madman.
He had no mercy.---Was not he aſham'd
To beat a poor old fellow? to beat Me;

Who

Who bore him in my arms but t'other day,
An urchin thus high? [*ſhewing.*
Dem. Oh rare, Cteſipho!
Father's own ſon! A man, I warrant him.
Syrus. Oh rare, d'ye cry? I'faith if he is wiſe,
He'll hold his hands another time.
Dem. Oh brave!
Syrus. Oh mighty brave, indeed!---Becauſe he beat
A helpleſs girl, and me a wretched ſlave,
Who durſt not ſtrike again;---oh, to be ſure,
Mighty brave truly!
Dem. Oh, moſt exquiſite!
My Cteſipho perceiv'd as well as I,
That you were the contriver of this buſineſs;
---But is my brother here?
Syrus. Not he. [*ſulkily.*
Dem. I'm thinking
Where I ſhall ſeek him.
Syrus. I know where he is:
But I'll not tell.
Dem. How, ſirrah?
Syrus. Even ſo.
Dem. I'll break your head.
Syrus. I cannot tell the name
Of him he's gone to, but I know the place.
Dem. Well, where's the place?
Syrus. D'ye know the Portico

Juſt by the market, down this way? [*pointing.*

Dem. I do.

Syrus. Go ſtraight along that ſtreet: and at the end
You'll ſee a hill; go ſtraight down that: and then
On this hand, there's a chapel; and juſt by
A narrow lane. [*pointing.*

Dem. Where? [*looking.*

Syrus. There; by the great wild fig-tree.
D'ye know it, Sir?

Dem. I do.

Syrus. Go through that lane.

Dem. That lane's no thoroughfare.

Syrus. Ay, very true:
No more it is, Sir.---What a fool I am!
I was miſtaken.---You muſt go quite back
Into the Portico; and after all,
This is the neareſt and the ſafeſt way.
---D'ye know Cratinus' houſe? the rich man?

Dem. Ay.

Syrus. *When you've paſs'd that, turn ſhort upon the left.
Keep ſtraight along that ſtreet, and when you reach

* *When you've paſs'd that, turn ſhort upon the left, &c.*] It is obſerved by Theobald in his edition of Shakeſpeare, that the perplext direction given by Lancelot ſeems to be copied from this of Syrus.

"Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's houſe."

Merchant of Venice;

Diana's Temple, turn upon the right:
And then, on this ſide of the city-gate,*
Juſt by the pond, there is a baker's ſhop,
And oppoſite a joiner's.—There he is.

Dem. What buſineſs has he there?

Syrus. He has beſpoke
Some tables to be made of oaken legs,†
To ſtand the ſun.

Dem. For you to drink upon.
Oh brave!——But I loſe time. I'll after him.

[*Exit haſtily.*

SCENE III.

SYRUS *alone.*

Ay! go your ways! I'll work your old ſhrunk ſhanks
As you deſerve, old Drybones!—Æſchinus
Loiters intolerably. Dinner's ſpoil'd.‡

* *The city-gate, juſt by the pond.*] This gives us to underſtand that Demea would be ſent quite to the further part of the town.—The pond alſo is naturally mentioned, for Varro tells us, that near the gate was always a large pond, to water horſes, and ſupply the inhabitants in caſe of fire. DONATUS.

† *Tables with oaken legs.*] It was uſual with the Grecians to ſit and drink in the ſun. Syrus therefore being aſked a ſudden queſtion, is ſuppoſed to have ſufficient preſence of mind to give this circumſtantial anſwer, that he might the better impoſe on Demea. DONATUS.

‡ *Dinner's ſpoil'd.*] The Greeks and the Romans generally had but one repaſt a day, which was their ſupper. The dinner here mentioned was therefore an inſtance of luxury and debauch. DACIER.

Cteſipho

Cteſipho thinks of nothing but his girl.
'Tis time for me to look to myſelf too.
Faith, then I'll in immediately; pick out
All the tid-bits, and toſſing off my cups,
In lazy leiſure lengthen out the day. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MICIO, *and* HEGIO.

Micio. I can ſee nothing in this matter, Hegio,
Wherein I merit ſo much commendation.
'Tis but my duty, to redreſs the wrongs,
That we have caus'd: unleſs perhaps you took me
For one of thoſe, who, having injur'd you,
Term fair expoſtulation an affront;
And having firſt offended, are the firſt
To turn accuſers.—I've not acted thus:
And is't for this that I am thank'd?

Hegio. Ah, no;
I never thought you other than you are:
But let me beg you, Micio, go with me
To the young woman's mother, and repeat
Yourſelf to Her what you have juſt told Me:
—That the ſuſpicion, fall'n on Æſchinus,
Sprung from his brother and the Muſick-Girl.

Micio. If you believe I ought, or think it needful,
Let's go!

Hegio.

Hegio. 'Tis very kind in you: for thus
You'll raiſe her ſpirit drooping with the load
Of grief and miſery, and have perform'd
Ev'ry good office of benevolence.
But if you like it not, I'll go myſelf,
And tell her the whole ſtory.

Micio. No, I'll go.

Hegio. 'Tis good and tender in your nature, Micio.
*For they, whoſe fortunes are leſs proſperous,
Are all, I know not how, the more ſuſpicious;
And think themſelves neglected and contemn'd,
Becauſe of their diſtreſs and poverty.
Wherefore I think 'twould ſatisfy them more,
If you would clear up this affair yourſelf.

Micio. What you have ſaid is juſt, and very true.

Hegio. Let me conduct you in!

Micio. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

* *For they, whoſe fortunes, &c.*] This fine ſentiment is ſuppoſed to be built on the following lines of Menander. If ſo, I think our poet has improved on his original.

Προς απαντα δειλος ὁ πενης εςι πραγματα,
Και παντας αυτου καταφρονειν υπολαμβανει:
Ο δε μετριως πριττων περισκελεςερον
Απαντα τ'ανιαρα, Λαμπρια, Φερει.

The poor man in all things acts fearfully,
Suſpecting all deſpiſe him. But the man
Who's more at eaſe, with greater conſtancy
Bears up againſt misfortunes, Lamprias!

SCENE V.

ÆSCHINUS *alone.*

Oh torture to my mind! that this misfortune
Should come thus unexpectedly upon me?
I know not what to do, which way to turn.
Fear ſhakes my limbs, amazement fills my ſoul,
And in my breaſt deſpair ſhuts out all counſel.
Ah, by what means can I acquit myſelf?
Such a ſuſpicion is now fallen on me;
And that ſo grounded on appearances.
Soſtrata thinks that on my own account
I bought the Muſick-Girl. That's plain enough
From the old nurſe. For meeting her by chance,
As ſhe was ſent from hence to call a midwife,
I ran, and aſk'd her of my Pamphila.
—"Is ſhe in labour? are you going now
"To call a midwife?"—"Go, go, Æſchinus!
"Away, you have deceiv'd us long enough,
"Fool'd us enough with your fine promiſes,"
Cried ſhe.—"What now?" ſays I.—"Farewel, enjoy
"The girl that you're ſo taken with!"—I ſaw
Immediately their cauſe of jealouſy:
Yet I contain'd myſelf, nor would diſcloſe
My brother's buſineſs to a tattling goſſip,
By whom the knowledge on't might be betray'd.
—But

---But what ſhall I do now? ſhall I confeſs
The girl to be my brother's; an affair
Which ſhould by no means be reveal'd?---But not
To dwell on that.---Perhaps they'd not diſcloſe it:
Nay I much doubt if they would credit it:
So many proofs concur againſt Myſelf.---
I bore her off; I paid the money down;
She was brought home to Me.---All this, I own,
Is my own fault. For ſhould I not have told
My father, be it as it might, the whole?
I ſhould, I doubt not, have obtain'd his leave
To marry Pamphila.---What indolence,
Ev'n till this hour! now Æſchinus, awake!
—But firſt I'll go, and clear myſelf to Them.
I'll to the door. [*goes up.*]---Confuſion! how I tremble!
How guilty-like I ſeem, when I approach
This houſe! [*knocks.*] Hola! within! 'Tis I;
'Tis Æſchinus. Come, open ſomebody
The door immediately!---Who's here? A ſtranger!
I'll ſtep aſide. [*retires.*

SCENE VI.

Enter MICIO.

Micio, to Soſtrata within.] Do as I've told you, Soſtrata.
I'll find out Æſchinus, and tell him all.

—But who knock'd at the door? [*coming forward.*

Æſch. behind.] By heav'n! my father!
Confuſion!

Micio, ſeeing him.] Æſchinus!

Æſch. What does *he* here? [*aſide.*

Micio. Was't you that knock'd?---What, not a word! Suppoſe
I banter him a little. He deſerves it,
For never truſting this affair to me. [*aſide.*
---Why don't you ſpeak?

Æſch. Not I, as I remember. [*diſorder'd.*

Micio. No, I dare ſay, not you: for I was wond'ring
What buſineſs could have brought you here.——He bluſhes.
All's ſafe, I find. [*aſide.*

Æſch. recovering.] But prithee, tell me, Sir,
What brought *you* here?

Micio. No buſineſs of my own.
But a friend drew me hither from the Forum,
To be his advocate.

Æſch. In what?

Micio. I'll tell you.
This houſe is tenanted by ſome poor women,
Whom, I believe, you know not;--Nay, I'm ſure on't,
For 'twas but lately they came over hither.

Æſch. Well?

Micio. A young woman and her mother.

Æſch. Well?

Micio. The father's dead.---This friend of mine, it ſeems,
Being her next relation, by the law
Is forc'd to marry her.*

Æſch. Confuſion! [*aſide.*

Micio. How?

Æſch. Nothing.---Well?---pray go on, Sir!—

Micio. He's now come
To take her home, for he is of Miletus.†

Æſch. How! take her home with him?

Micio. Yes, take her home.

Æſch. What! to Miletus?

Micio. Ay.

Æſch. Oh torture! [*aſide.*]---Well?
What ſay the women?

Micio. Why, what *ſhou'd* they? Nothing.
Indeed the mother has devis'd a tale
About her daughter's having had a child
By ſome one elſe, but never mentions whom:
His claim, ſhe ſays, is prior; and my friend

* *By the law is forc'd to marry her.*] This appears in many inſtances to have been a law in force with the Athenians, and was probably handed down to them by the Phœnicians, who originally received it from the Jews. *And every daughter that poſſeſſes an inheritance in any tribe of the children of Iſrael, ſhall be wife unto one of the family of the tribe of her father, that the children of Iſrael may enjoy every man the inheritance of his fathers.* Numbers, Chap. xxxvi. v. 8. DACIER.

† *Miletus.*] A colony of the Athenians in Pontus. DONATUS.

Ought not to have her.

Æſch. Well? and did not this
Seem a ſufficient reaſon?

Micio. No.

Æſch. No, Sir?
And ſhall this next relation take her off?

Micio. Ay, to be ſure: why not?

Æſch. Oh barbarous, cruel!
And---to ſpeak plainly, Sir,---ungenerous!

Micio. Why ſo?

Æſch. Why ſo, Sir!---What d'ye think
Will come of Him, the poor unhappy youth
Who was connected with her firſt;---who ſtill
Loves her, perhaps, as dearly as his life;---
When he ſhall ſee her torn out of his arms,
And born away for ever?---Oh ſhame, ſhame!

Micio. Where is the ſhame on't?---*Who betroth'd,
who gave her?
When was ſhe married? and to whom? Where is he,
And wherefore did he wed another's right?

Æſch. Was it for Her, a girl of ſuch an age,
To ſit at home, expecting till a kinſman
Came, nobody knows whence, to marry her?
---This, Sir, it was your buſineſs to have ſaid,

* *Who betroth'd, &c.*] Theſe queſtions, which enumerate all the proofs requiſite to a marriage, are an indirect, and very delicate reproof of Æſchinus for the irregular and clandeſtine manner in which he had conducted this affair. DONATUS.

And

And to have dwelt on it.

Micio. Ridiculous!

Should I have pleaded againſt Him, to whom
I came an advocate?---But after all,
What's this affair to Us? or, what have we
To do with them? let's go!---Ha! why thoſe tears?

Æſch. Father, beſeech you, hear me!

Micio. Æſchinus,
I have heard all, and I know all, already:
For I do love you; wherefore all your actions
Touch me the more.

Æſch. So may you ever love me,
And ſo may I deſerve your love, my father,
As I am ſorry to have done this fault,
And am aſham'd to ſee you!

Micio. I believe it;
For well I know you have a liberal mind:
But I'm afraid you are too negligent.
For in what city do you think you live?
You have abus'd a virgin, whom the law
Forbad your touching.---'Twas a fault, a great one;
But yet a natural failing. Many others,
Some not bad men, have often done the ſame.
—But after this event, can you pretend
You took the leaſt precaution? or conſider'd
What ſhou'd be done, or how?---If ſhame forbad
Your telling me Yourſelf, you ſhou'd have found

Some other means to let me know of it.
Loſt in theſe doubts, ten months have ſlipt away.
You have betray'd, as far as in you lay,
Yourſelf, the poor young woman, and your child.
What! did you think the Gods wou'd bring about
This buſineſs in your ſleep; and that your wife,
Without your ſtir, wou'd be convey'd to you
Into your bed-chamber?---I wou'd not have you
Thus negligent in other matters.———Come,
Cheer up, ſon! you ſhall wed her!

Æſch. How!

Micio. Cheer up,
I ſay!

Æſch. Nay, prithee, do not mock me, father!

Micio. Mock you? I? wherefore?*

Æſch. I don't know; unleſs
That I ſo much deſire it may be true,
I therefore fear it more.

Micio. ---Away; go home;
And pray the Gods, that you may call your wife,
Away!

Æſch. How's that? my wife? what! now?

Micio. Now,

* *Mock you? I? wherefore?*] We may very innocently banter a friend, and frighten him with falſe alarms, when it is in our power to undeceive him immediately, and to ſurpriſe him with good news. But none but an enemy would buoy one up with falſe hopes, in order to daſh them with bitterneſs and trouble. Micio therefore diſcovers a benevolent emotion at even being ſuppoſed to trifle with him in this reſpect. DONATUS.

Æſch.

Æſch. Now?

Micio. Ev'n now, as ſoon as poſſible.

Æſch. May all
The Gods deſert me, Sir, but I do love you,
More than my eyes!

Micio. Than her?

Æſch. As well.

Micio. That's much.

Æſch. But where is that Mileſian?

Micio. Gone:
Vaniſh'd: on board the ſhip.---But why d'ye loiter?

Æſch. Ah, Sir, you rather go, and pray the Gods;
For, being a much better man than I,
They will the ſooner hear your pray'rs. *

* *The ſooner hear your prayers.*] Donatus obſerves that there is great delicacy in this compliment of Æſchinus to Micio, which, though made to his face, does not carry in it the leaſt appearance of flattery. Madam Dacier imagines Terence refers here to a line in Heſiod, which ſays that it is the buſineſs of old men to pray. I ſhould rather imagine our author had an eye to the following fine lines of Menander, which have already been recommended to the publick notice by the learned critick in the Adventurer, No. 105.

Ειτις δε θυσιαν προσφερων, ω Παμφιλε,
Ταυρων τε πληθος η εριφων, η, νη, Δια,
Ετερων τοιυτων, η κατασκευασματα
Χρυσας ποιησας χλαμυδος ητοι πορφυρας,
Η δι' ελεφαντος, η σμαραγδυ ζωδια,
Ευνυν νομιζει τον Θεον καθιζαναι,
Πλανατ' εκεινος, και φρενας κυφας εχει.
Δει γαρ τον ανδρα χρησιμον πεφυκεναι,
Μη παρθενυς φθειροντα, μη μοιχωμενον,
Κλεπτοντα και σφατλουντα χρηματων χαριν.

Μηδε

Micio. I'll in,
To ſee the needful preparations made.
You, if you're wiſe, do as I ſaid. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

ÆSCHINUS *alone.*

How's this?
Is this to be a father? Or is this
To be a ſon?—Were he my friend or brother,
Could he be more complacent to my wiſh?
Should I not love him? bear him in my boſom?
Ah! his great kindneſs has ſo wrought upon me,
That it ſhall be the ſtudy of my life

Μηδε βελονης εναμμ' επιθυμης, Παμφιλε,
Ο γαρ Θεος βλεπει σε πλησιον παρων.

The man who ſacrifices, Pamphilus,
A multitude of bulls, or goats, or ſheep;
Or prepares golden veſtments, purple raiment,
Figures of ivory, or precious gems;
Thinking to render God propitious to him,
Moſt groſly errs, and bears an empty mind.
Let him be good and charitable rather,
No doer of uncleanneſs, no corrupter
Of virgin innocence, no murd'rer, robber,
In queſt of gain. Covet not, Pamphilus,
†Even a needleful of thread, for God,
Who's always near thee, always ſees thy deeds.

† This ſeems to have been a proverbial expreſſion, as we find it occur in another fragment of Menander.

To

To ſhun all follies, * leſt they give him pain.
But wherefore do I loiter here, and thus
Retard my marriage by my own delay? [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

DEMEA *alone.*

I've walk'd, and walk'd, till I'm quite tir'd with walking.
—Almighty Jove confound you, Syrus, I ſay;
You and your blind directions! I have crawl'd
All the town over: to the gate; the pond;
Where not? No ſign of any ſhop was there,
Nor any perſon who had ſeen my brother.

* *To ſhun all follies.*] Donatus juſtly obſerves, that it is plain from this ſoliloquy that Terence takes the part of mild fathers, meaning to ſhew that gentle reproofs, mingled with tenderneſs, will have more effect on an ingenuous mind than railing and ſeverity. That critick alſo is more minute than uſual in pointing out the great beauties of the foregoing ſcene; commenting on almoſt every ſpeech, and obſerving how finely the two characters of Micio and Æſchinus are ſuſtained throughout their whole converſation. It was impoſſible to lay before the Engliſh reader all the little particularities dwelt upon by Donatus: and indeed the reader muſt have very little ſenſibility, who cannot of himſelf diſcern, even through the medium of this tranſlation, the many amiable touches of good-humour, mildneſs, and affection that diſtinguiſh Micio's character, as well as the natural ſtrokes of paſſion, and ingenuous ſhame in Æſchinus. The whole ſcene is remarkably beautiful, and perhaps more characteriſtick of the genius of Terence than any other in his works.

—Now

---Now I'll in therefore, and ſet up my reſt
In his own houſe, till he comes home again. [*going.*

SCENE IX.

Enter MICIO.

Micio. I'll go and let the women know we're ready.

Dem. But here he is.---I have long ſought you, Micio.

Micio. What now?

Dem. I bring you more offences; great ones;
Of that ſweet youth ——

Micio. See there!

Dem. New; capital!

Micio. Nay, nay, no more!

Dem. Ah, you don't know——

Micio. I do.

Dem. O fool, you think I mean the Muſick-Girl,
This is a rape upon a citizen.

Micio. I know it.

Dem. How? d'ye know it, and endure it?

Micio. Why not endure it?

Dem. Tell me, don't you rave?
Don't you go mad?

Micio. No; to be ſure I'd rather—

Dem. There's a child born.

Micio. Heav'n bleſs it!

Dem.

Dem. And the girl
Has nothing.
Micio. I have heard ſo.
Dem. And is He
To marry her without a fortune?
Micio. Ay.
Dem. What's to be done then?
Micio. What the caſe requires.
The girl ſhall be brought over here.
Dem. Oh Jove!
Can that be proper?
Micio. What can I do elſe?
Dem. What can you do?—If you're not really
griev'd,
It were at leaſt your duty to appear ſo.
Micio. I have contracted the young woman to him:
The thing is ſettled: 'tis their wedding-day:
And all their apprehenſions I've remov'd.
This is ſtill more my duty.
Dem. Are you pleas'd then
With this adventure, Micio?
Micio. Not at all,
If I could help it: now 'tis paſt all cure,
I bear it patiently. The life of man*

* *The life of man is like a game at tables.*] Menander might poſſibly borrow this moral maxim from a paſſage in the tenth book of Plato's Republick, where it is ſaid, "That we "ſhould take counſel from ac- "cidents, and, as in a game "at

Is like a game at tables. If the caſt
Which is moſt neceſſary, be not thrown,
That, which chance ſends, you muſt correct by art.

Dem. Oh rare *Corrector!*—By your *art* no leſs
Than Twenty Minæ have been thrown away
On yonder Muſick-Wench; who, out of hand,
Muſt be ſent packing; if no buyer, gratis.

Micio. Not in the leaſt; nor do I mean to ſell her.*

Dem. What will you do then!

Micio. Keep her in my houſe.

Dem. Oh heav'n and earth! a harlot and a wife
In the ſame houſe?

Micio. Why not?

Dem. Have you your wits?

Micio. Truly I think ſo.

Dem. Now, ſo help me heav'n,
Seeing your folly, I believe you keep her
To ſing with you.

Micio. Why not?

Dem. And the young bride
Shall be her pupil?

Micio. To be ſure.

Dem. And You

" at dice, act according to " what has fallen, in that man- " ner which reaſon directs " us to be the beſt." DACIER.

* *Not in the leaſt, nor do I mean to ſell her.*] Micio is here involved in a ridiculous dilemma, in which he had rather appear abſurd, than betray Cteſipho. DONATUS.

Dance hand in hand with them?*

Micio. Ay.

Dem. Ay?

Micio. And You

Make one amongſt us too upon occaſion.

Dem. Ah! are you not aſham'd on't?

Micio. Patience, Demea!

Lay by your wrath; and ſeem, as it becomes you,
Chearful and free of heart at your ſon's wedding.
---I'll go and warn the bride and Soſtrata,
And then return to you immediately. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

DEMEA *alone.*

Jove, what a life! what manners! what diſtraction!
A Bride juſt coming home without a portion;
A Muſick-Girl already there in keeping;
A houſe of waſte; the youth, a libertine;
Th' old man, a dotard!---'Tis not in the pow'r
Of Providence herſelf, howe'er deſirous,
To ſave from ruin ſuch a family.

* *Dance hand in hand with them.*] *Reſtim ductans ſaltabis. Reſtim ducere*; literally, *to lead the cord:* which would induce one to imagine that when many perſons were dancing together in thoſe days, they held a cord.—But why a cord? might they not as well take hold of each other's hands? I am perſuaded that they did, and agree with Donatus that the expreſſion is merely metaphorical. DACIER.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter at a diſtance SYRUS *drunk.*

Syrus, to himſelf.] Faith, little Syrus, you've ta'en ſpecial care
Of your ſweet ſelf, and play'd your part moſt rarely!
—Well, go your ways:—but having had my fill
Of ev'ry thing within, I've now march'd forth
To take a turn or two abroad.
Dem. behind.] Look there!
A pattern of inſtruction!
Syrus, ſeeing him.] But ſee there:
Yonder's old Demea. [*going to him.*] What's the matter now?
And why ſo melancholy?
Dem. Oh thou villain!
Syrus. What! are you ſpouting ſentences, old Wiſdom?
Dem. Were you my ſervant——
Syrus. You'd be plaguy rich,
And ſettle your affairs moſt wonderfully.
Dem. I'd make you an example.
Syrus. Why? for what?

Dem.

Dem. Why, ſirrah?---*In the midſt of this diſturbance,
And in the heat of a moſt heavy crime,
While all is yet confuſion, you've got drunk,
As if for joy, you raſcal!
Syrus. Why the plague
Did not I keep within? [*aſide.*

SCENE XII.

Enter DROMO *haſtily.*

Dromo. Here! hark ye, Syrus!
Cteſipho begs that you'd come back.
Syrus. Away! [*puſhing him.*
Dem. What's this he ſays of Cteſipho?
Syrus. Pſhaw! nothing.
Dem. How, dog, is Cteſipho within?
Syrus. Not he.
Dem. Why does *he* name him then?
Syrus. It is another
Of the ſame name---a little paraſite---
D'ye know him?
Dem. But I will immediately. [*going.*
Syrus, ſtopping him.] What now? where now?

* *In the midſt of this diſturbance*, &c.] The gravity of Demea and drunkenneſs of Syrus create a very humorous contraſt, and are admirably calculated to excite mirth in the ſpectators. DONATUS.

Dem. Let me alone.
Syrus. Don't go! } *ſtruggling.*
Dem. Hands off! what won't you? muſt I brain you, raſcal? [*diſengages himſelf from* Syrus, *and Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

SYRUS *alone.*

He's gone---gone in---and faith no welcome roarer---*
---Eſpecially to Cteſipho.---But what
Can I do now; unleſs, till this blows over,
I ſneak into ſome corner, and ſleep off
This wine that lies upon my head?---I'll do't.
[*Exit reeling.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter MICIO *from* Soſtrata.

Micio, to Soſtrata within.] All is prepar'd: and we are ready, Soſtrata,
As I've already told you, when you pleaſe.
[*comes forward.*

* *No welcome roarer.*] *Comiſſatorem haud ſane commodum.* The chief beauty lies in the word *Comiſſator*, which ſignified one who came to join a jovial party, burſting in upon them unexpectedly with much noiſe and clamour. DONATUS. DACIER.

But who's this * forces open our ſtreet-door
With ſo much violence?

Enter DEMEA *on t'other ſide.*

Dem. Confuſion! death!
What ſhall I do? or how reſolve? where vent
My cries and exclamations?---Heav'n! Earth! Sea!
Micio, behind.] So! all's diſcover'd: that's the thing
he raves at.
---Now for a quarrel!---† I muſt help the boy.
Dem. ſeeing him.] Oh, there's the grand corrupter
of our children!
Micio. Appeaſe your wrath, and be yourſelf again!
Dem. Well, I've appeas'd it; I'm myſelf again;
I ſpare reproaches; let us to the point!
It was agreed between us, and it was

* *Forces open our ſtreet-door, &c.*] It has been obſerved before, that in Athens the ſtreet-doors were made to open outwards; ſo that when any one was coming out, the noiſe of the door (which is often mentioned in theſe comedies) ſerved to give notice to thoſe in the ſtreet, that they might eſcape being hurt, and make way for the opening of the door. DACIER.

† *I muſt help the boy.*] The character of Micio appears extremely amiable through the four firſt acts of this comedy, and his behaviour is in many reſpects worthy imitation. But his conduct in conniving at the irregularities of Cteſipho, and even aſſiſting him to ſupport them, is certainly reprehenſible. Perhaps the Poet threw this ſhade over his virtues, on purpoſe to ſhew that mildneſs and good-humour might be carried to an exceſs.

Your own propoſal too, that you ſhou'd never
Concern yourſelf with Cteſipho, nor I
With Æſchinus. Say, was't not ſo?
Micio. It was:
I don't deny it.
Dem. Why does Cteſipho
Revel with You then? Why do you receive him?
Buy him a miſtreſs, Micio?---Is not juſtice
My due from you, as well as your's from me?
Since I do not concern myſelf with your's,
Meddle not you with mine!
Micio. This is not fair;
Indeed it is not. Think on the old ſaying,
"All things are common among friends."
Dem. How ſmart!
Put off with quips and ſentences at laſt?
Micio. Nay, hear me, if you can have patience;
Demea.
—Firſt, if you're griev'd at their extravagance,
Let this reflexion calm you! Formerly,
You bred them both according to your fortune,
Suppoſing it ſufficient for them both:
Then too you thought that I ſhou'd take a wife.
Still follow the old rule you then laid down:
Hoard, ſcrape, and ſave; do every thing you can
To leave them nobly! Be that glory your's.
My fortune, fall'n beyond their hopes upon them,

Let

Let them uſe freely! As your capital
Will not be waſted, what addition comes
From mine, conſider as clear gain: and thus,
Weighing all this impartially, you'll ſpare
Yourſelf, and me, and them, a world of trouble.

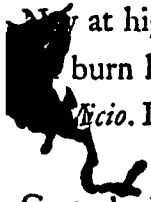
Dem. Money is not the thing: their morals—

Micio. Hold!
I underſtand; and meant to ſpeak of that.
*There are in nature ſundry marks, good Demea,
By which you may conjecture of men's minds;
And when two perſons do the ſelf-ſame thing,
May oftentimes pronounce, that in the one
'Tis dangerous, in t'other 'tis not ſo:
Not that the thing itſelf is different,
But he who does it.---In theſe youths I ſee
The marks of virtue; and, I truſt, they'll prove
Such as we wiſh them. They have ſenſe, I know;
Attention; in its ſeaſon, liberal ſhame;
And fondneſs for each other; all ſure ſigns
Of an ingenuous mind and noble nature:

* *There are in nature, &c.*] Madam Dacier makes an obſervation on this ſpeech ſomething like that of Donatus on one of Micio's above; and ſays that Micio, being hard put to it by the real circumſtances of the caſe, thinks to confound Demea by a nonſenſical galimatia. I cannot be of the ingenious lady's opinion in this matter: for I think a more ſenſible ſpeech could not be made, nor a better plea offered in favour of the young men, than that of Micio in the preſent inſtance.

And tho' they ſtray, you may at any time
Reclaim them.---But perhaps you fear, they'll prove
Too inattentive to their intereſt.
Oh my dear Demea, in all matters elſe
Increaſe of years increaſes wiſdom in us:
This only vice age brings along with it;
"We're all more worldly-minded, than there's need:"
Which paſſion age, that kills all paſſions elſe,
Will ripen in your ſons too.
Dem. Have a care
That theſe fine arguments, and this great mildneſs
Don't prove the ruin of us, Micio!
Micio. Peace!
It ſhall not be: away with all your fears!
This day be rul'd by me: come, ſmooth your brow.
Dem. Well, ſince at preſent things are ſo, I muſt.
But then I'll to the country with my ſon
To-morrow, at firſt peep of day.
Micio. At midnight,
So you'll but ſmile to-day.
Dem. And that wench too
I'll drag away with me.
Micio. Ay; there you've hit it.
For by thoſe means you'll keep your ſon at home;
Do but ſecure her.
Dem. I'll ſee that; for there
I'll put her in the kitchen and the mill,
And make her full of aſhes, ſmoak, and meal;

Nay



y at high noon too ſhe ſhall gather ſtubble.
burn her up, and make her black as coal.

Micio. Right! now you're wife.—And then I'd make my ſon
Go to bed to her, tho' againſt his will.

Dem. D'ye laugh at me? how happy in your temper! I feel——

Micio. Ah! that again?

Dem. I've done.

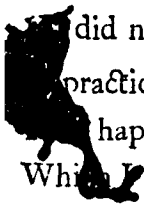
Micio. In then!
And let us ſuit our humour to the time. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.*

DEMEA *alone.*

NEVER did man lay down ſo fair a plan,
So wiſe a rule of life, but fortune, age,
Or long experience made ſome change in it;
And taught him, that thoſe things he thought he knew,

* *Act* 5. *Scene* 1.] This ſcene, which I have placed the firſt of the fifth act, ſtands in Madam Dacier's tranſlation, and in all thoſe editions and tranſlations who have followed her, as the ſecond. I think it is plain, from the end of the foregoing ſcene, that Micio and Demea quitted the ſtage, and entered the houſe together; and it ſeems to be equally evident, from the meſſage that Syrus brings to Demea in the ſcene immediately ſucceeding this, that Demea had left the company within.—*Rogat frater, ne abeas longius—your brother begs, you'd not go further off.* But what had ſtill more weight with me, and was a more forcible motive to induce me to begin the fifth act with this ſoliloquy, was the propriety, and indeed neceſſity of an interval in this place. The total change of character, whether real or affected, is in itſelf ſo extraordinary, that it required all the art of Terence to bring it about; and the only probable method of effecting it, is to ſuppoſe it the reſult at leaſt of ſome little deliberation, and reflexion on the inconveniencies he had experienced from a contrary temper. Donatus obſerves the great art with which Terence has preſerved the gradation of Demea's anger and diſtreſſes, which can be puſhed no further than the diſcovery of Cteſipho; and this admirable climax of incidents, is finely completed in the ſcene with


did not know, and what he held as beſt,
practice he threw by. The very thing
happens to myſelf. For that hard life
Which I have ever led, my race near run,
Now in the laſt ſtage, I renounce: and why?
But that by dear experience I've been told,
There's nothing ſo advantages a man,
As mildneſs and complacency. Of this
My brother and myſelf are living proofs:
He always led an eaſy, chearful life;
Good-humour'd, mild, offending nobody,
Smiling on all; a jovial batchelor,
His whole expences center'd in himſelf.
I, on the contrary, rough, rigid, croſs,
Saving, moroſe, and thrifty, took a wife:
—What miſeries did marriage bring!—had children;
—A new uneaſineſs!---and then beſides,
Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,
I have worn out my prime of life and health:

with which I have cloſed the fourth act. To ſay the truth, the fable itſelf in a manner ends there; and though there is much humour and pleaſantry in the remaining part of the play, yet many good criticks have objected to it. Terence however, or rather Menander, muſt be allowed to have ſhewn an uncommon effort of genius, if not of judgment, in theſe adſcititious ſcenes, which he has founded on the converſion of Demea: a circumſtance which grows out of the foregoing incidents, and ſupplies the materials for a pleaſant fifth act, like the Giving away the Rings in Shakeſpeare's Merchant of Venice, in which play alſo, as well as this of Terence, the main buſineſs of the plot is concluded in the fourth act.

And

And now, my courſe near finiſh'd, what return
Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.
Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father's comforts. Him they love;
Me they avoid: to him they open all
Their ſecret counſels; doat on him; and both
Repair to him; while I am quite forſaken.
His life they pray for, but expect my death.
Thus thoſe, brought up by my exceeding labour,
He, at a ſmall expence, has made his own:
The care all mine, and all the pleaſure his.
—Well then, let Me endeavour in my turn
To teach my tongue civility, to give
With open-handed generoſity,
Since I am challeng'd to't!—and let *Me* too
Obtain the love and reverence of my children!
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behind-hand.—Caſh will fail:
What's that to me, who am the eldeſt-born?

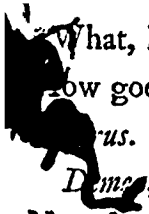
SCENE II.

Enter SYRUS.

Syrus. Oh, Sir! your brother has diſpatch'd me to you
To beg you'd not go further off.

Dem. Who's there?——

What,



What, honeſt Syrus! ſave you: how is't with you?
How goes it?

Syrus. Very well, Sir.

Dem. [*aſide.*] Excellent!
Now for the firſt time I, againſt my nature,
Have added theſe three phraſes, "Honeſt Syrus!
"How is't?—How goes it?"—[*to Syrus.*] You have prov'd yourſelf
A worthy ſervant. I'll reward you for it.

Syrus. I thank you, Sir.

Dem. I will, I promiſe you;
And you ſhall be convinc'd on't very ſoon.

SCENE III.

Enter GETA.

Geta, to Soſtrata within.] Madam, I'm going to look after them,
That they may call the bride immediately.
——But here is Demea. Save you!

Dem. Oh! your name?

Geta. Geta, Sir.

Dem. Geta, I this day have found you

* *What, honeſt Syrus.*] Here the Poet ſhews how awkwardly a man of an oppoſite diſpoſition endeavours to be complaiſant; and that a miſer, meaning to be generous, runs into profuſion. DONATUS.

To

To be a fellow of uncommon worth:
For ſure that ſervant's faith is well approv'd
Who holds his maſter's intereſt at heart,
As I perceiv'd that you did, Geta! wherefore
Soon as occaſion offers, I'll reward you.
---I am endeavouring to be affable,
And not without ſucceſs. [*aſide.*

Geta. 'Tis kind in you
To think of your poor ſlave, Sir.

Dem. aſide.] Firſt of all
I court the mob, and win them by degrees.

SCENE IV.

Enter ÆSCHINUS.

Æſch. They murder me with their delays; and while
They laviſh all this pomp upon the nuptials,
They waſte the live-long day in preparation.

Dem. How does my ſon?

Æſch. My father! Are you here?

Dem. Ay, by affection, and by blood your father,
Who love you better than my eyes.---But why
Do you not call the bride?

Æſch. 'Tis what I long for:
But wait the muſick and the ſingers.

Dem. Pſhaw!

Will

Will you for once be rul'd by an old fellow?

Æsch. Well?

Dem. *Ne'er mind fingers, company, lights, musick;
But tell them to throw down the garden-wall,
As soon as possible. Convey the bride
That way, and lay both houses into one.
Bring too the mother, and whole family,
Over to Us.

Æsch. I will. Oh charming father!

Dem. aside.] *Charming!* See there! He calls me *charming* now.

---My brother's house will be a thorough-fare;
Throng'd with whole crouds of people; much expence
Will follow; very much: what's that to me?
I am call'd *charming*, and get into favour.
---Ho! order Babylo immediately†

* *Ne'er mind fingers, &c.*] The bride was usually thus attended, and Lucian speaks of this retinue, and I believe took the passage from Menander, where he says, Και αυλητριδας, και θορυβον, και υμεναιον αδοντας τινας, &c. "the players on the "flute, the company, and "fingers of the nuptial song." DACIER.

† *Ho! order Babylo immediately to pay him Twenty Minæ.*] *Jube nunc jam dinumeret illi Babylo viginti minas.* All the commentators and translators have been extremely puzzled at this passage. It does not become the last comer to be positive, where so many conjectures have already been offered and rejected. But if one may determine from the context, which is commonly the best way, as well as the most natural and obvious, it should seem that Demea means to give an order to one of his servants to give Æschinus Twenty Minæ. He has already determined to be very generous; and another instance of his bounty occurs in the concluding scene, where he pays down

To pay him Twenty Minæ.---Prithee, Syrus,
Why don't you execute your orders?

Syrus. What?

Dem. Down with the wall!---[*Exit* Syrus.]---You, Geta, go, and bring
The ladies over.

Geta. Heaven bleſs you, Demea,
For all your friendſhip to our family! [*Exit* Geta.

Dem. They're worthy of it.---What ſay You to this? [*to* Æſch.

Æſch. I think it admirable.

Dem. 'Tis much better,
Than for a poor ſoul, ſick, and lying-in,
To be conducted thro' the ſtreet.

Æſch. I never
Saw any thing concerted better, Sir.

Dem. 'Tis juſt my way.---But here comes Micio.

down the money for the freedom of Phrygia.—In this very ſpeech he is pleaſantly conſidering with himſelf the expence, which he diſregards, ſo as he can but get into favour. In conſequence of which reſolution it is natural to ſuppoſe that he immediately gives an order for iſſuing money to defray the charges of pulling down walls, entertaining company, &c.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter MICIO.

Micio, at entering.] My brother order it, d'ye ſay?
where is he?
—Was this your order, Demea?
Dem. 'Twas my order;
And by theſe means, and every other way,
I would unite, ſerve, cheriſh, and oblige,
And join the family to our's!
Æſch. Pray do, Sir! [*to* Micio.
Micio. I don't oppoſe it.
Dem. Nay, but 'tis our duty.
Firſt, there's the mother of the bride——
Micio. What then?
Dem. Worthy and modeſt.
Micio. So they ſay.
Dem. In years.
Micio. True.
Dem. And ſo far advanc'd, that ſhe is long
Paſt child-bearing, a poor lone woman too,
With none to comfort her.
Micio. What means all this?
Dem. This woman 'tis your place to marry, brother;
—And your's [*to* Æſch.] to bring him to't.
Micio. I marry her?

Dem.

Dem. You.

Micio. I?

Dem. Yes, you I ſay.

Micio. Ridiculous!

Dem. to Æſch.] If you're a man, he'll do't.

Æſch. to Micio.] Dear father!

Micio. How!

Do You then join him, fool?

Dem. Nay, don't deny.

It can't be otherwiſe.

Micio. You've loſt your ſenſes!

Æſch. Let me prevail upon you, Sir!

Micio. You're mad.

Away!

Dem. Oblige your ſon.

Micio. Have you your wits?

I a new-married man at ſixty-five!

And marry a decrepid poor old woman!

Is that what you adviſe me?

Æſch. Do it, Sir!

I've promis'd them.

Micio. You've promis'd them indeed!

Prithee, boy, promiſe for yourſelf.

Dem. Come, come!

What if he aſk'd ſtill more of you?

Micio. As if

This was not ev'n the utmoſt.

Dem. Nay, comply!

Æſch. Be not obdurate!

Dem. Come, come, promiſe him.

Micio. Won't you deſiſt?

Æſch. No, not till I prevail.

Micio. This is mere force.

Dem. Nay, nay, comply, good Micio!

Micio. Tho' this appears to me abſurd, wrong, fooliſh,
And quite repugnant to my ſcheme of life,
Yet, if you're ſo much bent on't, let it be!

Æſch. *Obliging father, worthy my beſt love!

Dem. aſide.] What now?--This anſwers to my wiſh.--
What more?

* *Obliging father!*] Obliging indeed!

The Poet's conduct here is juſtly liable to cenſure: the only conſideration that can be urged in his defence is, that he meant to ſhew the inconveniencies ariſing from too unbounded a good-nature. But Micio has all along been repreſented ſo agreeable, and poſſeſſed of ſo much judgment, good ſenſe, and knowledge of the world, that this laſt piece of extravagance muſt ſhock probability, and offend the delicacy of the ſpectator. PATRICK.

Apud Menandrum ſenex de nuptiis non gravatur. Ergo Terentius ὑφητικῶς. DONATUS.

It is ſurpriſing that none of the criticks on this paſſage have taken notice of this obſervation of Donatus, eſpecially as our loſs of Menander makes it rather curious. It is plain that Terence in the plan of his laſt act followed Menander: but though he has adopted the abſurdity of marrying Micio to the old lady, yet we learn from Donatus that his judgement rather revolted at this circumſtance, and he improved on his original by making Micio expreſs a repugnance to ſuch a match, which it ſeems he did not in the play of Menander.

—Hegio's their kinſman, [*to* Micio.] our relation too,
And very poor. We ſhou'd do *him* ſome ſervice.

Micio. Do what?

Dem. There is a little piece of ground,
Which you let out near town. Let's give it him
To live upon!

Micio. So little, do you call it?

Dem. Well, if 'tis large, let's give it. He has been
A father to the bride; a worthy man;
Our kinſman too. It will be well beſtow'd.
In ſhort, that ſaying I now make my own,
Which you but now ſo wiſely quoted, Micio;
" It is the common failing of old men,
" To be too much intent on worldly matters."
Let us wipe off that ſtain. The ſaying's true,
And worthy notice.

Micio. Well, well; be it ſo,
If *he* requires it. [*pointing to* Æſchinus.

Æſch. I beſeech it, father.

Dem. Now you're indeed my brother, ſoul and body.

Micio. I'm glad to find you think me ſo.

Dem. I foil him
At his own weapons. [*aſide.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

To them SYRUS.

Syrus. I have executed
Your orders, Demea.
Dem. A good fellow!—Truly
Syrus, I think, ſhou'd be made free to-day.
Micio. Made free! He?—Wherefore?
Dem. Oh, for many reaſons.
Syrus. Oh Demea, you're a noble gentleman.
I've taken care of both your ſons from boys;
Taught them, inſtructed them, and given them
The wholeſomeſt advice, that I was able.
Dem. The thing's apparent: and theſe offices,
To cater;---bring a wench in, ſafe and ſnug;
---Or * in mid-day prepare an entertainment;---
---All theſe are talents of no common man.
Syrus. Oh moſt delightful gentleman!
Dem. Beſides,
He has been inſtrumental too this day
In purchaſing the Muſick-Girl. He manag'd

* *In mid-day prepare an entertainment.*] *Apparare* de die *convivium.* The force of this paſſage conſiſts in the words *de die*, becauſe, as has been obſerved, in another place, the chief meal of the Græcians was at ſupper, and an entertainment in the day-time was conſidered as a debauch. DACIER.

The whole affair. We ſhou'd reward him for it.
It will encourage others.*---In a word,
Your Æſchinus would have it ſo.

Micio. Do You
Deſire it?

Æſch. Yes, Sir.

Micio. Well, if you deſire it——
Come hither, Syrus!---Be thou free!

[Syrus *kneels*; Micio *ſtrikes him, being the ceremony of manumiſſion, or giving a Slave his freedom.*]

Syrus. I thank you:
Thanks to you all; but moſt of all, to Demea!

Dem. I'm glad of your good fortune.

Æſch. So am I.

Syrus. I do believe it; and I wiſh this joy
Were quite complete, and I might ſee my wife,
My Phrygia too, made free as well as I.

Dem. The very beſt of women!

Syrus. And the firſt
That ſuckled my young maſter's ſon, your grandſon.

Dem. Indeed! the firſt who ſuckled him!----Nay then,
Beyond all doubt ſhe ſhould be free.

Micio. For what?

Dem. For that. Nay take the ſum, whate'er it be,
Of Me.

* *It will encourage others.*] The grave irony of this paſſage is extremely humourous. DONATUS.

Syrus.

Syrus. Now all the pow'rs above grant all
Your wiſhes, Demea!

Micio. You have thriv'd to-day
Moſt rarely, Syrus.

Dem. And beſides this, Micio,
It wou'd be handſome to advance him ſomething
To try his fortune with. He'll ſoon return it.

Micio. Not that. [*ſnapping his fingers.*

Æſch. He's honeſt.

Syrus. Faith, I will return it.
Do but advance it.

Æſch. Do, Sir!

Micio. Well, I'll think on't.

Dem. I'll ſee that he ſhall do't. [*to* Syrus.

Syrus. Thou beſt of men!

Æſch. My moſt indulgent father!

Micio. What means this?
Whence comes this haſty change of manners, Brother?
*Whence flows all this extravagance? and whence
This ſudden prodigality?

Dem. I'll tell you:
†To ſhew you, that the reaſon, why our ſons

* *Whence flows all this extravagance? &c.*] *Quod proluvium? quæ iſtæc ſubita eſt largitas?* A paſſage borrowed from the comick poet Cæcilius. DACIER.

† *To ſhew you that the reaſon, &c.*] I would have characters ſeparated from each other; but I muſt own that a direct contraſt diſpleaſes me.

But the moſt ſure method to ſpoil a play, and to render it quite inſupportable, would be to multiply ſuch contraſts.

81586

Think you ſo pleaſant and agreeable,
Is not from your deſerts, or truth, or juſtice,
But your compliance, bounty, and indulgence.

See what would be the reſult of theſe antitheſes. I call them Antitheſes; for the contraſt of character is, in the plan of the drama, what that figure is in converſation. It is happy; but it muſt be uſed with moderation; and in an elevated ſtile, totally excluded.

What is the moſt common ſtate of ſociety, that where characters are contraſted, or where they are only different?

What is the intention of contraſt in character? Doubtleſs to render one of the two more ſtriking. But that effect can only be obtained, where they both appear together. What a monotony will this create in the dialogue? what a conſtraint will it impoſe on the conduct of the fable? How can I attend to the natural chain of events, and proper ſucceſſion of ſcenes, if I am engaged by the neceſſity of always bringing the two oppoſite characters together? How often will it happen that the contraſt will require one ſcene, and the true courſe of the fable another?

Beſides, if the two contraſted characters are both drawn with equal force, the intention of the drama will be rendered equivocal. To conceive the whole force of this reaſoning, open the Brothers of Terence. There you will ſee two brothers contraſted, both drawn with equal force; and you may challenge the moſt ſubtle critick to tell you which is the principal character, Micio or Demea? If he ventures to pronounce before the laſt ſcene, he will find to his aſtoniſhment, that He, whom he has taken, during five acts, for a man of ſenſe, is a fool; and that He, whom he has taken for a fool, may be a very ſenſible man.

One would ſuppoſe at the beginning of the fifth act, that the Author, embarraſſed by the contraſt which he had eſtabliſhed, was obliged to abandon this deſign, and to turn the intereſt of his piece topſy-turvy. But what is the conſequence? That we no longer know which ſide to take; and after having been all along for Micio againſt Demea, we conclude without knowing, whether we are for one, or the other. One would almoſt deſire a third father to preſerve the golden mean between the two characters, and to point out the faults of each of them. DIDEROT.

---Now, therefore, if I'm odious to you, ſon,
Becauſe I'm not ſubſervient to your humour,
In all things, right, or wrong; away with care!
Spend, ſquander, and do what you will!---But if,
In thoſe affairs where youth has made you blind,
Eager, and thoughtleſs, you will ſuffer me
To counſel and correct---and in due ſeaſon
Indulge you---I am at your ſervice.

Æſch. Father,
In all things we ſubmit ourſelves to you.
What's fit and proper, you know beſt.---But what
Shall come of my poor brother?

Dem. *I conſent
That he ſhall have her: let him finiſh there.

Æſch. †All now is as it ſhou'd be.---[*to the audience.*]
Clap your hands!

Here Demea returns to his own character, and the conduct of Terence is admirable in the leſſon given to Micio. The oppoſite characters of theſe two brothers, and the inconveniencies reſulting from each, perfectly point out to fathers the middle way which they ought to perſue in the education of their children, between the too great ſeverity of the one, and the unlimited indulgence of the other. DACIER.

* *I conſent that he ſha'll have her.*] This complaiſance of Demea in allowing Cteſipho to retain the Muſick-Girl, would be very criminal in a modern father; but the Greeks and Romans were not ſufficiently enlightened to be ſenſible of the ſin. DACIER.

† *All now is as it ſhou'd be.*] It has been ſaid that l'Ecole des Maris [The School for Huſbands] was a copy of the Brothers of Terence: if ſo, Moliere deſerves more praiſe for having brought the taſte of ancient Rome into France, than reproach for having ſtolen his

piece. But the Brothers furniſhed nothing more than the bare idea of the Ecole des Maris. There are in the Brothers two old men of oppoſite humours, who give each of them a different education to the children that they educate; there are in like manner in the Ecole des Maris two guardians, of which one is ſevere, and the other indulgent; there lies the whole reſemblance. There is ſcarce any intrigue in the Brothers; that of the Ecole des Maris is delicate, intereſting, and comick. One of the women in Terence's piece, who ought to be the principal character, is never ſeen or heard except in her lying-in. The Iſabella of Moliere is almoſt for ever on the ſtage, full of grace and ſpirit, and ſometimes mingles a decency, even in the tricks which ſhe plays her guardian. There is no probability in the cataſtrophe of the Brothers: It is not in nature, that a moroſe, ſevere, covetous old fellow of ſixty ſhould become all at once gay, complaiſant and liberal. The cataſtrophe of the Ecole des Maris is the beſt of all the pieces of Moliere. It is probable, natural, grounded on the plot; and what is of full as much conſequence, extremely comick. The ſtile of Terence is pure, and ſententious, but a little cold; as Cæſar, who excelled in all, has reproached him. The ſtile of Moliere in this piece is more chaſte than in any of his others. The French Author almoſt equals the purity of the diction of Terence; and goes far beyond him in the intrigue, the character, the cataſtrophe, and humour.

VOLTAIRE's *Contes de Guillaume Vadé.*

It is impoſſible for any reader, who is come freſh from the peruſal of the Brothers of Terence, and the Ecole des Maris of Moliere, to acquieſce in the above deciſion; and I would venture to appeal from Voltaire to any member of the French academy for a reverſal of it. The reputation of Moliere has taken too deep root to be rendered more flouriſhing by blaſting that of Terence; nor can ſuch an attempt ever be made with a worſe grace than when the imitation is blindly preferred to the original. Moliere, ſo far from having taken only the idea of his piece from the Brothers, has tranſlated ſome paſſages almoſt literally, and the latter part of the ſecond ſcene of the Ecole des Maris is a very cloſe imitation of one in the fourth act of the Brothers.

In point of fable, I make no ſcruple to prefer the piece of Terence to that of Moliere. The intrigue of the four firſt acts of the Brothers is more artfully conducted than that of any other of Terence's pieces.

In

In the Andrian, were all the Epiſode of Charinus to be omitted, the play would be the better for it. In the Eunuch, as has been before obſerved, there is a lameneſs in the cataſtrophe, and the concluſion of Thraſo's buſineſs in the laſt ſcene becomes epiſodical. In the Self-Tormentor, the intrigue in a manner ends with the third act. In the Phormio,* the loves of Antipho and Phædria have no further relation to each other, than that Phormio is uſed as an engine in both.* But in the play before us, the intereſt which Æſchinus takes in Cteſipho's affairs, combines their ſeveral amours ſo naturally, that they reciprocally put each other in motion.

I cannot think the fable of the Ecole des Maris quite ſo happy. In Terence we ſee a good-humoured uncle adopting one of his nephews, while the other lad remains under the tuition of the ſevere father. This is natural enough; but in Moliere we have two young women left, by their father's will, as the intended wives of their antiquated guardians. Is there not ſome abſurdity in ſuch an idea? Micio and Demea are confeſſedly the archetypes of Ariſte and Sganarelle; but in my mind infinitely ſuperiour, and exhibited in a greater variety of ſituations; nor do the two ſiſters, Iſabelle and Leonor, play into each others hands, like Æſchinus and Cteſipho. In the Brothers, the buſineſs and the play open together; in Moliere the firſt ſcene is a mere converſation-piece. In Moliere, the plot is thin, ſeems to have been calculated for the intrigue of a *petite piece*, and the circumſtance of Iſabelle's embracing Sganarelle, and giving her hand to Eraſte, is purely farcical. In Terence the fable is more important, and the incidents naturally unfold themſelves one after another; and the manner in which Demea gradually arrives at the knowledge of them, is extremely artful and comick. What then is intrigue? If it be the Dramatick Narration of a ſtory, ſo laid out as to produce pleaſant ſituations, I will not ſcruple to pronounce, that there is more intrigue in the Brothers than in the Ecole des Maris. The reader has already ſeen ſeveral ſtrictures on the fifth act, but the particular objection, made by Voltaire to the cataſtrophe, is founded on a miſtake: the complaiſance, gaiety, and liberality of Demea being merely aſſumed; and his aukwardneſs in affecting thoſe qualities, full

* The plot of the Step-Mother, ſo admired by the moderns for its ſimplicity, ſhall be examined in another place.

as

as comick as the admired cataſtrophe of the Ecole des Maris; which being produced in a forced manner by the diſguiſe of Iſabelle, and the broad cheat put upon Sganarelle before his face, is certainly deficient in the probability, neceſſary to the incidents of legitimate comedy.—It is not without reluctance that I have been drawn into an examination of the comparative merits of theſe two excellent pieces: nor do I think there is in general a more invidious method of extolling one writer, than by depreciating the productions of another.

Baron, the author of the Andrienne, has alſo written a comedy called l'Ecole des Péres, [the School for Fathers] built on this play of Terence. The piece opens with a very elegant, though pretty cloſe verſion, of the firſt act of the Brothers; but on the whole I think this attempt leſs happy than his firſt. The bringing Clarice and Pamphile on the ſtage has no better effect, than his introduction of Glicerie in the Andrian. Telamon and Alcée are drawn with neither the ſtrength nor delicacy of Micio and Demea; and the old man's change of character in the fifth act is neither rejected nor retained, but rather mangled and deformed. On the whole, it were to be wiſhed, that Baron had adhered ſtill more cloſely to Terence, or, like Moliere, deviated ſtill further from him: for, as the play now ſtands, his attention to the Roman Poet ſeems to have thrown a conſtraint on his genius, and taken off the air of an original; while his alterations have rendered the Ecole des Péres but a lamé imitation, and imperfect image of the Brothers of Terence.

In our own language, the Squire of Alſatia of Shadwell, is alſo founded on this play: But the Muſe of White Friars has but little right to the praiſes due to that of Athens and Rome. Shadwell's play, though drawn from ſo pure a ſource, is rather a farce of five acts than a comedy; nor has it the leaſt comparative merit either in the plan or execution, except in the intention to give the character of Cteſipho more at large, than it is drawn in the original.

THE

Step-Mother.

THE

STEP-MOTHER.

TO

ISAAC SCHOMBERG, M. D.

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND,

AND MOST OBLIGED

HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

THE STEP-MOTHER;

*Exhibited at the MEGALESIAN GAMES.

Sextus Julius Cæſar and Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, Curule Ædiles: It was not acted through: The Muſick, compoſed for Equal Flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: It is entirely from the Greek of Apollodorus:† It was acted firſt without a Prologue, Cn. Octavius and T. Manlius, Conſuls;‡ and brought on again at the Funeral Games of Æmilius Paulus: It did not pleaſe: It was acted a third time, Q. Fulvius and L. Marcius, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actor, L. Ambivius Turpio: It pleas'd.

* *Exhibited at, &c.*] The title to this play varies extremely in different editions. That given here is taken chiefly from Weſterhovius.

† *From the Greek of Apollodorus.*] Criticks differ about the name of the Greek Poet from whom this play was taken. It is generally ſaid to be Apollodorus; and moſt agree that this Comedy was not taken, like the four firſt of our author, from Menander.

‡ *Octavius and Manlius, Conſuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 588, and 165 years before Chriſt, the year after the repreſentation of the Andrian.

PRO-

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE,
LACHES,
PHIDIPPUS,
PAMPHILUS,
PARMENO,
SOSIA,
BOY, and other Servants.

SOSTRATA,
MYRRHINA,
BACCHIS,
PHILOTIS,
SYRA,
NURSE, Servants to Bacchis, &c.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

THIS play is call'd The Step-Mother. When firſt
It was preſented, ſuch a hurricane,*
A tumult ſo uncommon interven'd,
It neither could be ſeen, nor underſtood:
So taken were the people, ſo engag'd
By a rope-dancer!—It is now brought on
As a new piece: and he who wrote the play,
Suffer'd it not to be repeated then,
That he might profit by a ſecond ſale.†
‡Others, his plays, you have already known;
Now then, let me beſeech you, know this too.

* *Hurricane.*] *Calamitas.* This word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the firſt ſcene of the Eunuch.—Nothing can be more evident than that this was the prologue to the ſecond attempt to exhibit this comedy.

† *That he might profit by a ſecond ſale.*] See the laſt note to the ſecond prologue.

‡ *Others, his plays, you have already known.*] According to Voſſius, the Step-Mother was not attempted to be revived till after the repreſentation of the Brothers. If ſo, they had already ſeen all the reſt of Terence's pieces. DACIER.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE.*

I Come a pleader,† in the ſhape of prologue:
Let me then gain my cauſe, and now grown old
Experience the ſame favour as when young;
Who then recover'd many a loſt play,
Breath'd a new life into the ſcenes, and ſav'd
The author, and his writings, from oblivion.
Of thoſe, which firſt I ſtudied of Cæcilius,‡

* *Another Prologue.*] Theſe two prologues are by ſome blended together, but moſt learned and judicious editors make two of them. Faernus ſays, that in ſome copies the name of L. Ambivius is over them, in great letters; thus, L. AMBIVIUS PROLOGUS: and the ſame diſtinction is made in the Baſilican copy. Eugraphius ſays poſitively that the prologue was ſpoken by Ambivius Turpio. COOKE.

† *I come a pleader, &c.*] *Orator ad vos venio.* Madam Dacier, and ſome who follow her, tranſlate *Orator* by the word *Ambaſſador.* Her explanation of the original (though in this inſtance, as well as many others, ſhe does not acknowledge it) is taken from Donatus. But what is very extraordinary, Donatus, in his comment on the very next line, gives the word a quite different ſignification; and tells us, that *Orator* ſignifies a perſon entruſted with the defence of a cauſe; in one word, a *Pleader:* and that *Exorator* ſignifies him who has gained the cauſe. The word is undoubtedly uſed in this latter ſenſe in the Prologue to the Self-Tormentor——Oratorem *voluit eſſe me, non* Prologum—and it ſeems to be the beſt and eaſieſt conſtruction in this place alſo.

‡ *Cæcilius.*] A famous comick Poet among the Romans. His chief excellencies are ſaid to have been the gravity of his ſtile, and the choice of his ſubjects. The firſt quality was attributed to him by Horace, Tully, &c. and the laſt by Varro. *In argumentis Cæcilius poſcit palmam, in etheſi Terentius.*—"In the choice of ſubjects Cæcilius demands the preference, in the manner "Te-

In ſome I was excluded; and in ſome
Hardly maintain'd my ground. But knowing well
The variable fortunes of the Scene,
I was content to hazard certain toil
For an uncertain gain. I undertook
To reſcue thoſe ſame plays from condemnation,
And labour'd to reverſe your ſentence on them;
That the ſame Poet might afford me more,
And no ill fortune damp young genius in him.
My cares prevail'd; the plays were heard; and thus
Did I reſtore an Author, nearly loſt
Through the malevolence of adverſaries,
To ſtudy, labour, and the Poet's art.
But had I at that time deſpis'd his plays,
Or labour'd to deter him from the taſk,
It had been eaſy to have kept him idle,
And to have ſcar'd him from attempting more:

" Terence."—Madam Dacier indeed renders *in argumentis* " in the diſpoſition of his ſub- " jects." But the words will not bear that conſtruction. *Argumentum*, I believe, is uniformly uſed for the argument itſelf, never implies the conduct of it—as in the Prologue to the Andrian, *non tam diſſimili argumento*—" *in argument leſs diffe-* " *rent.*"—Beſides, the diſpoſition of the ſubject was the very *art* attributed by the criticks of thoſe days to Terence, and which Horace mentions in the very ſame line with the gravity of Cæcilius, diſtinguiſhing them as the ſeveral characteriſticks of each writer.

Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.

See Hurd's notes to the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.

For my ſake, therefore, deign to hear with candour
The ſuit I mean to offer to you now.
Once more I bring the STEP-MOTHER before you,
Which yet in ſilence I might never play;
So did confuſion cruſh it: which confuſion
Your prudence may allay, if it will deign
To ſecond our endeavours.---When I firſt
Begun to play this piece, the ſturdy Boxers,
(The Dancers on the Rope expected too)
Th' increaſing crouds, the noiſe, and women's clamour
Oblig'd me to retire before my time.
I, upon this occaſion, had recourſe
To my old way. I brought it on again.
In the firſt act I pleaſe: meanwhile there ſpreads
A rumour of the Gladiators: then
The people flock together, riot, roar,
And fight for places. I meanwhile *my* place
Could not maintain---To-day there's no diſturbance;
All's ſilence and attention; a clear ſtage:
*'Tis your's to give theſe games their proper grace.
Let not, oh let not the Dramatick Art
Fall to a few! Let your authority
Aſſiſt and ſecond mine! If I for gain

* *'Tis your's to give theſe games their proper grace.*] There is great force and eloquence in the actor's affecting a concern for the ſacred feſtivals, which were in danger of being deprived of their chief ornaments, if by too great a ſeverity they diſcouraged the Poets, who undertook to furniſh the plays during the celebrity. DACIER.

Ne'er over-rated my abilities,
If I have made it ſtill my only care
To be obedient to your will, oh grant
That he who hath committed his performance
To my defence, and who hath thrown himſelf
On your protection, be not giv'n to ſcorn,
And foul deriſion of his envious foes!
Admit this plea for my ſake, and be ſilent;
That other Poets may not fear to write,
That I too may hereafter find it meet
To play new pieces, * bought at my expence.

* *Bought at my expence.*] *Pretio emtas meo.* Theſe words I have rendered literally, tho' there is a great diſpute among commentators concerning them. Donatus, and, after him, Madam Dacier, explains *pretio* by *æſtimatione pretii*, importing that Ambivius valued the play, when the Ædiles were to purchaſe it. Madam Dacier therefore ſuppoſes the caſe to be thus. When the Ædiles had a mind to purchaſe a copy for the Stage, they gave it to the Maſter of the Company, to peruſe, and ſet a price upon it. If it failed, the maſter was bound to return the money to the Magiſtrates; which made it the intereſt of the Actors to ſupport the piece, as the loſs, if it was rejected, fell upon themſelves.—This it muſt be owned is ingenious, but has nothing to ſupport it but conjecture. We are entirely unacquainted with the nature of theſe tranſactions between the Ædiles, Players, and Poet, and therefore cannot pronounce with certainty about them. Beſides, I believe it will be hard to find an inſtance where *Pretium* is put for *Æſtimatio Pretii*. I am therefore more inclined to think, that on ſome occaſions the Ædiles, on others the Maſter of the Company, bought the play, of which laſt kind was the purchaſe of the Step-Mother. But how in either caſe, if it was not received by the publick, the Poet could claim a right to a ſecond ſale, as is mentioned in the firſt prologue, is

a matter not eaſily determined at this diſtance of time. PATRICK.

Madam Dacier's reaſoning on this dark point of theatrical hiſtory is certainly inconcluſive; not only for want of proof, but becauſe no method of *ſettling the aſſize* of plays could be more unworthy the Magiſtrate, more detrimental to Authors, or more hurtful to the credit of the Stage: for if the Actor was to abide by the loſs, his intereſt would incline him to ſet the very loweſt value on the piece.——Taking the whole prologue together, may not one conjecture, that the firſt time a play was exhibited, it was purchaſed, as is mentioned in other prologues, by the Ædiles: but if it failed, or, for the ſake of Gladiators, and Rope-dancers, was then refuſed a hearing, the Poet had a right to withdraw his piece without returning the copy-money; and if it was brought on again by the manager, it was at his own hazard and expence? This conjecture explains the paſſage in the firſt prologue concerning a ſecond ſale, and gives an additional force to every thing urged by Ambivius in the ſecond; in which, ſuppoſing the actor to be ſpeaking to the audience concerning a theatrical uſage with which they were all familiarly acquainted, the whole obſcurity of both the prologues vaniſhes. We immediately comprehend the manner of his revival of the plays of Cæcilius, and ſee how eſſentially his intereſt is concerned in the reception of this of Terence. It gives us alſo a very high opinion of the penetration and humanity of Ambivius.

From theſe two prologues, and ſome paſſages in Horace, we may collect, that riots, parties, *&c.* were as common in Rome as in England; and that a firſt night was as terrible, and the town as formidable to Cæcilius, and Terence, as to the puny authors of our days. The high reputation of Ambivius Turpio, (the actor who ſpoke this Prologue, and the Manager of the Company) as well as the eſteem which Terence had for him, is evident; and we conceive no unfavourable idea of the town-criticks of thoſe times, who could liſten to ſuch a plea urged by the Actor, and ſo candidly acquieſce in all that he ſaid in his own commendation. We have, indeed, an acting manager in our time, to whom modern authors have as much reaſon to be partial, as Terence to Ambivius: but though he has helped out many a lame play with a lively prologue, I believe he would hardly venture to make ſuch an addreſs to the publick, as this now before us.

THE

THE STEP-MOTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PHILOTIS, SYRA.

Phi. NOW, by my troth, a woman of the town
Scarce ever finds a faithful lover, Syra.
This very Pamphilus, how many times
He ſwore to Bacchis, ſwore ſo ſolemnly,
One could not but believe him, that he never
Would, in her life-time, marry! See, he's married.
Syra. I warn you therefore, and moſt earneſtly
Conjure you, to have pity upon none:
But plunder, fleece, and beggar ev'ry man,
That falls into your pow'r.
Phi. What! ſpare none?
Syra. None.
For know, there is not one of all your ſparks
But ſtudies to cajole you with fine ſpeeches,
And have his will as cheaply as he can.
Shou'd not You then endeavour to fool Them?
Phi. But to treat all alike is wrong.
Syra. What! wrong?

To be reveng'd upon your enemies?
Or to ſnare thoſe who ſpread their ſnares for you?
---Alas! why have not I your youth and beauty,
Or you my ſentiments?

SCENE II.

Enter PARMENO.

Par. to Scirtus within.] If our old gentleman
Aſks for me, tell him I'm this very moment
Gone to the Port to ſeek for Pamphilus.
D'ye underſtand my meaning, Scirtus? If he aſks,
Tell him that; if he ſhou'd not aſk, ſay nothing;
That this excuſe may ſerve another time.
[*comes forward.*
—But is not that Philotis? Whence comes She?
Philotis! ſave you!

Phi. Save you, Parmeno!

Syra. Save you, good Parmeno!

Par. And ſave you, Syra!
—Tell me, Philotis, where have you been gadding,
Taking your pleaſure this long time?

Phi. I've taken
No pleaſure, Parmeno, indeed. I went
With a moſt brutal Captain hence to Corinth.
There have I led a wretched life with him,
For two whole years.

Par.

Par. Ay, ay, I warrant you
That you have often wiſh'd to be in Athens;
Often repented of your journey.
Phi. Oh,
'Tis quite impoſſible to tell how much
I long'd to be at home, how much I long'd
To leave the Captain, ſee you, revel with you,
After the good old faſhion, free, and eaſy.
For there I durſt not ſpeak a ſingle word,
But what, and when, the mighty Captain pleas'd.
Par. 'Twas cruel in him thus to tie your tongue:
At leaſt, I'll warrant, that you thought it ſo.
Phi. But what's this buſineſs, Parmeno? this ſtory
That Bacchis has been telling me within?
I could not have believ'd that Pamphilus
Would in her life-time marry.
Par. Marry truly!
Phi. Why he *is* married: is not he?
Par. He is.
But I'm afraid 'twill prove a crazy match,
And will not hold together long.
Phi. Heav'n grant it,
So it turn out to Bacchis's advantage!
But how can I believe this, Parmeno?
Tell me.
Par. It is not fit it ſhould be told,
Enquire no more.
Phi. For fear I ſhould divulge it?

Now

Now heav'n ſo proſper me, as I enquire,
Not for the ſake of telling it again,
But to rejoice within myſelf.
Par. No, no:
Fair words, Philotis, ſha'n't prevail on me
To truſt my back to your diſcretion.
Phi. Well;
Don't tell me, Parmeno.---As if you had not
Much rather tell this ſecret, than I hear it!
Par. She's in the right: I am a blab, 'tis true.
It is my greateſt failing.---Give your word,
You'll not reveal it, and I'll tell you.
Phi. Now
You're like yourſelf again. I give my word.
Speak.
Par. Liſten then.
Phi. I'm all ear.
Par. Pamphilus
Doated on Bacchis ſtill as much as ever,
When the old gentleman began to teaze him
To marry, in the common cant of fathers;
---" That he was now grown old; and Pamphilus
" His only child; and that he long'd for heirs,
" As props of his old age." At firſt my maſter
Withſtood his inſtances, but as his father
Became more hot and urgent, Pamphilus
Began to waver in his mind, and felt
A conflict betwixt love and duty in him.

At length, by hammering on marriage ſtill,
And daily inſtances, th' old man prevail'd,
And made a match with our next neighbour's daughter.
Pamphilus did not take it much to heart,
Till juſt upon the very brink of wedlock:
But when he ſaw the nuptial rites prepar'd,
And, without reſpite, he muſt marry; then
It came ſo home to him, that even Bacchis,
Had ſhe been preſent, muſt have pitied him.
Whenever he could ſteal from company,
And talk to me alone,—" Oh Parmeno,
" What have I done?" he'd cry.---" I'm loſt for ever.
" Into what ruin have I plung'd myſelf!
" I cannot bear it, Parmeno. Ah wretch!
" I am undone."

Phi. Now all the pow'rs of heav'n
Confound you, Laches, for thus teazing him!

Par. In ſhort, he marries, and brings home his wife.
The firſt night he ne'er touch'd her; nor the next.

Phi. How! he a youth, and ſhe a maidenhead!
Tipſy, and never touch her! 'Tis not likely;
Nor do I think it can be true.

Par. No wonder.
For they, that come to you, come all deſire:
But he was bound to her againſt his will.

Phi. What follow'd upon this?

Par. A few days after,
Pamphilus, taking me aſide, informs me,

" That

" That the maid ſtill remain'd a maid for him;
" That he had hop'd, before he brought her home,
" He might have borne the marriage:—but reſolving
" Within myſelf, not to retain her long,
" I held it neither honeſty in Me,
" Nor of advantage to the maid herſelf,
" That I ſhould throw her off to ſcorn:---but rather
" Return her to her friends, as I receiv'd her,
" Chaſte and inviolate."

Phi. A worthy youth,
And of great modeſty!

Par. " To make this publick
" Would not, I think, do well; and to return her
" Upon her father's hands, no crime alledg'd,
" Is arrogant: but ſhe, I hope, as ſoon
" As ſhe perceives ſhe cannot live with me,
" Will of her own accord depart."

Phi. But tell me;
Went he meanwhile to Bacchis?

Par. Every day.
But ſhe, as is the way you know, perceiving
He was another's property, became
More croſs and mercenary.

Phi. Troth, no wonder.

Par. Ay, but 'twas that detach'd him chiefly from her.
For when he had examin'd well himſelf,
Bacchis, and her at home; and had compar'd

Their

Their different manners; ſeeing that his Bride,
After the faſhion of a liberal mind,
Was decent, modeſt, patient of affronts,
And anxious to conceal the wrongs he did her;
Touch'd partly with compaſſion for his wife,
And partly tir'd with t'other's inſolence,
He by degrees withdrew his heart from Bacchis,
Transferring it to Her, whoſe diſpoſition
Was ſo congenial to his own. Meanwhile
An old relation of the family
Dies in the iſle of Imbrus.* His eſtate
Comes by the law to Them; and our old man
Diſpatching thither, much againſt his will,
The now-fond Pamphilus, he leaves his wife
Here with his mother. The old gentleman
Retir'd into the country,† and but ſeldom
Comes up to town.

Par. But what is there in this
That can affect the marriage?

Par. You ſhall hear
Immediately. At firſt, for ſome few days,
The women ſeem'd to live on friendly terms.
Till all at once the Bride, forſooth, conceiv'd

* *Imbrus.*] An iſland near Thrace.

† *Retir'd into the country.*] This is very well conducted: for ſuppoſing the old gentleman to have remained in town, the whole perplexity and intricacy of the fable would be prevented. DONATUS.

A won-

A wonderful diſguſt to Soſtrata: *
And yet there was no open breach between them,
And no complaints on either ſide.

Phi. What then?

Par. If Soſtrata, for converſation-ſake,
Went to the Bride, ſhe inſtantly withdrew,
Shunning her company. At length, unable
To bear it any longer, ſhe pretends
Her mother had requir'd her to aſſiſt
At ſome home-ſacrifice. Away ſhe went.
After a few days abſence, Soſtrata
Sent for her back. They made ſome lame excuſe,
I know not what. She ſends again. No lady.
Then after ſeveral meſſages, at laſt
They ſay the gentlewoman's ſick. My miſtreſs
Goes on a viſit to her: not let in.
Th' old gentleman, inform'd of all this, came
On this occaſion yeſterday to town;
And waited on the father of the Bride.
What paſt between them, I as yet can't tell;
And yet I long to know the end of this.
---There's the whole buſineſs. Now I'll on my way.

* *The bride conceiv'd a diſguſt to Soſtrata.*] The explanation of things is very artfully reſerved to its proper place; for, in truth, Parmeno is deceived, and Philumena did not withdraw herſelf from any real diſguſt to her ſtep-mother, but pretends a pique through ſhame. DONATUS.

Phi.

Phi. And I: for there's a ſtranger here,* with whom I have an aſſignation.

Par. Speed the plough!

Phi. Parmeno, fare you well!

Par. Farewell, Philotis! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

* *There's a ſtranger here, &c.*] Here Philotis aſſigns a reaſon for her never appearing in the reſt of the play. DONATUS.

It were to be wiſhed, for the ſake of the credit of our author's acknowledged *art* in the Drama, that Philotis had aſſigned as good a reaſon for her appearing at all. Eugraphius juſtly ſays, *Ea igitur meretrix, quæ hic eſt, longe a fabulâ eſt conſtituta.*—"The courtezan in "this ſcene is a character quite "foreign to the fable." Donatus alſo ſays much the ſame thing in his preface, and in his firſt note on this comedy; but adds, "That Terence choſe "this method, rather than to "relate the argument by means "of a Prologue, or to intro-"duce a God ſpeaking from a "machine." I will venture to ſay that the Poet might have taken a much ſhorter and eaſier method than either; I mean, to have begun the play with the very ſcene, which now opens the ſecond Act. Parmeno's narration muſt be allowed to be beautiful; but to introduce two characters entirely foreign to the play, merely to hear this ſtory, is almoſt as inartificial as relating it directly to the audience: but what is ſtill worſe, when the tale is all told, the information we receive from it is idle and impertinent, and only ſerves to foreſtal incidents, and throw a coldneſs on the ſucceeding ſcenes; for there is not a ſingle circumſtance in Parmeno's narration, but what unfolds itſelf in the courſe of the play; and whoever begins this Comedy at the ſecond act, will take in the whole ſtory as completely, as by beginning at the firſt.—I may venture therefore to pronounce this act to be redundant, and to aſſign it as one of the cauſes of the general complaint of the want of vivacity in the fable of this comedy. A whole act conſumed in narration, however neceſſary, is not artificial; but when that narration is uſeleſs and ſuperfluous, it becomes ſtill more inexcuſable.

ACT II. SCENE I.*

LACHES, SOSTRATA.*

Lach. OH heav'n and earth, what animals are women!
What a conſpiracy between them all;
To do or not to do, love or hate alike!
Not one but has the ſex ſo ſtrong in her,
She differs nothing from the reſt. Step-mothers
All hate their Step-daughters: and every wife

* *Laches, Soſtrata.*] Donatus remarks, that this ſcene opens the intention of Terence to oppoſe the generally-received opinion, and to draw the character of a good Step-Mother. It would therefore, as has been already obſerved, have been a very proper ſcene to begin the play, as it carries us immediately into the midſt of things; and we cannot fail to be intereſted where we ſee the perſons acting ſo deeply intereſted themſelves. We gather from it juſt ſo much of the ſtory, as is neceſſary for our information at firſt ſetting out: We are told of the abrupt departure of Philumena, and are witneſſes of the confuſion in the two families of Laches and Phidippus. The abſence of Laches, which had been in great meaſure the occaſion of this miſunderſtanding, is alſo very artfully mentioned in the altercation between him and Soſtrata. The character of Laches is very naturally drawn. He has a good heart, and a teſty diſpoſition; and the poor old gentleman is kept in ſuch conſtant perplexity, that he has perpetual occaſion to exert both thoſe qualities.

Studies

Studies alike to contradict her husband,
The same perverseness running through them all.
Each seems train'd up in the same school of mischief:
And of that school, if any such there be,
My wife, I think, is school-mistress.

Sostrata. Ah me!
Who know not why I am accus'd.

Lach. Not know?

Sostrata. No, as I hope for mercy! as I hope
We may live long together!

Lach. Heav'n forbid!

Sostra. Hereafter, Laches, you'll be sensible
How wrongfully you have accus'd me.

Lach. I?——
Accuse you wrongfully?—Is't possible
To speak too hardly of your late behaviour?
Disgracing me, yourself, and family;
Laying up sorrow for your absent son;
Converting into foes his new-made friends,
Who thought him worthy of their child in marriage.
You've been our bane, and by your shrewishness
Brew'd this disturbance.

Sostra. I?

Lach. You, woman, you:
Who take me for a stone, and not a man.
Think ye, because I'm mostly in the country,
I'm ignorant of your proceedings here?
No, no; I know much better what's done here,

Than where I'm chiefly reſident: becauſe,
Upon my family at home depends
My character abroad. I knew long ſince
Philumena's diſguſt to you;——no wonder!
Nay, 'twere a wonder, had it not been ſo.
Yet I imagin'd not her hate ſo ſtrong,
'Twould vent itſelf upon the family:
Which had I dream'd of, ſhe ſhould have remain'd,
And you pack'd off.---Conſider, Soſtrata,
How little cauſe you had to vex me thus.
In complaiſance to you, and huſbanding
My fortune, I retir'd into the country;
Scraping, and labouring beyond the bounds
Of reaſon, or my age, that my eſtate
Might furniſh means for your expence and pleaſure.
---Was it not then your duty, in return,
To ſee that nothing happen'd here to vex me?

Soſtra. 'Twas not my doing, nor my fault indeed.

Lach. 'Twas your fault, Soſtrata; your fault alone.
You were ſole miſtreſs here; and in your care
The houſe, tho' I had freed you of all other cares.
A woman, an old woman too, and quarrel
With a green girl! oh ſhame upon't!---You'll ſay
That 'twas her fault.

Soſtra. Not I indeed, my Laches.

Lach. Fore heav'n, I'm glad on't! on my ſon's account.

For as for You, I'm well enough aſſur'd
No fault can make you worſe.
Soſtra. But prithee, huſband,
How can you tell that her averſion to me
Is not a mere pretence, that ſhe may ſtay
The longer with her mother?
Lach. No ſuch thing.
Was not your viſit yeſterday a proof,
From their denial to admit you to her?
Soſtra. They ſaid ſhe was ſo ſick ſhe could not ſee me.
Lach. Sick of your humours; nothing elſe, I fancy.
And well ſhe might: for there's not one of you
But want your ſons to take a wife: and that's
No ſooner over, but the very woman,
Which by your inſtigation they have married,
They, by your inſtigation, put away.

SCENE II.

Enter PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. to Phil. within.] Although, Philumena, I know my pow'r
To force you to comply with my commands,
Yet yielding to paternal tenderneſs,
I e'en give way, nor croſs your humour.
Lach. See,

Phidippus in good time! I'll learn from him
The cauſe of this.---[*going up to him.*] Phidippus,* tho' I own
Myſelf indulgent to my family,
Yet my complacency and eaſineſs
Runs not to that extreme, that my good-nature
Corrupts their morals. Would you act like me,
'Twould be of ſervice to both families.
But you I ſee are wholly in their pow'r.

Phid. See there! †

* *Phidippus, tho' I own, &c.*] This expoſtulation of Laches with Phidippus is a moſt faithful and elegant copy of nature. His peace of mind being diſturbed by the diſorders he finds in his family, his ill-humour, like that of moſt married men, breaks out firſt upon his wife; but as family-ſcenes, whether ſweet or bitter, are ſeldom agreeable to a third perſon, the preſence of Phidippus immediately puts an end to their dialogue. But the circumſtance which I moſt admire is, that although Laches had juſt before thrown the whole blame on Soſtrata, he no ſooner ſees Phidippus, than he endeavours to exculpate his own family, and to inſinuate that the whole fault lies on that of his neighbour.

† *See there!*] *Heia vero!* Theſe words, ſeemingly ſo eaſy, have yet puzzled Commentators. Donatus makes them an adverb of interruption. Madam Dacier interprets them as addreſſed by Phidippus to his daughter, in reference to their converſation within, ſignifying, "Did not I "tell you they would be offend-"ed at your abſence?" For my part I take it to be an emotion of ſurprize mixed with diſcontent. Phidippus, while he is yet diſcourſing with his daughter, is ſuddenly accoſted by Laches, and in language too that he did not much like. Upon which he exclaims, *Heia vero!* which words ſeem to anſwer pretty nearly to our phraſe, *Look ye there now!* a phraſe often uſed on the like occaſions. PATRICK.

Lach.

Lach. I waited on you yeſterday
About your daughter: but I went away,
No wiſer than I came. It is not right,
If you would have the alliance laſt between us,
To ſmother your reſentment. If We ſeem
In fault, declare it; that we may refute,
Or make amends for our offence: and you
Shall carve the ſatisfaction out yourſelf.
But if her ſickneſs only is the cauſe
Of her remaining in your family,
Truſt me, Phidippus, but you do me wrong,
To doubt her due attendance at my houſe.
For, by the pow'rs of heav'n, I'll not allow
That you, altho' her father, wiſh her better
Than I. I love her on my ſon's account;
To whom, I'm well convinc'd, ſhe is as dear
As he is to himſelf: and I can tell *
How deeply 'twill affect him, if he knows this,
Wherefore I wiſh ſhe ſhould come home again,
Before my ſon's return.

Phid. My good friend Laches,
I know your care, and your benevolence;
Nor doubt but all is as you ſay; and hope
That you'll believe I wiſh for her return,
So I could but effect it.

* *I can tell how deeply, &c.*] Here the Poet very artfully prepares a reaſon to be aſſigned by Pamphilus for his pretended diſcontent at the departure of his wife. DONATUS.

Lach. What prevents it?
Tell me, Phidippus! does ſhe blame her huſband?

Phid. Not in the leaſt. For when I urg'd it home,
And threaten'd to oblige her to return,
She vow'd moſt ſolemnly, ſhe could not bear
Your houſe, ſo long as Pamphilus was abſent.
---All have their failings: I am of ſo ſoft
A nature, I can't thwart my family.

Lach. *Ha, Soſtrata! [*to* Soſtrata *apart.*

Soſtra. Wretch that I am! Ah me! [*aſide.*

Lach. And her return's impoſſible? [*to* Phidippus.

Phid. At preſent.
---Would you aught elſe with me? for I have buſineſs
That calls me to the Forum.

Lach. I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet SOSTRATA.

Soſtra. How unjuſtly
Do huſbands ſtretch their cenſures to all wives,

* *Ha, Soſtrata!*] This is extremely artful. The anſwer of Philumena, as related by Phidippus, contains an ample vindication of Pamphilus. What then can we ſuppoſe could make the houſe ſo diſagreeable to her in his abſence, but the behaviour of Soſtrata? She declares her innocence; yet appearances are all againſt her. Suppoſing this to be the firſt act of the play, it would be impoſſible for a Comedy to open in a more intereſting manner.

Becauſe

Becauſe of the offences of a few,
Whoſe faults reflect diſhonour on the reſt!
—For, heav'n ſo help me, as I'm innocent
Of what my huſband now accuſes me!
But 'tis no eaſy taſk to clear myſelf;
So fix'd and rooted is the notion in them,
That Step-Mothers are all ſevere.—Not I;
For I have ever lov'd Philumena,
As my own daughter; nor can I conceive
What accident has drawn her hatred on me.
My ſon's return, I hope, will ſettle all;
And, ah, I've too much cauſe to wiſh his coming. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

PAMPHILUS, PARMENO.

Pam. NEVER did man experience greater ills,
More miſeries in love than I.---Diſtraction!
Was it for This I held my life ſo dear?
For This was I ſo anxious to return?
Better, much better were it to have liv'd
In any place, than come to this again!
To feel, and know myſelf a wretch!---For when *
Miſchance befals us, all the interval
Between its happening, and our knowledge of it,
May be eſteem'd clear gain.

Par. But as it is,
You'll ſooner be deliver'd from your troubles.
For had you not return'd, the breach between them
Had been made wider. But now, Pamphilus,

* *For when miſchance, &c.*] A ſimilar ſentiment occurs in Milton's maſque of Comus.

Peace, brother; be not over-exquiſite
To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?

Both will, I doubt not, reverence your preſence.
You'll know the whole, make up their difference,
And reconcile them to each other.---Theſe
Are all mere trifles, which you think ſo grievous.
Pam. Ah, why will you attempt to comfort me?
Was ever ſuch a wretch?---Before I married,
My heart, you know, was wedded to another.
---But I'll not dwell upon that miſery,
Which may be eaſily conceiv'd: and yet
I had not courage to refuſe the match
My father forc'd upon me.---Scarcely wean'd
From my old love, my lim'd ſoul ſcarcely freed
From Bacchis, and devoted to my wife,
Than, lo, a new calamity ariſes,
Threatening to tear me from Philumena.
For either I ſhall find my mother faulty,
Or elſe my wife: In either caſe unhappy.
For duty, Parmeno, obliges me
To bear with all the failings of a mother:
And then I am ſo bounden to my wife,
Who, calm as patience, bore the wrongs I did her,
Nor ever murmur'd a complaint.---But ſure
'Twas ſomewhat very ſerious, Parmeno,
That could occaſion ſuch a laſting quarrel.
Par. Rather ſome trifle, if you knew the truth.
The greateſt quarrels do not always riſe
From deepeſt injuries. We often ſee,

That

That what wou'd never move another's ſpleen,
Renders the cholerick your worſt of foes.
Obſerve how lightly children ſquabble.---Why?
Becauſe they're govern'd by a feeble mind.
Women, like children, too are impotent,
And weak of ſoul. A ſingle word, perhaps,
Has kindled all this enmity between them.

Pam. *Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm come.
[*noiſe within.*

Par. Ha! what's all this?

Pam. Huſh!

Par. I perceive a buſtle,
And running to and fro.---Come this way, Sir!
---To the door!---nearer ſtill!---There, there, d'ye hear?
[*noiſe continues.*

Pam. Peace; huſh! [*ſhriek within.*] Oh Jupiter, I heard a ſhriek!

Par. You talk yourſelf, and bid me hold my tongue.

Myrrhina, within.] Huſh, my dear child, for heaven's ſake!

Pam. It ſeem'd
The voice of my wife's mother. I am ruin'd!

Par. How ſo,

* *Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm come.*] It was the cuſtom of thoſe times, for the huſband returning from abroad to ſend a meſſenger before, to give his wife notice of his arrival. DACIER.

Pam.

Pam. Undone!

Par. And why?

Pam. Ah, Parmeno,
They hide ſome terrible misfortune from me!

Par. They ſaid, your wife Philumena was ill:
Whether 'tis that, I cannot tell.

Pam. Death, ſirrah!
Why did you not inform me that before?

Par. Becauſe I could not tell you all at once.

Pam. What's her diſorder?

Par. I don't know.

Pam. But tell me,
Has ſhe had no phyſician?

Par. I don't know.

Pam. But why do I delay to enter ſtraight,
That I may learn the truth, be what it will?
—Oh my Philumena, in what condition
Shall I now find thee?—If there's danger of thee,
My life's in danger too. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

PARMENO *alone.*

It were not good
That I ſhould follow him into the houſe:

For

For all our family are odious to them.*
That's plain from their denying Soſtrata
Admittance yeſterday.---And if by chance
Her illneſs ſhould increaſe, (which heav'n forbid,
For my poor maſter's ſake!) they'll cry directly,
" Soſtrata's ſervant came into the houſe:"
Swear,---" that I brought the plague along with me,
" Put all their lives in danger, and encreas'd
" Philumena's diſtemper."---By which means,
My miſtreſs will be blam'd, and I be beaten.

SCENE III.

Enter SOSTRATA.

Soſtra. Alas, I hear a dreadful noiſe within.
Philumena, I fear, grows worſe and worſe:
Which Æſculapius, and thou, Health, forbid!†
But now I'll viſit her. [*goes towards the houſe.*

* *For all our family are odious to them.*] The Poet very artfully deviſes a reaſon to prevent not only Parmeno, but Soſtrata alſo, from entering the houſe. DONATUS.

† *Which Æſculapius, and thou, Health, &c.*] She invokes the Goddeſs of Health together with Æſculapius, becauſe in Greece their ſtatues were always placed near each other, ſo that to offer up prayers to the one and not to the other, would have been held the higheſt indignity to the power neglected.—Lucian in his Hippis ſays, και εικονες εν αυτω λιθου λευκαι της αρχαιας εργασιας, η μεν Υγειας, ηδε Ασκληπιου. *It contains two white marble ſtatues of very ancient workmanſhip, the one of the Goddeſs of Health, the other of Æſculapius.* DACIER.

Par. Ho, Soſtrata!

Soſtra. Who's there?

Par. You'll be ſhut out a ſecond time.

Soſtra. Ha, Parmeno, are you there?—Wretched woman!

What ſhall I do?—Not viſit my ſon's wife,
When ſhe lies ſick at next door?

Par. Do not go;

No, nor ſend any body elſe; for they,
That love the folks, to whom themſelves are odious,
I think are guilty of a double folly:
Their labour proves but idle to themſelves,
And troubleſome to thoſe for whom 'tis meant.
Beſides, your ſon, the moment he arriv'd,
Went in to viſit her.

Soſtra. How, Parmeno!
Is Pamphilus arriv'd?

Par. He is.

Soſtra. Thank heav'n!
Oh, how my comfort is reviv'd by that!

Par. And therefore I ne'er went into the houſe,
For if Philumena's complaints abate,
She'll tell him, face to face, the whole affair,
And what has paſt between you to create
This difference.—But here he comes—how ſad!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Soſtra. My dear boy, Pamphilus!

Pam. My mother, ſave you! [*diſorder'd.*

Soſtra. I'm glad to ſee you ſafe return'd.—How does Your wife?

Pam. A little better.

Soſtra. Grant it, heav'n!

---But why d'ye weep, and why are you ſo ſad?

Pam. Nothing, good mother.

Soſtra. What was all that buſtle? Tell me, did pain attack her ſuddenly?

Pam. It did.

Soſtra. And what is her complaint?

Pam. A fever.

Soſtra. What!. a quotidian?

Pam. So they ſay.---But in,*

* *But in, good mother.*] The behaviour of Pamphilus in this ſcene is moſt faithfully copied from nature. Being ſhocked with the diſcovery he has made, he leaves the houſe in great anguiſh, which, though he wiſhes to diſſemble, he is unable to conceal. He cannot receive his mother as he ought, or give an anſwer of above two words: and finding himſelf unfit for converſation or company, he finds means to remove Soſtrata and Parmeno as ſoon as poſſible. When any unexpected grief takes hold of us, witneſſes lay a conſtraint on our behaviour, and we are apt to wiſh to be alone, in order to deliver our-

Good mother, and I'll follow.

Soſtra. Be it ſo.] [*Exit.*

Pam. Do you run, Parmeno, to meet the ſervants,
And give your help in bringing home the baggage.

Par. As if they did not know the road!

Pam. Away! [*Exit* Parmeno.

SCENE V.

PAMPHILUS *alone.*

Which way ſhall I begin the wretched tale
Of my misfortunes, which have fall'n upon me
Thus unexpectedly? which even now
Theſe very eyes have ſeen, theſe ears have heard?
And which, diſcover'd, drove me out o'doors,
Cover'd with deep confuſion?---For but now
As I ruſh'd in, all anxious for my wife,
And thinking to have found her viſited,
Alas, with a far different complaint;
Soon as her women ſaw me, at firſt ſight
Struck and o'erjoy'd, they all exclaim'd, "He's
"come!"

ourſelves up entirely to the natural emotions of the mind. There is a very ſuperior inſtance of the like beauty in Othello, in the ſcene where the Moor is worked up to jealouſy by Iago. He firſt teſtifies his uneaſineſs by half-words and ſhort ſpeeches; but ſoon finding it impoſſible to ſmother his diſorder much longer, he orders Iago to leave him; upon which he immediately burſts into an agony of paſſion.

And

And then as ſoon each countenance was chang'd,
That chance had brought me ſo unſeaſonably.
Meanwhile one of them ran before, to ſpeak
Of my arrival. I, who long'd to ſee her,
Directly follow'd; and no ſooner enter'd,
Than her diſorder was, alas, too plain:
For neither had they leiſure to diſguiſe it,
Nor could ſhe ſilence the loud cries of travail.
Soon as I ſaw it, "Oh ſhame, ſhame!" I cried,
And ruſh'd away in tears and agony,
O'erwhelm'd with horror at a ſtroke ſo grievous.
The mother follows me, and at the threſhold
Falls on her knees before me all in tears.
This touch'd me to the ſoul. And certainly
'Tis in the very nature of our minds,
To riſe and fall according to our fortunes.
Thus ſhe addreſs'd me.---"Oh, my Pamphilus,
"The cauſe of her removal from your houſe,
"You've now diſcover'd. To my virgin-daughter
"Some unknown villain offer'd violence;
"And ſhe fled hither to conceal her labour
"From you, and from your family."——Alas!
When I but call her earneſt prayers to mind,
I cannot chuſe but weep.---"Whatever chance,"
Continued ſhe, "whatever accident,
"Brought you to-day thus ſuddenly upon us,
"By that we both conjure you---if in juſtice,
"And equity we may---to keep in ſilence,

"And

" And cover her diſtreſs.---Oh, Pamphilus,
" If e'er you witneſs'd her affection for you,
" By that affection ſhe implores you now,
" Not to refuſe us!---for recalling her,
" Do as your own diſcretion ſhall direct.
" That ſhe's in labour now, or has conceiv'd
" By any other perſon, is a ſecret
" Known but to you alone. For I've been told,
" The two firſt months you had no commerce with her.
" *And it is now the ſeventh ſince your union.

* *And it is now the ſeventh ſince your union.*] There are many doubts concerning the interpretation of this line in the original—*Tum poſtquam ad te venit, menſis agitur hic jam ſeptimus*——I have rendered the line by a tranſlation equally equivocal. Some imagine that it means the ſeventh month from their marriage; and others explain it to be the ſeventh month from the time that Pamphilus had knowledge of his wife. The words *Poſtquam ad te venit*, taken ſimply, ſeem to countenance the former interpretation; but the nature of the circumſtance, as well as the lines immediately preceding, together with what Phidippus ſays in the next act, all favour the latter.

It is neceſſary to the underſtanding the fable of this Comedy, that the Engliſh Reader ſhould know that the Græcians had a power of putting away their wives on refunding the portion.

There are ſeveral circumſtances in the plot of this play rather irreconcilable to modern ideas of delicacy; but as they have in them no moral turpitude, they gave no offence to the Antients. There are no leſs than three of the ſix plays of Terence, in which we have a lady in the ſtraw, and in two we abſolutely hear her cry out. The Moderns on the contrary have choſen, as ſubjects of ridicule, things which the Antients would have conſidered with horror. Adultery has been looked upon by Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanburgh, as a very good joke, and an inexhauſtible fund of humour and pleaſantry; and " our Engliſh Writers," as Addiſon obſerves, " are as fre-
" quently ſevere upon that in-

" Your ſentiments on this are evident.
" But now, my Pamphilus, if poſſible,
" I'll call it a miſcarriage: no one elſe
" But will believe, as probable, 'tis your's.
" The child ſhall be immediately expos'd.
" No inconvenience will ariſe to You;
" While thus you ſhall conceal the injury,
" *That my poor girl unworthily ſuſtain'd."
—I promis'd her; and I will keep my word.
But to recall her, wou'd be poor indeed:
Nor will I do it, tho' I love her ſtill,
And former commerce binds me ſtrongly to her.
---I can't but weep, to think how ſad and lonely
My future life will be---Oh fickle fortune!
How tranſient are thy ſmiles!---But I've been ſchool'd
To patience by my former hapleſs paſſion,
Which I ſubdued by reaſon: and I'll try
By reaſon to ſubdue this too.---But yonder
Comes Parmeno, I ſee, with th' other ſlaves!

" nocent unhappy creature,
" commonly known by the
" name of a Cuckold, as the
" Ancient Comick Writers were
" upon an Eating Paraſite, or a
" Vain-Glorious Soldier."

That my poor girl unworthily ſuſtain'd.] It is rather extraordinary that Myrrhina's account of the injury done to her daughter ſhould not put Pamphilus in mind of his own adventure, which comes out in the fifth act. It is certain, that had the Poet let the Audience into that ſecret in this place, they would have immediately concluded that the wife of Pamphilus, and the lady whom he had raviſhed, were one and the ſame perſon.

He

He muſt by no means now be preſent, ſince
To him alone, I formerly reveal'd,*
That I abſtain'd from her when firſt we married:
And if he hears her frequent cries, I fear,
That he'll diſcover her to be in labour.
I muſt diſpatch him on ſome idle errand,
Until Philumena's deliver'd.†

* *To him alone, I formerly reveal'd, &c.*] I cannot help thinking this circumſtance a more than ordinary overſight in ſo correct a writer as Terence. By entruſting the inquiſitive and babbling Parmeno with his ſecret, he certainly appears to acquaint him with more of the real truth, than it was even his own intention to have him ſuppoſed to know. In the laſt ſcene of the play Pamphilus conceals from him the diſcovery concerning Philumena; but that ſhe had retired home, merely for the purpoſe of lying-in, is a fact which would not be in his power to conceal. In regard to Laches, Phidippus, and Soſtrata, this fact indeed is of no conſequence: but Parmeno, who had been entruſted with the ſecret of his maſter's abſtinence, muſt either conclude the child to be no ſon of Pamphilus, and conſider his maſter as a contented cuckold, or gueſs at the real ſtate of the caſe. Either way, the intention of the Poet is defeated; and what is ſtill worſe than even Parmeno's being acquainted with it himſelf, we know that he had communicated it to a couple of courtezans; ſo that this myſtery is indeed likely to be what the French call *le ſecret de la Comedie*, though not in the ſenſe that Terence himſelf propoſed.

† *Until Philumena's deliver'd.*] It is obſerved by the Rev. Mr. Joſeph Warton, in his judicious critical papers in the Adventurer, that "Terence ſuper-"abounds in ſoliloquies; and "that nothing can be more in-"artificial, or improper, than "the manner in which he hath "introduced them:" and we may add to this obſervation, that there is no play of Terence, in which he has ſo much tranſgreſſed that way, as in the Step-Mother. The preſent long ſoliloquy is a moſt flagrant inſtance of want of art and propriety. There are in it many affecting touches, and it informs us,

SCENE VI.

Enter at a diſtance PARMENO, SOSIA, *and other Slaves with baggage.*

Par. to Soſia. Ay?
And had you ſuch a wretched voyage, ſay you?
Soſia. O Parmeno, words can't expreſs how wretched
A ſea-life is.

us, at a proper period, of a very important part of the fable; though Monſ. Diderot thinks that the return of Pamphilus would have been infinitely more intereſting, if this diſcovery had been made before. The ſame ingenious French Writer lays it down as a rule without exception, that "a "ſoliloquy is an interval of re-"poſe in the action, and of "agitation in the character." This rule, I believe, ought to be moſt commonly obſerved in writing ſoliloquies: but the fact is directly oppoſite in the ſoliloquy now before us. The plot proceeds; and the action is carried on by the worſt method poſſible, that of converting one of the perſonages into a kind of chorus, interpreting between the Poet and Audience, like Hamlet to Ophelia. The agitation of Pamphilus alſo is very different from that of Othello, referred to in a former note. It does not conſiſt, as it ought in nature to have done, merely of deliberation and paſſion; but he enters into a minute detail, and repeats methodically every circumſtance ſuppoſed to have paſt within. How much more dramatick would it have been to have had his bitter reflections interrupted by the intervention of Myrrhina; which would have given the Poet an opportunity of throwing that narrative part of the ſoliloquy into an affecting ſcene? I cannot help thinking that the tedious length of this ill-timed ſoliloquy, together with the want of vivacity in the firſt and laſt acts, was the chief reaſon of the low reputation of this piece among the criticks of antiquity.

Par.

Par. Indeed?

Sofia. Oh happy Parmeno!
You little know the dangers you've eſcap'd,
Who've never been at ſea.---For not to dwell
On other hardſhips, only think of this!
I was on ſhip-board thirty days or more,
In conſtant fear of ſinking all the while,
The winds ſo contrary, ſuch ſtormy weather!

Par. Dreadful!

Sofia. I found it ſo, I promiſe you.
In ſhort, were I aſſur'd I muſt return,
'Fore heaven, Parmeno, I'd run away,
Rather than go on board a ſhip again.

Par. You have been apt enough to think of that
On ſlighter reaſon, Sofia, before now.
---But yonder's my young maſter Pamphilus
Standing before that door.---Go in! I'll to him,
And ſee if he has any buſineſs for me.

[*Exeunt* Sofia, *and the reſt of the Slaves, with the baggage.*

Maſter, are you here ſtill? [*to* Pamphilus.

Pam. Oh Parmeno!
I waited for you.

Par. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

Pam. Run to the Citadel.*

* *The Citadel.*] This is no doubt to be underſtood, as Madam Dacier ſuppoſes, of the Fort, or Citadel, that defended the Piræum. It was at a conſiderable diſtance from the city, and therefore better ſuited to the deſign of Pamphilus, which was to keep Parmeno for ſome time at a diſtance. PATRICK.

Par. Who?

Pam. You.

Par. The Citadel!

For what?

Pam. Find out one Callidemides,
My landlord of Mycone, who came over
In the ſame ſhip with me.

Par. A plague upon it!
Would not one ſwear that he had made a vow*
To break my wind, if he came home in ſafety,
With running on his errands?

Pam. Away, Sirrah!

Par. What meſſage? Muſt I only find him out?

Pam. Yes; tell him, that it is not in my power
To meet him there to-day, as I appointed;
That he mayn't wait for me in vain.---Hence; fly!

Par. But I don't know him, if I ſee him, Sir.

Pam. impatiently.] Well; I'll deſcribe him ſo, you cannot miſs him.
---A large, red, frizzle-pated, groſs, blear-eyed,
Ill-looking fellow.

Par. Plague on him, ſay I!
---What if he ſhould not come, Sir, muſt I wait
Till evening for him?

* *That he had made a vow, &c.*] This is a facetious alluſion to the cuſtom among the antients, of perſons engaged in a dangerous voyage vowing to perform particular acts in caſe they came home in ſafety. DONATUS.

Pam.

Pam. Yes.---Be quick!

Per. Be quick?

I can't be quick,---I'm ſo much tir'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

PAMPHILUS *alone.*

He's gone.
What ſhall I do? Alas, I ſcarcely know
How to conceal, as Myrrhina deſir'd,
Her daughter's labour. Yet I pity her;
And what I can, conſiſtent with my duty,
I am reſolv'd to do: and yet my parents *
Muſt be obey'd before my love.---But ſee!
My father and Phidippus come this way.
How I ſhall act, heav'n knows.

* *My parents, &c.*] This reflection ſeems to be rather improper in this place: for the diſcovery of Philumena's labour betrayed to Pamphilus the real motive of her departure: after which diſcovery his anxiety proceeds entirely from the ſuppoſed injury offered him, and his filial piety is from that period made uſe of merely as a pretence.

SCENE VIII.

Enter at a diſtance LACHES, *and* PHIDIPPUS.

Lach. Did not you ſay
She only waited my ſon's coming?
Phi. Ay.
Lach. They ſay that he's arrived. Let her return then!
Pam. behind.] What reaſon I ſhall frame to give my father,
For not recalling her, I cannot tell.
Lach. overhearing.] Whoſe voice was that?
Pam. to himſelf.] And yet I am reſolv'd
To ſtand to my firſt purpoſe.
Lach. ſeeing Pamphilus.] He himſelf,
Whom I was ſpeaking of!
Pam. going up.] My father, ſave you!
Lach. Save you, my ſon!
Phid. Pamphilus, welcome home!
I'm glad to ſee you ſafe, and in good health.
Pam. I do believe it.
Lach. Are you juſt now come?
Pam. Juſt now, Sir.
Lach. Well; and tell me, Pamphilus,
What has our kinſman Phania left us?

Pam.

Pam. Ah, Sir!
He, his whole life-time, was a man of pleaſure;
And ſuch men ſeldom much enrich their heirs.
Yet he has left at leaſt this praiſe behind him,
" While he liv'd, he liv'd well."

Lach. And have you brought*
Nothing home with you but this ſingle ſentence?

Pam. What he has left, tho' ſmall, is of advantage.

Lach. Advantage? No, it is a diſadvantage:
For I could wiſh he was alive and well.

Phid. That you may ſafely; ſince your wiſhing for't
Will never bring the man to life again:
Yet I know well enough which you'd like beſt. [*aſide.*

Lach. to Pam.] Phidippus order'd that Philumena
Should be ſent over to him yeſterday.
——Say that you order'd it.

[*aſide to* Phidippus, *thruſting him.*

Phi. aſide to Laches.] Don't thruſt me ſo.——
I did. [*aloud.*

Lach. But now he'll ſend her home again.

Phid. I will.

Pam. Nay, nay, I know the whole affair.

* *And have you brought, &c.*] *Tum tu igitur nihil attuliſti hac plus unâ ſententiâ.* This is taken notice of by Donatus as a particular happy ſtroke of character: and indeed the idea of a covetous old man gaping for a fat legacy, and having his mouth ſtopped with a moral precept, is truly comick. See Hurd's Horace, vol. 1. p. 272.

Since

Since my arrival, I have heard it all.

Lach. Now, plague upon theſe envious tale-bearers,
Who are ſo glad to fetch and carry news!

Pam. to Phi.] That I've endeavour'd to deſerve no blame
From any of the family, I'm conſcious.
Were it my inclination to relate,
How true I've been, how kind, and gentle tow'rds her,
I well might do it: But I rather chuſe,
You ſhould collect it from herſelf. For when
She, altho' now there's enmity between us,
Beſpeaks me fair, you will the ſooner credit
My diſpoſition tow'rds her. And I call
The Gods to witneſs, that this ſeparation
Has not ariſen from my fault. But ſince
She thinks it is beneath her to comply
With Soſtrata, and bear my mother's temper;
And ſince no other means are to be found
Of reconciliation, I, Phidippus,
Muſt leave my mother or Philumena.
Duty then calls me to regard my mother.

Lach. My Pamphilus, I cannot be diſpleas'd,
That you prefer to all the world a parent,
But take heed, your reſentment don't tranſport you
Beyond the bounds of reaſon, Pamphilus!

Pam. Ah, what reſentment can I bear to her,

Who ne'er did any thing I'd wiſh undone,
But has ſo often deſerv'd well of me?
I love her, own her worth, and languiſh for her;
For I have known her tenderneſs of ſoul:
And heaven grant, that with ſome other huſband
She find that happineſs ſhe miſt in me;
From whom the ſtrong hand of neceſſity
Divorces her for ever!

Phid. That event
'Tis in your pow'r to hinder.

Lach. If you're wiſe,
Take your wife home again!

Pam. I cannot, father.
I muſt not ſlack my duty to my mother. [*going.*

Lach. Where are you going? [*Exit* Pamphilus.

SCENE IX.

Manent LACHES, *and* PHIDIPPUS.

Phi. How perverſe is this! [*angrily.*

Lach. Did not I ſay he'd take it ill, Phidippus,
And therefore begg'd you to ſend back your daughter?

Phid. 'Fore heaven, I did not think him ſuch a churl.
What! does he fancy I'll go cringing to him?

No;

No;—if he'll take his wife, he may:—if not,
Let him refund her portion;—there's an end!
Lach. See there now! you're as fractious as himſelf.
Phi. You're come back obſtinate and proud enough
In conſcience, Pamphilus! [*angrily.*
Lach. This anger will ſubſide,
Tho' he has had ſome cauſe to be diſturb'd.
Phi. Becauſe you've had a little money left you,
Your minds are ſo exalted!
Lach. What! d'ye quarrel
With *Me* too?
Phi. Let him take to-day to think on't,
And ſend me word if he will have her home,
Or not: that if ſhe don't remain *his* wife,
She may be given to another. [*Exit haſtily.*

SCENE X.

LACHES *alone.*

Stay!
Hear me! one word, Phidippus! Stay!—He's gone.
—What is't to me? [*angrily.*] E'en let them ſettle it
Among themſelves; ſince nor my ſon, nor He
Take my advice, nor mind one word I ſay.
—This quarrel ſhall go round, I promiſe them:

I'll

I'll to my wife, the author of this miſchief,
And vent my ſpleen and anger upon *Her*.* [*Exit.*

* *And vent my ſpleen and anger upon her.*] There are few ſcenes of comedy more truly humourous than the ſituation and behaviour of the two old gentlemen at the concluſion of this act. The natural, but uncommon conduct of Pamphilus; its effect on Phidippus; *his* treatment of Laches and abrupt departure; and then again the emotions of Laches on the uſage he had experienced from his ſon and his neighbour, are all very pleaſant, and muſt produce an admirable effect in the repreſentation.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MYRRHINA *haſtily.*

Myrr. WHAT ſhall I do!---Confuſion!---which way turn?
Alas, what anſwer ſhall I make my huſband?
For I dare ſay he heard the infant's cries,
He ran ſo haſtily, without a word,
Into my daughter's chamber. If he finds
That ſhe has been deliver'd, what excuſe
To make, for having thus conceal'd her labour;
I can't deviſe.---But our door creaks!---'Tis He,
I am undone.

SCENE II.

Enter PHIDIPPUS.

Phi. Soon as my wife perceiv'd*
That I was going to my daughter's chamber,

* *Soon as my wife perceiv'd, &c.*] *Uxor ubi me ad filiam ire ſenſit, ſe duxit foras.* Madam Dacier joins this ſcene to the third act, and aſſigns this verſe as her reaſon for it. I have choſen

She ſtole directly out o'doors.---But ſee!
Yonder ſhe ſtands.---Why, how now, Myrrhina?
Holo, I ſay! [*She affects not to ſee him.*

Myrr. D'ye call me, huſband?

Phid. Huſband!
Am I your huſband? am I ev'n a man?
For had you thought me to be either, Woman,
You would not dare to play upon me thus.

Myrr. How!

Phid. How?——My daughter has been brought to bed.
--Ha! are you dumb?—by whom?

Myrr. Is that a queſtion
For you, who are her father, to demand?
Alas! by whom d'ye think, unleſs her huſband?

Phid. So I believe: nor is it for a father

chooſen rather to follow the old diviſion, which ſeems to me to be the right. This ſcene brings on a new part of the plot; which occupies the reſt of this fourth act. The continuity of the ſcenes being broken at the departure of Myrrhina proves nothing, or too much: for Terence often takes that liberty in the middle of an act, and the ſcene is certainly left vacant by Laches. Beſides, Myrrhina does not, as Madam Dacier aſſerts, leave the houſe immediately on the entrance of Phidippus, in order to avoid him; but is frightened out of doors by his running to Philumena's chamber on hearing the cries of the Child. This, it is moſt natural to ſuppoſe, happened ſome time after he had returned home, and all theſe circumſtances are with much greater propriety made to fill the interval between the two acts, than huddled into the compaſs of ſix lines. Terence, indeed, ſometimes runs into that very abſurdity; but I think we need not induſtriouſly force him out of his way on purpoſe to make him guilty of it.

To

To ſuppoſe otherwiſe: But yet I wonder,
That you have thus conceal'd her labour from us?
Eſpecially as ſhe has been deliver'd
At her full time, and all is as it ſhou'd be.
What! Is there ſuch perverſeneſs in your nature,
As rather to deſire the infant's death,
Than that his birth ſhou'd knit the bond of friendſhip
Cloſer betwixt us; rather than my daughter,
Againſt your liking, ſhou'd remain the wife
Of Pamphilus?—I thought all this confuſion
Had been Their fault, while You're alone to blame.

Myrr. How wretched am I!

Phid. Would to heav'n you were!
---But now I recollect your converſation
When firſt we made this match, you then declar'd
You'd not endure ſhe ſhould remain the wife
Of Pamphilus, who follow'd miſtreſſes,
And paſs'd the nights abroad.

Myrr. I had much rather
He ſhould think any reaſon than the true. [*aſide.*

Phid. I knew he kept a miſtreſs; knew it long
Ere you did, Myrrhina; but I could never
Think that offence ſo grievous in a youth,
Seeing 'tis natural to them all: and ſoon
The time ſhall come, when he'll ſtand ſelf-reprov'd.
But you, perverſe and wilful as at firſt,
Could take no reſt, till you had brought away
Your daughter, and annull'd the match, I made:
There's

There's not a circumſtance, but loudly ſpeaks
Your evil diſpoſition to the marriage.

Myrr. D'ye think me then ſo obſtinate, that I,
Who am her mother, ſhould betray this ſpirit,
Granting the match were of advantage to us?

Phid. Is it for You then to foreſee, or judge
What's of advantage to us? You perhaps
Have heard from ſome officious buſy-body,
That they have ſeen him going to his miſtreſs,
Or coming from her houſe: And what of that,
So it were done diſcreetly, and but ſeldom?
Were it not better that we ſhould diſſemble
Our knowledge of it, than pry into things,
Which to appear to know wou'd make him hate us?
For could he tear her from his heart at once,
To whom he was ſo many years attach'd,
I ſhould not think he were a man, or likely
To prove a conſtant huſband to my daughter.

Myrr. No more of Pamphilus, or my offence;
Since you will have it ſo!---Go, find him out;
Confer with him alone, and fairly aſk him,
Will he, or no, take back Philumena?
If he avows his inclination to't,
Reſtore her; but if he refuſes it,
Allow, I've ta'en good counſel for my child.

Phid. Grant, he ſhou'd prove repugnant to the match,

Grant, you perceiv'd this in him, Myrrhina;
Was not I preſent? had not I a right
To be conſulted in't?---It makes me mad,
That you ſhould dare to act without my order:
And I forbid you to remove the Child
Out of this houſe.—But what a fool am I,
Enjoining her obedience to my orders!
I'll in, and charge the ſervants, not to ſuffer
The infant to be carried forth. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

MYRRHINA *alone.*

No woman more unhappy than myſelf:
For how he'd bear it, did he know the whole,
When he has taken ſuch offence at this,
Which is of much leſs conſequence, is plain.
Nor by what means to reconcile him to it,
Can I deviſe. After ſo many ills,
This only miſery there yet remain'd,
To be oblig'd to educate the child,
Ignorant of the father's quality.
For he, the cruel ſpoiler of her honour,
Taking advantage of the night and darkneſs,
My daughter was not able to diſcern
His perſon: nor to force a token from him,

Whereby

Whereby he might be afterwards diſcover'd:
But he, at his departure, pluck'd by force
A Ring from off her finger.—*I fear too,
That Pamphilus will not contain himſelf,
Nor longer keep our ſecret, when he finds
Another's child acknowledg'd for his own. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

SOSTRATA, PAMPHILUS.

Soſtra. Dear ſon, I'm not to learn that you ſuppoſe,
Tho' you diſſemble your ſuſpicions to me,
That my ill-humour caus'd your wife's departure.
But by my truſt in heaven, and hopes in you,
I never knowingly did any thing
To draw her hatred and diſguſt upon me.
I always thought you lov'd me, and to-day
You have confirm'd my faith: for even now
Your father has been telling me within,
How much you held me dearer than your love.
Now therefore, on my part, I am reſolv'd
To equal you in all good offices;
That you may know, your mother ne'er with-holds
The juſt rewards of filial piety.—

* *A Ring from off her finger.*] This is a preparation for the Cataſtrophe; for the Ring produces the diſcovery. DONATUS.

This preparation being made by a ſoliloquy, which tells the circumſtance directly to the audience, is not ſo artful as might be expected from Terence.

Finding it then both meet, my Pamphilus,
For your repoſe, as well as my good name,
I have determin'd to retire directly
From hence into the country with your father;
So ſhall my preſence be no obſtacle,
Nor any cauſe remain, but that your wife
Return immediately.

Pam. What thoughts are theſe?
Shall her perverſeneſs drive you out of town?
It ſhall not be: nor will I draw, good mother,
That cenſure on me, that my obſtinacy,
Not your good-nature, was the cauſe.---Beſides,
That you ſhould quit relations, friends, diverſions,
On my account, I can't allow.

Soſtra. Alas,
Thoſe things have no allurements for me now.
While I was young, and 'twas the ſeaſon for them,
I had my ſhare, and I am ſatisfied.
'Tis now my chief concern to make my age
Eaſy to all, * that no one may regret

* *That no one may regret my lengthen'd life, &c.*] This idea of the long life of a Step-Mother being odious to her family, is applied in a very beautiful and uncommon manner, by Shakeſpeare.

Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks how ſlow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my deſires,
Like to a Step-Dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Midſummer Night's Dream.

My

My lengthen'd life, nor languiſh for my death.
Here, altho' undeſervedly, I ſee*
My preſence odious: I had beſt retire:
So ſhall I beſt cut off all diſcontent,
Abſolve myſelf from this unjuſt ſuſpicion,
And humour Them. Permit me then, to ſhun
The common ſcandal thrown upon the ſex!

Pam. How fortunate in every thing but one,
Having ſo good a mother,—ſuch a wife!

Soſtra. Patience, my Pamphilus! Is't poſſible
You can't endure *one* inconvenience in her?
If in all elſe, as I believe, you like her,
Dear ſon, be rul'd by me, and take her home!

Pam. Wretch that I am!

Soſtra. And I am wretched too:
For this grieves me, my ſon, no leſs than you.

SCENE V.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. I have been ſtanding at a diſtance, wife,
And overheard your converſation with him.

* *Here, altho' undeſervedly, I ſee, &c.*] Though Soſtrata induſtriouſly endeavours to ſtifle her reſentment, yet, in ſpite of herſelf, ſome little indignation, ariſing from a ſenſe of the ill uſage ſhe has received, will mix in what ſhe ſays; which the Poet has purpoſely thrown into her diſcourſe, in order to paint the manners, and expreſs character. DONATUS.

You have done wiſely to ſubdue your temper,
And freely to comply with what, perhaps,
Hereafter muſt be done.

Soſtra. And let it be!*

Lach. Now then retire with me into the country:
There I ſhall bear with You, and You with Me.

Soſtra. I hope we ſhall.

Lach. Go in then, and pack up
The neceſſaries you would carry with you.
Away!

Soſtra. I ſhall obey your orders. [*Exit.*

Pam. Father!

Lach. Well, Pamphilus?

Pam. My mother leave the town?
By no means.

Lach. Why?

Pam. Becauſe I'm yet uncertain
What I ſhall do about my wife.

Lach. How's that?
What *would* you do, but take her home again?

Pam. 'Tis what I wiſh for, and can ſcarce forbear.
But I'll not alter what I firſt deſign'd.

* *And let it be!*] *'Fors ſuat pol!* Madam Dacier refines prodigiouſly on theſe three words, and ſuppoſing great difficulty in them, explains them by a very long periphraſis. Donatus ſeems to conſider them as mere words of aſſent, agreeable to the mild character of Soſtrata; and if I might venture to correct a French tranſlation, I would ſay that Madam Dacier might have rendered them more properly by the common expreſſion of *A la bonne heure!*

What's

What's beſt I'll follow: and I'm well convinc'd
No other means remain to make them friends,
But that I ſhould not take her home again.

Lach. You don't know that: but 'tis of no importance
Whether they're friends or not, when Soſtrata
Is gone into the country. We old folks
Are odious to the young. We'd beſt retire.
In ſhort we're grown a by-word, Pamphilus,
" *The old man and old woman."---But I ſee
Phidippus coming in good time. Let's meet him!

* *The old man and old woman.*] *Odioſa hæc eſt ætas adoleſcentulis. E medio æquam excedere eſt. Poſtremo jam nos fabulæ ſumus, Pamphile, Senex atque Anus.* There is nothing, I ſuppoſe, in theſe words, which provokes a ſmile. Yet the *humour* is ſtrong. In his ſolicitude to promote his ſon's ſatisfaction, he lets fall a ſentiment truly characteriſtick, and which old men uſually take great pains to conceal; I mean the acknowledgment of *that ſuſpicious fear of contempt, which is natural to old age.* So true a picture of life in the repreſentation of this *weakneſs*, might, in other circumſtances, have created *pleaſantry*; but the *occaſion*, which forced it from him, diſcovering, at the ſame time, the *amiable diſpoſition* of the ſpeaker, covers the ridicule of it, or more properly converts it into an object of *eſteem*.

HURD's *Diſſertation on the ſeveral Provinces of the Drama.*

I cannot help thinking that the latter part of this ingenious remark is rather too refined. If the *characteriſtick humour* of the paſſage be ſtrong, the ridicule ſeems rather intended to be heightened by the comick turn of expreſſion. The complections of men are ſo different, and the muſcles of ſome are ſo much more eaſily relaxed into a ſmile than thoſe of others, that it is difficult to pronounce exactly in what degree ſuch a ſober piece of pleaſantry would act upon them. But there are many inſtances of paſſages of true humour, which do not immediately raiſe a laugh, or even provoke a ſmile: and it is ſufficient

SCENE. VI.

Enter PHIDIPPUS.

Phid. to Phil. within.] I'm angry with you—'fore heaven very angry,
Philumena!—You've acted ſhamefully.
Though you indeed have ſome excuſe for't, ſeeing
Your mother urg'd you to't; but She has none.

Lach. You're come upon us in good time, Phidippus;
Juſt in the time we wanted you.

Phid. What now?

Pam. What anſwer ſhall I give them? * how explain? [*aſide.*

ficient if they are conceived in the ſame vein of pleaſantry, that runs through the reſt of the work. The ſtroke of character before us ſeems to me to be juſt in the ſame ſtile with that which this critick takes notice of in the third act, and of which he ſays, "that it is an "obſervation drawn naturally "and forcibly from Laches;— "and this too without *deſign*; "which is important, and ſhews "the diſtinction of what, in "the more reſtrained ſenſe of "the word, we call *humour* "from other modes of *pleaſan-* "*try.*"

* *How explain?*] *Quo pacto hoc aperiam?* This is the common reading, which Bentley and Madam Dacier convert to *operiam, how ſhall I* hide *it?* I ſee no occaſion for any alteration. Pamphilus did not mean to divulge the ſecret; but in his preſent embarraſſment he might eaſily be perplexed how to aſſign plauſible reaſons for his way of acting.

Lach.

Lach. Inform your daughter, Soſtrata will hence
Into the country; ſo Philumena
Need not dread coming home again.
Phid. Ah, friend!
Your wife has never been in fault at all:
All this has ſprung from my wife Myrrhina.
The caſe is alter'd. She confounds us, Laches.
Pam. So that I may not take her home again,
Confound affairs who will! [*aſide.*
Phid. I, Pamphilus,
Would fain, if poſſible, make this alliance
Perpetual between our families.
But if you cannot like it, take the Child.*
Pam. He knows of her delivery. Confuſion! [*aſide.*
Lach. The Child! what Child?
Phid. We've got a grandſon, Laches.
For when my daughter left your houſe, ſhe was
With child, it ſeems, altho' I never knew it
Before this very day.
Lach. Fore heav'n, good news!
I am rejoic'd to hear a child is born,
And that your daughter had a ſafe delivery.
But what a woman is your wife, Phidippus?
Of what a diſpoſition? to conceal
Such an event as this? I can't expreſs

* *Take the Child.*] According to law, the Male Children always followed the father. DONATUS.

How

How very much I think ſhe was to blame.

Phid. This pleaſes me no more than you, good Laches.

Pam. Altho' my mind was in ſuſpence before,
My doubts all vaniſh now. I'll ne'er recall her,
Since ſhe brings home with her another's child. [*aſide.*

Lach. There is no room for choice now, Pamphilus.

Pam. Confuſion! [*aſide.*

Lach. We've oft wiſh'd to ſee the day,
When you ſhould have a child, to call you father.
That day's now come. The Gods be thank'd!

Pam. Undone! [*aſide.*

Lach. Recall your wife, and don't oppoſe my will.

Pam. If ſhe had wiſh'd for children by me, father,
Or to remain my wife, I'm very ſure
She never would have hid this matter from me:
But now I ſee her heart divorc'd from me,
And think we never can agree hereafter,
Wherefore ſhould I recall her?

Lach. A young woman
Did as her mother had perſuaded her.
Is that ſo wonderful? and do you think
To find a woman without any fault?
—Or is't becauſe the *men* are ne'er to blame?
[*ironically.*

Phid. Conſider with yourſelves then, gentlemen,
Whether you'll part with her, or call her home.

What

What my wife does, I cannot help, you know.
Settle it as you pleaſe, you've my conſent.
But for the Child, what ſhall be done with him?

Lach. A pretty queſtion truly! come what may,
Send his own bantling home to him of courſe,
That we may educate him.

Pam. When his own *
Father abandons him, I educate him?

Lach. What ſaid you? how! not educate him, ſay you?
Shall we expoſe him rather, Pamphilus?
What madneſs is all this?---My breath, and blood!
I can contain no longer. You oblige me
To ſpeak, againſt my will, before Phidippus:
Think you I'm ignorant whence flow thoſe tears?
Or why you're thus diſorder'd and diſtreſs'd?
Firſt, when you gave as a pretence, *you could not*

* *When his own father abandons him, I educate him?*] *Quem ipſe neglexit pater, ego alam?* Donatus on this paſſage takes notice of a reading, which entirely changes the ſenſe. *Quem* ipſa *neglexit, pater*; where we have *ipſa* for *ipſe*, and *Pater* is a vocative. "Shall I, father, "take care of a child, whom "the mother herſelf has aban-"doned?" But the other reading is certainly the beſt. It is full of paſſion, and is ſtrongly deſcriptive of the ſituation of Pamphilus. There is indeed an objection that may be offered, from a ſuppoſition, that this were betraying Philumena. But we are to imagine it a ſtart of paſſion, and that Laches, totally ignorant of that ſecret, catches at the laſt words *Ego alam?* "I "educate him?" which the actor might deliver with greater energy than the preceding. PATRICK.

Recall

Recall your wife in reverence to your mother,
She promis'd to retire into the country.
But now, ſince that excuſe is taken from you,
You've made *her private lying-in* another.
You are miſtaken if you think me blind
To your intentions.---That you might at laſt
Bring home your ſtray affections to your wife,
How long a time to wean you from your miſtreſs
Did I allow? your wild expence upon her
How patiently I bore? I preſs'd, intreated,
That you would take a wife. 'Twas time, I ſaid,
At my repeated inſtances you married,
And, as in duty bound to do, complied:
But now your heart is gone abroad again
After your miſtreſs, whom to gratify,
You throw this wanton inſult on your wife,
For I can plainly ſee you are relaps'd
Into your former life again.

Pam. I?

Lach. You.

And 'tis baſe in you, to invent falſe cauſes
Of quarrel with your wife, that you may live
In quiet with your miſtreſs, having put
This witneſs from you. This your wife perceiv'd.
For was there any other living reaſon,
Wherefore ſhe ſhould depart from you?

Phid. He's right:

That

That was the very thing.

Pam. I'll take my oath,
'Twas none of thoſe, that you have mention'd.

Lach. Ah,
Recall your wife: or tell me, why you will not.

Pam. 'Tis not convenient now.

Lach. Take home the child then.
For *he* at leaſt is not in fault. I'll ſee
About the mother afterwards.

Pam. to himſelf.] Ev'ry way
I am a wretch, nor know I what to do:
My father has me in the toils, and I,
By ſtruggling to get looſe, am more entangled.
I'll hence, ſince preſent I ſhall profit little.
For I believe they'll hardly educate
The child againſt my will; eſpecially
Seeing my ſtep-mother will ſecond me. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Manent PHIDIPPUS, LACHES.

Lach. Going? how's that? and give me no plain anſwer!
---D'ye think he's in his ſenſes?---Well---ſend home
The child to me, Phidippus. I'll take care on't.

Phid.

Phid. I will.---I cannot wonder that my wife
Took this ſo ill. Women are paſſionate,
And can't away with ſuch affronts as theſe.
This was their quarrel: nay ſhe told me ſo,
Though before Him I did not care to ſpeak on't:
Nor did I credit it at firſt; but now
'Tis evident, and I can plainly ſee
He has no ſtomach to a wife.

Lach. Phidippus,
How ſhall I act? What's your advice?

Phid. How act?
I think 'twere beſt to ſeek this wench, his miſtreſs.
Let us expoſtulate the matter with her,
Speak to her roundly, nay, e'en threaten her,
If ſhe has aught to do with him hereafter.

Lach. I'll follow your advice.---Ho, boy! [*enter a boy.*] run over
To Bacchis. Tell her to come forth to me.
[*Exit boy.*
---I muſt beſeech you alſo to continue
Your kind aſſiſtance to me in this buſineſs.

Phid. Ah, Laches! I have told you all along,
And I repeat it now, that 'tis my wiſh
To render our alliance firm and laſting,
If poſſible, as I have hopes it will be.
——But would you have me preſent at your conference

With Bacchis ?*

Lach. No; go, ſeek the child a nurſe.

[*Exit* Phidippus.

SCENE VIII.

Enter BACCHIS *attended by her Women.*

Bacc. to herſelf.] 'Tis not for nothing Laches wants to ſee me;
And, or I'm much deceiv'd, I gueſs the cauſe.

Lach. to himſelf.] I muſt take care my anger don't tranſport me
Beyond the bounds of prudence, which may hinder
My gaining my deſign on her, and urge me
To do what I may afterwards repent.
I'll to her.---[*going up.*] Save you, Bacchis!

Bacc. Save you, Laches!

Lach. Bacchis, I do not doubt but you're ſurpriz'd
That I ſhould ſend the boy to call you forth.

Bacc. Ay, and I'm fearful too, when I reflect
Both who and what I am: leſt my vocation

* *But would you have me preſent, &c.*] Phidippus utters theſe words with an air of diſinclination to be preſent at this conference; and the characters are well ſuſtained in this inſtance: for it would not become him to diſcourſe coolly with a courtezan, whom he ſuppoſed to be the ſeducer of Pamphilus from his daughter, although he might very properly adviſe ſuch a converſation, as conducive to the peace of both families. DONATUS.

Should

Should prejudice me in your good opinion.
My conduct I can fully juſtify.

Lach. Speak but the truth, you're in no danger, woman.

For I'm arriv'd at that age, when a treſpaſs
Would not be eaſily forgiven in me:
Wherefore I ſtudy to proceed with caution,
And to do nothing raſhly. If you act,
And will continue to act honeſtly,
It were ungenerous to do you wrong;
And ſeeing you deſerve it not, unjuſt.

Bacc. Truly, this conduct aſks my higheſt thanks;
For he who does the wrong, and then aſks pardon,
Makes but a ſorry reparation for it.
But what's your pleaſure?

Lach. You receive the viſits
Of my ſon Pamphilus———

Bacc. Ah!———

Lach. Let me ſpeak!
Before he married I endur'd your love.
---Stay! I've not finiſh'd all I have to ſay.---
He is now married. You then, while 'tis time,
Seek out another, and more conſtant friend.
For he will not be fond of you for ever,
Nor you, good faith, for ever in your bloom.

Bacc. Who tells you that I ſtill receive the viſits
Of Pamphilus?

Lach. His ſtep-mother.

Bacc. I?

Lach. You:

And therefore has withdrawn her daughter: therefore
Meant ſecretly to kill the new-born child.

Bacc. Did I know any thing to gain your credit,
More ſacred than an oath, I'd uſe it, Laches,
In ſolemn proteſtation to aſſure you,
That I have had no commerce with your ſon,
Since he was married. *

Lach. Good girl! but d'ye know
What I would farther have you do?

Bacc. Inform me.

Lach. Go to the women here, and offer them
The ſame oath. Satisfy their minds, and clear
Yourſelf from all reproach in this.

Bacch. I'll do't.
Altho' I'm ſure no other of my calling

* *Since he was married.*] *Me ſegregatum habuiſſe, uxorem ut duxit, a me Pamphilum.* How ſhall we reconcile this ſolemn proteſtation of Bacchis to a paſſage in the firſt act?

Ph. *Quid interea! ibatne ad Bacchidem?*
Par. *Cotidie.*
Phi. But tell me;
Went he meanwhile to Bacchis?
Par. Every day.

Are we to ſuppoſe that Bacchis, who behaves ſo candidly in every other inſtance, wantonly perjures herſelf in this? or that the Poet, by a kind of infatuation ſtrangely attending him in this Comedy, flatly contradicts himſelf?

Would ſhew herſelf before a married woman
Upon the ſame occaſion.---But it hurts me
To ſee your ſon ſuſpected on falſe grounds;
And that to thoſe, who owe him better thoughts,
His conduct ſhould ſeem light. For he deſerves
All my beſt offices.

Lach. Your converſation has much wrought upon me,
Gain'd my good-will, and alter'd my opinion.
For not the women only had ſuch thoughts,
But I believ'd it too. Now therefore ſince
I've found you better than my expectation,
Prove ſtill the ſame, and make my friendſhip ſure.
If otherwiſe---But I'll contain myſelf. I'll not
Say any thing ſevere.---But I adviſe you,
Rather experience what a friend I am,
Than what an enemy.

Bacc. I'll do my beſt.

SCENE IX.

Enter PHIDIPPUS *and a Nurſe.*

Phid. to the Nurſe.] Nay, you ſhall want for nothing at my houſe;
I'll give you all that's needful in abundance.
But when you've eat and drank your fill Yourſelf,

Take

Take care to ſatisfy the infant too.

Lach. I ſee the father of Philumena
Coming this way. He brings the child a nurſe.
---Phidippus, Bacchis ſwears moſt ſolemnly---

Phid. Is this ſhe?

Lach. Ay.

Phid. They never mind the Gods,
Nor do I think the Gods mind them.

Bacch. Here are
My waiting-women: take them, and extort
By any kind of torment the truth from them.
---Our preſent buſineſs is, I take it, this:
That I ſhould win the wife of Pamphilus
To return home; which ſo I but effect,
I ſha'n't regret the fame of having done
What others of my calling would avoid.*

Lach. Phidippus, we've diſcover'd that in fact
We both ſuſpected our wives wrongfully.
Let's now try *Her:* for if your wife perceives
Her own ſuſpicions alſo are unjuſt,
She'll drop her anger. If my ſon's offended,

* *What others of my calling would avoid.*] Terence, by his uncommon art, has attempted many innovations with great ſucceſs. In this comedy he introduces, contrary to received prejudices, a good Step-Mother, and an honeſt courtezan; but at the ſame time he ſo carefully aſſigns their motives of action, that by him alone every thing ſeems reconcileable to truth and nature; for this is juſt the oppoſite of what he mentions in another place, as the common privilege of all poets, "to paint "good matrons, and wicked "courtezans." DONATUS.

Becauſe his wife conceal'd her labour from him,
That's but a trifle; he'll be ſoon appeas'd.
---And truly I ſee nothing in the matter,
That need occaſion a divorce.

Phid. Fore heav'n,
I wiſh that all may end well.

Lach. Here ſhe is:
Examine her; ſhe'll give you ſatisfaction.

Phid. What needs all this to Me? You know *my* mind
Already, Laches: do but make Them eaſy.

Lach. Bacchis, be ſure you keep your promiſe with me.

Bacc. Shall I go in then for that purpoſe?

Lach. Ay,
Go in; remove their doubts, * and ſatisfy them.

Bacc. I will; altho' I'm very ſure my preſence
Will be unwelcome to them; for a wife,
When parted from her huſband, to a miſtreſs
Is a ſure enemy.

Lach. They'll be your friends,

* *Go in; remove their doubts, &c.*] It is not unlikely that the method of bringing about the diſcovery by means of Bacchis going into the family, gave Sir Richard Steele the hint of ſending Sealand to Indiana's lodgings for the ſame purpoſe. When we are profeſſedly imitating one part of an author, we naturally enough make uſe of other paſſages in his works; and what inclines me the more to this conjecture, is, that Steele makes exactly the ſame uſe of the Bracelet, that Terence does of the Ring, though the preſence of Iſabella rendered it not ſo neceſſary. Such an inconſiſtency might very poſſibly proceed from imitation.

When

When once they know the reaſon of your coming.

Phid. Ay, ay, they'll be your friends, I promiſe you,
When they once learn your errand; for you'll free
Them from miſtake, Yourſelf from all ſuſpicion.

Bacc. I'm cover'd with confuſion. I'm aſham'd
To ſee Philumena.---[*to her women.*] You two attend me, [*Exeunt* Phid. Bacc. *&c.*

LACHES *alone.**

What is there that could pleaſe me more than This,
That Bacchis, without any loſs, ſhould gain
Favour from Them, and do Me ſervice too?
For if ſhe really has withdrawn herſelf
From Pamphilus, it will increaſe, ſhe knows,
Her reputation, intereſt, and honour:
Since by this generous act ſhe will at once
Oblige my ſon, and make us all her friends. [*Exit.*

* *Laches alone.*] This ſoliloquy ſeems to be rather idle and unneceſſary: but it is but juſtice to obſerve of this act in general, that the perplexity of the fable is very artfully increaſed, and that the incidents tending to the cataſtrophe are well contrived and moſt naturally introduced.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PARMENO *alone.*

I'Faith my maſter holds my labour cheap,
To ſend me to the Citadel for nothing,
Where I have waited the whole day in vain
For his Myconian, Callidemides.
There was I ſitting, gaping like a fool,
And running up, if any one appear'd,
—" Are you, Sir, a Myconian?"---" No, not I."—
---" But your name's Callidemides?"---"Not it."---
" And have not you a gueſt here, of the name
" Of Pamphilus?"---No---no---All No.
In ſhort, I don't believe there's ſuch a man.
At laſt I grew aſham'd, and ſo ſneak'd off.
---But is't not Bacchis that I ſee come forth
From our new kinſman? What can ſhe do there?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter BACCHIS.

Bacc. Oh Parmeno, I'm glad I met with you.
Run quick to Pamphilus.*
Par. On what account?
Bacc. Tell him, that I deſire he'd come.
Par. To you?
Bacc. No; to Philumena.
Par. Why, what's the matter?
Bacc. Nothing to You; ſo aſk no queſtions.
Par. Muſt I
Say nothing elſe?
Bacc. Yes; tell him too,
That Myrrhina acknowledges the Ring,
Which formerly he gave me, as her daughter's.
Par. I underſtand you. But is that all?
Bacc. All.
He'll come the moment that you tell him that.
What! do you loiter?
Par. No, i'faith, not I.

* *Run quick, &c.*] Parmeno is drawn as of a lazy and inquiſitive character. Terence therefore humouroufly contrives to keep him in continual employment and total ignorance. DONATUS.

I have not had it in my pow'r, I've been
So bandied to and fro, ſent here and there,
Trotting, and running up and down all day. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

BACCHIS *alone.**

What joy have I procur'd to Pamphilus
By coming here to-day! what bleſſings brought him!
And from how many ſorrows reſcued him!
His ſon, by his and their means nearly loſt,
I ſav'd; a wife, he meant to put away,
I have reſtor'd; and from the ſtrong ſuſpicions
Of Laches and Phidippus ſet him free.
---Of all theſe things the Ring has been the cauſe.
For I remember, near ten months ago,
That he came running home to me one evening,
Breathleſs, alone, and much inflam'd with wine,
Bringing this Ring. I was alarm'd at it.
"Prithee, my deareſt Pamphilus, ſaid I,†
"Whence comes all this confuſion? whence this
"Ring?
"Tell me, my love."---He put me off at firſt:

* *Bacchis alone.*] The reſt of the argument is told in ſoliloquy. DONATUS.

So much the worſe.

† *Prithee, my deareſt Pamphilus, &c.*] Terence ſtudies brevity: for in the Greek theſe things are acted, not related. DONATUS.

This

Perceiving this, it made me apprehend
Something of ſerious import, and I urg'd him
More earneſtly to tell me.---He confeſs'd,
That, as he came along, he had committed
A rape upon a virgin---*whom* he knew not---
And, as ſhe ſtruggled, forc'd from her that Ring;
Which Myrrhina now ſeeing on my finger,
Immediately acknowledg'd, and enquir'd,
How I came by it. I told all this ſtory: *

This is ſo curious a piece of information, communicated by Donatus, that I am ſurpriſed that no former editors or tranſlators have taken notice of it. If it means, that in the Greek the circumſtances of the cataſtrophe were thrown into action, Terence may indeed have ſtudied brevity, but he has not much conſulted the entertainment of his audience. And that this is the meaning of this paſſage in Donatus, I think is plain: for the converſation, of which Bacchis here ſpeaks, muſt have taken place before the opening of the play; ſo that it can hardly be ſuppoſed to have been introduced as a ſcene in the original Greek: beſides, the note of Donatus immediately preceding ſeems to confirm this interpretation, as well as what he ſays ſoon after, *concluſit narrationem fabulæ, more ſuo: ne hæc in futuro actu expectaremus.* "He "has here concluded the ſtory "of the fable, after his uſual "manner: that we may not "expect theſe things to come "out in a future act."

* *I told all this ſtory: Whence 'twas diſcover'd, &c.*] It is not ſufficient, oh thou writer of Comedy, to have ſaid in your plan, "I will introduce a "young man but weakly at-"tached to a courtezan; he "ſhall quit her; ſhall marry, "and be fond of his wife; the "wife ſhall be amiable, and "her huſband promiſe himſelf "a happy life with her: More-"over, he ſhall lie by her for "two months without touch-"ing her, and yet ſhe ſhall "prove with child. I muſt "have a good Step-Mother, "and a Courtezan of ſentiment. "I cannot do without a rape; "and I will ſuppoſe it to be "committed in the ſtreet by a "young

Whence 'twas diſcover'd, that Philumena
Was ſhe who had been raviſh'd, and the child
Conceiv'd from that encounter.---That I've been.

" young man drunk."—Very well: Courage! Go on; huddle ſtrange circumſtances one upon another; with all my heart. Your fable will be wonderful, I allow. But do not forget, that you muſt redeem all this *marvellous* in your plot by a multitude of common incidents that atone for it, and give it an air of probability. DIDEROT.

The above extract from Monſ. Diderot's Eſſay on Dramatick Poetry is a very elegant compliment to the genius of our poet, and the art diſplayed in the play before us. The outline of the fable is undoubtedly beautiful; but on the whole, I cannot think that outline ſo well filled as might be expected from the maſter-hand of Terence. There are many circumſtances happily contrived to create an agreeable perplexity; but in other parts of the piece there prevails an uncommon coldneſs and want of ſpirit. The ſame ingenious French Critick has a very fine paſſage in the Eſſay above mentioned. "Although," ſays he, " the quickneſs of the " movement varies according " to the different ſpecies of the " Drama, yet the action al- " ways proceeds. It does not " ſtop even between the acts. " 'Tis a maſs looſened from " the top of a rock: its velo- " city increaſes in proportion " to its deſcent; and it bounds " from place to place, accord- " ing to the obſtacles which it " meets with in its way."—— According to this compariſon, which is, I think, as juſt as it is beautiful, what ſhall we ſay to the firſt act of this Comedy? Inſtead of a maſs falling from a rock, it ſeems an unwieldy maſs, which can with difficulty be heaved from the ground: or to change the alluſion, the Poet treats his fable, as the Savoyards do a clock-work figure, which they are obliged to wind up, before they can ſet it in motion.—And then, of what does the laſt act conſiſt? All the materials, which ſhould compoſe it, are exhauſted in the interval ſuppoſed to paſs between that act and the fourth; a fault, which dramatick writers, of inferior genius to Terence, are very apt to fall into. But ſurely there cannot be an error more fatal to the cataſtrophe of a piece; nor any fault more fatal to the piece than an inanimate cataſtrophe: " for if," as continues Monſ. Diderot,

" the

The inſtrument of all theſe joys I'm glad,
Tho' other courtezans would not be ſo;
Nor is it for our profit and advantage,
That lovers ſhould be happy in their marriage.
But never will I, for my calling-ſake,
Suffer ingratitude to taint my mind.
I found him, while occaſion gave him leave,
Kind, pleaſant, and good-humour'd: and this marriage
Happen'd unluckily, I muſt confeſs.
Yet I did nothing to eſtrange his heart;
And ſince I have receiv'd much kindneſs from him,
'Tis fit I ſhou'd endure this one affliction.

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance PAMPHILUS *and* PARMENO.

Par. Be ſure you prove this to me, Parmeno;
Prithee, be ſure on't. Do not bubble me
With falſe and ſhort-liv'd joy.

Par. 'Tis even ſo.

Pam. For certain?

Par. Ay, for certain.

" the above compariſon be juſt; " if it be true that there will " be ſo much leſs of diſcourſe " as there is more of action, " there ought to be more dialogue than incident in the " former acts, and more incident than dialogue in the " latter."

Pam.

Pam. I'm in heaven,
If this be ſo.

Par. You'll find it very true.

Pam. Hold, I beſeech you! I'm afraid, I think
One thing, while you relate another.

Par. Well?

Pam. You ſaid, I think, "that Myrrhina diſcover'd
"The Ring on Bacchis' finger, was her own."

Par. She did.

Pam. "The ſame I gave her formerly.
"—And Bacchis bad you run and tell me this."
Is it not ſo?

Par. I tell you, Sir, it is.

Pam. Who is more fortunate, more bleſt than I?
---What ſhall I give you for theſe news? what? what?
I don't know.

Par. But I know.

Pam. What?

Par. Juſt nothing.
For I ſee nothing of advantage to you,
Or in the meſſage, or myſelf.

Pam. Shall I
Permit you to go unrewarded; you,
Who have reſtor'd me ev'n from death to life?
Ah, Parmeno, d'ye think me ſo ungrateful?
---But yonder's Bacchis ſtanding at the door.
She waits for me, I fancy. I'll go to her.

Bacc.

Bacc. ſeeing him.] Pamphilus, ſave you!

Pam. Bacchis! my dear Bacchis!
My guardian, my protectreſs!

Bacc. All is well:
And I'm o'erjoy'd at it.

Pam. Your actions ſpeak it.
You're ſtill the charming girl I ever found you.
Your preſence, company, and converſation,
Come where you will, bring joy and pleaſure with them.

Bacch. And you, in faith, are ſtill the ſame as ever,
The ſweeteſt, moſt engaging man on earth.

Pam. Ha! ha! ha! that ſpeech from you, dear Bacchis?

Bacc. You lov'd your wife with reaſon, Pamphilus:
Never, that I remember, did I ſee her
Before to-day; and ſhe's a charming woman.

Pam. Speak truth!

Bacc. So heaven help me, Pamphilus!

Pam. Say, have you told my father any part
Of this tale?

Bacc. Not a word.

Pam. Nor is there need.
Let all be huſh! I would not have it here,
As in a Comedy,* where every thing

* *As in a Comedy.*] Terence here with reaſon endeavours to make the moſt of a circumſtance peculiar to his play. In other Comedies, every body, Actors as well as Spectators, are at laſt

Is known to every body. Here, thoſe perſons
Whom it concerns, already know it; They,
Who 'twere not meet ſhould know it, never ſhall.

Bacc. I promiſe you, it may with eaſe be hid.
Myrrhina told Phidippus, that my oath
Convinc'd her, and ſhe held you clear.

Pam. Good! good!
All will be well, and all, I hope, end well.

Par. May I know, Sir, what good I've done to-day?
And what's the meaning of your converſation?

Pam. No.

Par. I ſuſpect however.---" I reſtore him
" From death to life?"---which way?---

Par. Oh, Parmeno,
You can't conceive the good you've done to-day,
From what diſtreſs you have deliver'd me.

Par. Ay, but I know, and did it with deſign.

Pam. Oh, I'm convinc'd of that. [*ironically.*

laſt equally acquainted with the whole Intrigue and Cataſtrophe; and it would even be a defect in the plot, were there any obſcurity remaining. But Terence, like a true Genius, makes himſelf ſuperior to Rules, and adds new beauties to his piece by forſaking them. His reaſons for concealing from part of the perſonages of the Drama the principal incident of the Plot, are ſo plauſible and natural, that he could not have followed the beaten track without offending againſt manners and decency. This bold and uncommon turn is one of the chief graces of the Play. DACIER.

See the notes to the third act of this Comedy.

Par. Did Parmeno
Ever let ſlip an opportunity
Of doing what he ought, Sir?
Pam. Parmeno,
In after me!
Par. I follow.---By my troth,
I've done more good to-day without deſign,
Than ever with deſign in all my life.---
Clap your hands!

* *Clap your hands!*] Terence had recourſe to the expedient of *double plots*. And this, I ſuppoſe, is what gained him the reputation of being the moſt *artificial* writer for the Stage. The Hecyra [The Step-Mother] is the only one of his Comedies, of the true antient caſt. And we know how it came off in the repreſentation. That ill ſucceſs and the ſimplicity of its conduct have continued to draw upon it the ſame unfavourable treatment from the criticks, to this day; who conſtantly ſpeak of it, as much inferior to the reſt; whereas, for the genuine beauty of dramatick deſign and the obſervance, after the antient Greek manner, of the nice dependency and coherence of the *fable*, throughout, it is, indiſputably, to every reader of true taſte, the moſt maſterly and exquiſite of the whole collection.

HURD's *Notes on the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.*

Though I would not attempt to juſtify the town-criticks of the days of Terence, who paſſed a ſentence of abſolute condemnation on this Comedy, yet I cannot think that it failed merely for want of duplicity of intrigue; nor that the criticks of Horace's time eſteemed Terence the moſt *artificial* writer for the ſtage, only becauſe he combined two ſtories into one. May we not, at this day, ſpeak of the *uncommon art* of Terence in the preparation of his incidents, and conduct of his fable, without being ſuppoſed to imply a particular commendation of his *double plots?* and may we not allow the beauty of deſign in writing on a *ſingle plot*, and

yet

yet at the ſame time diſcover ſo many capital defects in the conduct of a particular piece, as may reduce it to a much lower ſtandard of merit than that of other Comedies conſtructed on a leſs correct model? *Tous les genres*, ſays Voltaire, *ſont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.* For my part, I had much rather ſee or read the Comedy of the Provoked Huſband, which ſo flagrantly tranſgreſſes the unity of action, that it is almoſt two plays in one, than the cold production of any affected lover of ſimplicity, who, on the ſole merit of a *ſingle plot*, tells a dull ſtory in a dull manner, without any intereſt of incident, ſtrength of character, or vivacity of dialogue. It is not the inſertion of an Epiſode that will enliven the fable; but the juſt delineation of character and proper conduct of the plot, ſimple or complicated, that gives it ſpirit. Voltaire juſtly obſerves, in his letters on our nation, that the Love-Epiſode in Addiſon's Cato throws a languor on the whole piece. The Theatre affords a conſtant evidence of the ſame fact in Tate's alteration of King Lear; and, to inſtance rather in Comedy, the Andrian of our Author would be much better without the ſtory of Charinus. Intereſting incidents, however, there muſt be; or inſipidity will enſue, unleſs the attention be diverted from examining the plot, by Buffoonery; which is as vicious in the *manners* of Comedy, as Pantomime changes in the *fable*. Terence, "whoſe taſte was "abhorrent from ribaldry," has, I think, in this play, ſuffered the *intereſt* of his piece to languiſh; and if there be any juſt obſervation in the preceding notes, there is a lameneſs, notwithſtanding the ſimplicity, in the conduct of the fable. The firſt act, being entirely conſumed in narration, is very inartificial, and what is ſtill worſe, redundant; the diſcovery of the main incident is made in the moſt unintereſting manner, by a long ſoliloquy in the third act; and the cataſtrophe itſelf is managed in the ſame cold manner, by another long ſoliloquy; the incidents, that ſhould have filled the fifth act, being injudiciouſly precluded by what is ſuppoſed to paſs in the preceding interval.—In point of character alſo, The Step-Mother has much leſs merit than the reſt of our author's pieces. Laches and Phidippus are far inferior to Simo, Menedemus, Chremes, Micio, Demea, *&c.* nor is Pamphilus equal to the Pamphilus in the Andrian, or Phædria, or Æſchinus, *&c.*—This play has by ſome Criticks been coupled with the Self-Tormentor for purity of ſtile and beauty of ſentiment. It is not void of thoſe graces, no more

than it is wholly deſtitute of art in the conſtruction of the plot; but ſurely it poſſeſſes them in a much leſs eminent degree than the Self-Tormentor. Can the narration of Parmeno, not to dwell on its being needleſs, be compared with that of Menedemus? or with that of Simo in the Andrian; or that of Geta in Phormio?—I have endeavoured to omit no opportunity of taking notice of the beautiful paſſages of this play; and I have indeed been more than ordinarily aſſiduous to point them out, in order to ſhew, that in the moſt indifferent productions of a great author, there are many things worthy our attention and imitation. On the whole, however, I am ſorry to be obliged to differ once more from the learned and ingenious Critick above-cited: And I cannot help thinking it rather ſingular, that he, who everywhere maintains that *character* is the chief object of Comedy, ſhould yet ſeem to draw concluſions directly oppoſite to theſe premiſes, and not only prefer Terence (whoſe *artificial* fables rendered him popular) to all other Comick Dramatiſts, but alſo rank the Step-Mother, merely on account of "the nice dependency "and coherence of the *fable*," higher in merit than any other of his pieces, confeſſedly more rich in *character*. I muſt own that, ſo far from being able to acquieſce in the opinion, that "it is indiſputably, to every "reader of true taſte, the moſt "maſterly and exquiſite of the "whole collection," I am, in this inſtance, much rather inclined to ſay with Volcatius,

Sumetur Hecyra ſexta ex iis fabula.

"The laſt, and leaſt in merit of the ſix."

Monſ. Diderot, ſo often mentioned in theſe notes, has given us two excellent Serious Comedies, Le Fils Naturel, and Le Pére de Famille: in the conduct of the firſt, if I am not deceived, he ſeems to have kept his eye on the Step-Mother, and in the ſecond on The Brothers; though I cannot but lament his having diſgraced the firſt of thoſe pieces with reflections, as unjuſt as illiberal, on the inhumanity of the Engliſh nation towards their priſoners of war.

Phormio.

PHORMIO.

TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST FAITHFUL

AND AFFECTIONATE

HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

PHORMIO.

Acted at the ROMAN SPORTS, *

L. Poſtumius Albinus, and L. Cornelius Merula, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The Muſick, compoſed for Unequal Flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: Taken entirely from the Epidicazomenos of Apollodorus: † Acted four times, C. Fannius, and M. Valerius, Conſuls.‡

* *Acted at the Roman Sports.*] Donatus ſays "At the Megaleſian Games:" but he is certainly wrong. For this Comedy was played after the Eunuch had been brought on the ſtage, though in the very ſame year; it could not conſequently be at the ſame feſtival on which the Eunuch was played, but ſome ſucceeding one. The Megaleſian Games happened in April, and the Roman Sports in the month of September. DACIER.

† *Acted four times.*] FACTA QUARTO. The words *quarto* and *quartum* have afforded matter of much diſpute. When Pompey was juſt about to conſecrate the Temple of Victory, a difficulty aroſe how he ſhould expreſs his third Conſulſhip; whether it ought to be *Conſul tertio*, or *Conſul tertium?* The learned men of Rome were divided in their opinions about it, and even Cicero left the queſtion undecided; for in order to ſatisfy all parties, he directed it ſhould be thus abbreviated, *Conſul tert. Facta quarto* here can mean nothing elſe but that the Phormio was acted four times in one year, to diſtinguiſh its merit; and not, as Donatus interprets, that it was Terence's fourth play in order of compoſition. DACIER.

‡ *C. Fannius, and M. Valerius, Conſuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 592, and 159 years before Chriſt.

PERSONS.

PROLOGUE,
DEMIPHO,
CHREMES,
ANTIPHO,
PHÆDRIA,
CRATINUS,
CRITO,
HEGIO,
PHORMIO,
DORIO,
GETA,
DAVUS, and other Servants.

NAUSISTRATA,
SOPHRONA.

SCENE, ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

THE Old Bard* finding it impoſſible
To draw our Poet from the love of verſe,
And bury him in indolence, attempts
By calumny to ſcare him from the ſtage;
Pretending, that in all his former plays
The characters are low, and mean the ſtile; †

* *The old Bard.*] Luſcius Lavinius, the ſame poet mentioned in former prologues.

† *The characters are low, and mean the ſtile.*] *Tenui eſſe oratione, & ſcripturâ levi.* The Poet here ſhews the want of judgement in the cenſures of the Critick, who objects to him as a fault, what ought to be the chief excellence of comick ſtile. It is true indeed that Terence was in this inſtance held inferior to Menander; and condemned for uſing leſs ſublime language than his original: from which cenſure he here endeavours to vindicate himſelf by ſaying, that ſuch a raiſed ſtile rather belonged to the province of Tragedy. DONATUS.

The opinion of Donatus on this paſſage is pretty clear from the above note: yet this line has created much diſpute among commentators. The learned author of the Notes on the Art of Poetry almoſt directly contradicts Donatus, and ſays, "The ſenſe of this paſſage is "not, as commentators have "idly thought, *that his ſtyle* "*was low and trifling*, for this "could never be pretended, "but *that his dialogue was inſipid, and his characters, and* "*in general his whole compoſition*, WITHOUT THAT COMICK HEIGHTENING, *which* "*their vitiated taſtes required.*" Whoever conſults the whole context, I think, muſt accede to the interpretation of Donatus, rather than that of the Annotator upon Horace. The objection of Lavinius to the plays of Terence was not, *that they were without that comick heightening, &c.* but, that the Poet did not aſpire to the Tragick Sublime. The next line puts it beyond doubt; *Becauſe he ne'er deſcribed, &c.* All which circum-

Becauſe he ne'er deſcrib'd a mad-brain'd youth,*
Who in his fits of phrenzy thought he ſaw
A Hind, the dogs in full cry after her;
Her too imploring and beſeeching him
To give her aid.---But did he underſtand,
That when the piece was firſt produc'd, it ow'd,
More to the Actor, than himſelf, its ſafety,
He would not be thus bold to give offence.
---But if there's any one that ſays, or thinks,
" That had not the Old Bard aſſail'd him firſt,

circumſtances, ſays Donatus, are tragical, and would be vicious in Comedy.

Non ita diſſimili ſunt argumento, ſed tamen
Diſſimili oratione ſunt factæ, ac ſtilo.

Donatus gives this explanation. Orationem *in ſententiis dicunt eſſe*, ſtilum *in verbis*, argumentum *in rebus*.—" *Oratio* " refers to the ſentiments, *ſtilus* " to the diction, and *argumen-* " *tum* to the plot." Agreeable to this interpretation I rendered that paſſage

In a note to the prologue to the Andrian on the lines

— — — — — — In argument
Leſs different, than in ſentiment, and ſtile.

But here the inſtance immediately ſubjoined ſeeming to point out the word *Oratione* as referring to Character, as *Scriptura* relates to the language, I have tranſlated the verſe according to that idea.

* *A mad-brain'd youth.*] This verſe illuſtrates the foregoing; for here the Poet gives us a ſpecimen of his rival's genius and taſte. He was fond of introducing characters extravagant, unnatural, and overſtrained: hence the language muſt be of a piece, impetuous, turbulent, full of rant and affectation. No wonder, therefore, if he could not reliſh the compoſitions of our poet, whoſe characters are drawn from nature, and the language ſuitably artleſs and ſimple. PATRICK.

" Our Poet could not have devis'd a Prologue,
" Having no matter for abuſe;"---let ſuch
Receive for anſwer, " that altho' the prize
" To all advent'rers is held out in common,
" The Veteran Poet meant to drive our Bard
" From ſtudy into want: *He* therefore choſe
" To anſwer, though he would not firſt offend.
" And had his adverſary but have prov'd
" A generous rival, he had had due praiſe.
" Let him then bear theſe cenſures, and reflect,
" Of his own ſlanders 'tis the due return!
" But henceforth I ſhall ceaſe to ſpeak of him,
" Altho' he ceaſes not himſelf to rail."
But now what I'd requeſt of you, attend!
To-day I bring a new Play, which the Greeks
Call Epidicazomenos; * the Latins,
From the chief character, name Phormio;
Phormio, whom you will find a Paraſite,
And the chief engine of the plot.---And now,
If to our Poet you are well inclin'd,
Give ear; be favourable; and be ſilent!
Let us not meet the ſame ill fortune now,†

* *Epidicazomenos.*] A Greek word [Επιδικαζομενος] ſignifying a perſon who demands juſtice of another; meaning Phormio, who is the Plaintiff in the Law-ſuit, which is the ground of the intrigue in this pleaſant comedy.

† *The ſame ill fortune now, &c.*] Alluding, as is in general ſuppoſed, to the diſturbances on the firſt attempts to repreſent the Step-Mother.

That

That we before encounter'd, when our troop
Was by a tumult driven from their place;
To which the Actor's merit, ſeconded
By your good-will and candour, has reſtor'd us.

PHOR.

PHORMIO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DAVUS *alone.* *

GETA, my worthy friend and countryman,†
Came to me yeſterday: For ſome time paſt
I've ow'd him ſome ſmall balance of account:
This, he deſir'd, I wou'd make up: I have;

* *Davus alone.*] Terence here follows the ſame method, that he perſues in ſome other of his Comedies, of introducing a Protatick Perſonage, that is, a character foreign to the fable; that, while the ſtory is opened to him, the audience may be informed of as much as is neceſſary for them to know. But although this ſcene is introduced merely for the inſtruction of the ſpectator, yet the Poet has contrived to ſeaſon it with a great deal of wit and humour; and indeed that is the higheſt pitch of dramatick art, to ſeem to intend nothing but the amuſement of the Spectator, and to follow the natural courſe of the plot, while you are actually endeavouring to prepare them for the incidents that are to follow. DONATUS.

I have already more than once delivered my opinion concerning the Protatick Perſonage. The ſcene before us is indeed moſt exquiſitely beautiful, and ſo admirable a model of Narration, that it gives one pain to make the ſlighteſt objection to it. But I cannot help thinking that the Trinummus of Plautus, a comedy which has ſome ſimilarity to this of our author, is opened with more art and vivacity. Davus is rather idly introduced, brings money to no end, and hears the ſtory to no purpoſe. In the Andrian, Simo has ſome ſort of excuſe for opening

And brought it with me: For his maſter's ſon,
I am inform'd, has lately got a wife:
So I ſuppoſe this ſum is ſcrap'd together
For a Bride-Gift. Alack, how hard it is,
That he, who is already poor, ſhould ſtill
Throw in his mite, to ſwell the rich man's heap!
‡What He ſcarce, ounce by ounce, from ſhort allowance,‖
Sorely defrauding his own appetite,

ing the myſtery of his conduct to Soſia, as he belongs to the family, and it was propoſed to make uſe of his aſſiſtance. But Davus has ſo very little relation to the parties concerned, that we do not know whoſe ſervant he is; nor does he take any part in the ſucceeding events. In the Trinummus, on the contrary, an old gentleman, who thinks the conduct of his friend reprehenſible, comes to chide him for his behaviour; and the perſon accuſed, in his own vindication, explains himſelf at once to his angry monitor and to the ſpectators. This character alſo is not merely introduced as a Protatick Perſonage, but acts afterwards in concert with his friend.

† *Geta, my worthy friend, and countryman.*] *Amicus ſummus meus & popularis, Geta. Popularis* properly ſignifies one of the ſame town; and though not born in it, a perſon who has been regiſtered with the inhabitants. The very names Davus and Geta plainly prove they could not be *countrymen* in the ſtrict ſenſe and meaning of that word. DACIER.

‡ *What he ſcarce, ounce by ounce, &c.*] *Quod ille unciatim, &c.* Theſe verſes are extremely fine and elaborate, and make an exact climax, almoſt every word, as Donatus has obſerved, having a conſiderable emphaſis and energy; the touches are ſtrong, forcible, and natural.——The images of poverty and diſtreſs are greatly heightened by the contraſt which immediately follows. DACIER.

‖ *From ſhort allowance.*] *E demenſo ſuo. Demenſum* was a meaſure of corn containing, as is commonly ſuppoſed, four buſhels which

Has ſpar'd, poor wretch! ſhall She ſweep all at once,
Unheeding with what labour it was got.
Geta, moreover, ſhall be ſtruck for more; *
Another gift, when Madam's brought to bed;---
Another too, when Maſter's Birth-day's kept,
And they initiate him.†---All this Mamma
Shall carry off, the Bantling her excuſe.
But is that Geta?

SCENE II.

Enter GETA.

Get. at entering.] If a red-hair'd man
Enquire for me——

Dav. No more! he's here.

Get. Oh, Davus!
The very man that I was going after.

Dav. Here, take this! [*gives a purſe.*] 'tis all told:
you'll find it right;
The ſum I ow'd you.

which was delivered out to the ſlaves monthly, as their allowance. DONATUS.

* *Shall be* STRUCK *for more.*] FERIETUR *alio munere.* Here the familiar Latin phraſe exactly anſwers to the Engliſh one.

† *And they initiate him.*] Alluding to the cuſtom of initiation among the antients, of which there were ſeveral kinds. Madam Dacier ſuppoſes it to ſignify their being initiated in the grand myſteries of Ceres, which was commonly done, while they were yet very young. PATRICK.

Get.

Get. Honeſt, worthy Davus!
I thank you for your punctuality.
Dav. And well you may, as men and times go now:
Things, by my troth, are come to ſuch a paſs,
If a man pays you what he owes, you're much
Beholden to him.---But, pray, why ſo ſad?
Get. I?---You can ſcarce imagine in what dread,
What danger I am in.
Dav. How ſo?
Get. I'll tell you,
So you will keep it ſecret.
Dav. Away, fool!
The man, whoſe faith in money you have tried,
D'ye fear to truſt with words?---And to what end
Shou'd I deceive you?
Get. Liſt then!
Dav. I'm all ear.
Get. D'ye know our old man's elder brother,
Chremes?
Dav. Know him? ay ſure.
Get. You do?---And his ſon Phædria?
Dav. As well as I know you.
Get. It ſo fell out,
Both the old men were forc'd to journey forth
At the ſame ſeaſon. He to Lemnos, our's
Into Cilicia, to an old acquaintance
Who had decoy'd the old curmudgeon thither
By wheedling letters, almoſt promiſing

Moun-

Mountains of gold.

Dav. To one that had ſo much,
More than enough already?

Get. Prithee, peace!
Money's his paſſion.

Dav. Oh, would I had been
A man of fortune, I!

Get. At their departure,
The two old gentlemen appointed me
A kind of governor to both their ſons.

Dav. A hard taſk, Geta!

Get. Troth, I found it ſo.
My angry Genius for my ſins ordain'd it.*
At firſt I took upon me to oppoſe:
In ſhort, while I was truſty to th' old man,
The young one made my ſhoulders anſwer for it.

Dav. So I ſuppoſe: for what a fooliſh taſk
To kick-againſt the pricks! †

Get. I then reſolv'd
To give them their own way in ev'ry thing.

* *My angry Genius for my ſins ordain'd it.*] The Antients had a perſuaſion, that each man had a Genius or Guardian Deity, and that when he fell into any misfortune, or was guilty of any crime, it was becauſe his Genius had abandoned him. PATRICK.

† *To kick againſt the pricks.*] *Adverſum ſtimulum calces.* To kick againſt the pricks.—Originally an old Greek proverb, Προς τα κεντρα λακτιζειν.—προς κεντρα κωλον εκτεινειν.——So our SAVIOUR (Acts, chap. ix. v. 5.) *it is hard for thee to kick againſt the pricks.* WESTERHOVIUS.

Dav. Ay, then you made your market.*
Get. Our young ſpark
Play'd no mad pranks at firſt: But Phædria
Got him immediately a Muſick-Girl:
Fond of her to diſtraction! She belong'd
To a moſt avaricious ſordid pimp;
Nor had we aught to give;---th' old gentleman
Had taken care of That. Nought elſe remain'd,
Except to feed his eyes, to follow her,
To lead her out to ſchool, † and hand her home.
We too, for lack of other buſineſs, gave
Our time to Phædria. Oppoſite the ſchool,
Whither ſhe went to take her leſſons, ſtood
‡A Barber's ſhop, wherein moſt commonly
We waited her return. Hither one day
Came a young man in tears: ‖ we were amaz'd,

* *Made your Market.*] *Sciſti uti foro.* An alluſion to merchants, who fix the price of commodities in proportion to the demand there is for them. DONATUS.

† *To lead her out to ſchool.*] Muſick-ſchools, where the Slave-merchants ſent their Girls to attain accompliſhments, which might enhance their price. COOKE.

‡ *A Barber's ſhop.*] Barbers ſhops in Athens and Rome were places of publick reſort for converſation, much of the nature of our Coffee-houſes. PATRICK.

‖ *Came a young man in tears.*] In Apollodorus this young man is no other than the Barber himſelf, who was juſt returned from cutting off the young woman's hair, which was one of the uſual ceremonies of mourning among the Greeks. This circumſtance Terence has judiciouſly altered, that he might not ſhock the Roman ſpectators with manners ſo very foreign to their own. DONATUS.

And

And aſk'd the cauſe. Never (ſaid he, and wept)
Did I ſuppoſe the weight of poverty
A load ſo ſad, ſo inſupportable,
As it appear'd but now.---I ſaw but now,
Not far from hence, a miſerable virgin
Lamenting her dead mother.* Near the corpſe
She ſat; nor friend, nor kindred, nor acquaintance,
Except one poor old woman, was there near
To aid the funeral. I pitied her:
Her beauty too was exquiſite.---In ſhort,
He mov'd us all: And Antipho at once
Cried, "Shall we go and viſit her?"---"Why, ay,
"I think ſo," ſaid the other, "let us go!"
"Conduct us, if you pleaſe."---We went, arriv'd,
And ſaw her.---Beautiful ſhe was indeed!
More juſtly to be reckoned ſo, for ſhe
Had no additions to ſet off her beauty.
Her hair diſhevell'd, barefoot, woe-be-gone,
In tears, and miſerably clad: that if
The life and ſoul of beauty had not dwelt
Within her very form, all theſe together
Muſt have extinguiſh'd it.---The ſpark, poſſeſs'd
Already with the Muſick-Girl, juſt cried,
"She's well enough."---But our young gentleman---

* *Lamenting her dead mother.*] The Poet has managed this part of the Narration with ſo much addreſs, that we are not ſo much affected at the death of the mother, as at the diſtreſs of the beautiful virgin; eſpecially as we find in the cataſtrophe that the death of this woman gives the poet a better opportunity of eſtabliſhing the general happineſs. DONATUS.

Dav. Fell, I ſuppoſe, in love?

Get. In love indeed.

But mark the end! Next day, away he goes
To the old woman ſtraight, beſeeching her
To let him have the girl:—"Not ſhe indeed!
"Nor was it like a gentleman," ſhe ſaid,
"For him to think on't: She's a citizen,
"An honeſt girl, and born of honeſt parents:—
"If he wou'd marry her indeed, by law
"He might do *that*; on no account, aught elſe."
—Our ſpark, diſtracted, knew not what to do:
At once he long'd to marry her, at once
Dreaded his abſent father.

Dav. Wou'd not He,
Had he return'd, have giv'n conſent?

Get. To wed
A girl of neither family nor fortune?
Never.

Dav. What then?

Get. What then! There is a Paraſite,
One Phormio, a bold enterpriſing fellow,
Who—all the Gods confound him!—

Dav. What did He?

Get. Gave us the following counſel.—"There's
"a law
"That Orphan Girls ſhou'd wed their next of kin,
"Which law obliges too their next of kin
"To marry them.—I'll ſay, that you're her kinſman,
"And

" And ſue a writ againſt you. I'll pretend
" To be her father's friend, and bring the cauſe
" Before the judges. Who her father was,
" Her mother who, and how ſhe's your relation,
" All this ſham evidence I'll forge; by which
" The cauſe will turn entirely in my favour.
" You ſhall diſprove no tittle of the charge;
" So I ſucceed.---Your father will return;
" Proſecute Me;—what then?---The Girl's our own."

Dav. A pleaſant piece of impudence!

Get. It pleas'd
Our ſpark at leaſt: He put it into practice;
Came into court; and he was caſt; and married.

Dav. How ſay you?

Get. Juſt as you have heard.

Dav. Oh Geta,
What will become of you?

Get. I don't know, faith.
But only this I know, whate'er chance brings,
I'll patiently endure.

Dav. Why, that's well ſaid,
And like a man.

Get. All my dependance is
Upon myſelf.

Dav. And that's the beſt.

Get. I might
Beg one indeed to intercede for me,

Who may plead thus---"Nay, pardon him this once!
"But if he fails again, I've not a word
"To ſay for him."---And well if he don't add,
"When I go hence, e'en hang him!"

Dav. What of him,
Gentleman-Uſher to the Muſick-Girl?*
How goes He on?

Get. So, ſo!

Dav. He has not much
To give perhaps.

Get. Juſt nothing, but mere hope.

Dav. His father too, is he returned?

Get. Not yet.

Dav. And your old man, when do you look for Him?

Get. I don't know certainly: but I have heard
That there's a letter from him come to port,
Which I am going for.

Dav. Wou'd you aught elſe
With me, good Geta?

Get. Nothing, but Farewell! [*Exit* Davus.

* *Gentleman-Uſher to the Muſick Girl.*] *Quid Pædagogus ille.* The ſervants who attended children to and from ſchool were by the Greeks called Pedagogues. Socrates was ſatirically called the Pedagogue of Alcibiades: and Davus humourouſly applies this name to Phædria, who, as Geta had told him, attended the Girl to and from the Muſick-ſchool. DACIER.

Ho,

Ho, Boy! what, nobody at home! [*Enter Boy.*]
Take this,
And give it Dorcium.* [*Gives the Purſe, and Exit.*

SCENE III.

ANTIPHO, PHÆDRIA.

Ant. Is it come to this?
My father, Phædria!—my beſt friend!—That I
Shou'd tremble, when I think of his return!
When, had I not been inconſiderate,
I, as 'tis meet, might have expected him.
Phæ. What now?
Ant. Is that a queſtion? And from You,
Who know th' atrocious fault I have committed?
Oh, that it ne'er had enter'd Phormio's mind
To give ſuch counſel! nor to urge me on,
In the extravagance of blind deſire,
To this raſh act, the ſource of my misfortunes!
I ſhou'd not have poſſeſt her: that indeed
Had made me wretched ſome few days.---But then
This conſtant anguiſh had not torn my mind.---
Phæ. I hear you.
Ant. ——while each moment I expect

* *And give it Dorcium.*] *Da hoc Dorcio.*—*Dorcio* from Dorcium, the name of a woman, as Planeſium, Glycerium. Donatus.

His coming to divorce me.

Phæ. Other men,
For lack of what they love, are miſerable;
Abundance is your grievance. You're too rich
A lover, Antipho! For your condition
Is to be wiſh'd and pray'd for. Now, by heaven,
Might I, ſo long as you have done, enjoy
My love, it were bought cheaply with my life.
How hard my lot, unſatisfied, unbleſt!
How happy your's, in full poſſeſſion!---One
Of lib'ral birth, ingenuous diſpoſition,
And honeſt fame, without expence, you've got:
The wife, whom you deſir'd!---in all things bleſt,
But want the diſpoſition to believe ſo.
Had you, like me, a ſcoundrel pimp to deal with,
Then you'd perceive---But ſure 'tis in our nature,
Never to be contented.

Ant. Now to Me,
Phædria, 'tis You appear the happy man.
Still quite at large, free to conſider ſtill,
To keep, perſue, or quit her: I, alas,
Have ſo entangled and perplext myſelf,
That I can neither keep, nor let her go.
---What now? isn't that our Geta, whom I ſee
Running this way?---'Tis he himſelf---Ah me!
How do I fear what news he brings!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance GETA *running.*

Get. Confuſion!
A quick thought, Geta, or you're quite undone,
So many evils take you unprepar'd;
Which I know neither how to ſhun, nor how
To extricate myſelf: for this bold ſtroke
Of our's can't long be hid.
Ant. What's this confuſion?
Get. Then I have ſcarce a moment's time to think.
My maſter is arriv'd.
Ant. What miſchief's that?
Get. Who, when he ſhall have heard it, by what art
Shall I appeaſe his anger?---Shall I ſpeak?
'Twill irritate him.---Hold my peace?---enrage him.---
Defend myſelf?---Impoſſible!*---Oh, wretch!
Now for myſelf in pain, now Antipho
Diſtracts my mind.---But *him* I pity moſt;
For *him* I fear; 'tis *he* retains me here:
For, were it not for *him*, I'd ſoon provide
For my own ſafety---ay, and be reveng'd
On the old greybeard---carry ſomething off,

* *Defend myſelf? Impoſſible!*] *Purgem me? Laterem lavem.*— *Laterem lavare*, "to waſh a brick," was a proverb, ſignifying to labour in vain.

And

And ſhew my maſter a light pair of heels.

Ant. What ſcheme to rob and run away is this?

Get. But where ſhall I find Antipho? where ſeek him?

Phæ. He mentions you.

Ant. I know not what, but doubt
That he's the meſſenger of ſome ill news.

Phæ. Have you your wits?

Get. I'll home: he's chiefly there.

Phæ. Let's call him back!

Ant. Holo, you! ſtop!

Get. Heyday!
Authority enough, be who you will.

Ant. Geta!

Geta, turning.] The very man I wiſh'd to meet!

Ant. Tell us, what news?——in one word, if you can.

Get. I'll do it.

Ant. Speak!

Get. This moment at the Port——

Ant. My father?

Get. Even ſo.

Ant. Undone!

Phæ. Heyday!

Ant. What ſhall I do?

Phæ. What ſay you? [*to* Geta.

Get. That I've ſeen
His father, Sir,---your Uncle.

Ant.

Ant. How ſhall I,
Wretch that I am! oppoſe this ſudden evil?
Shou'd I be ſo unhappy, to be torn
From thee, my Phanium, life's not worth my care.
Get. Since that's the caſe then, Antipho, you ought
To be the more upon your guard.
Ant. Alas!
I'm not myſelf.
Get. But now you ſhou'd be moſt ſo, Antipho.
For if your father ſhou'd diſcern your fear,
He'll think you conſcious of a fault.
Phæ. That's true.
Ant. I cannot help it, nor ſeem otherwiſe.
Get. How wou'd you manage in worſe difficulties?
Ant. Since I'm not equal to bear this, to thoſe
I ſhou'd be more unequal.
Get. This is nothing.
Pooh, Phædria, let him go! why waſte our time?
I will be gone. [*going.*
Phæ. And I. [*going.*
Ant. Nay, prithee, ſtay!
What if I ſhou'd diſſemble?—Will that do?
[*endeavouring to aſſume another air.*
Get. Ridiculous!
Ant. Nay, look at me! Will That
Suffice?
Get. Not it.
Ant. Or this?

Get.

Get. Almoſt.

Ant. Or this?

Get. Ay! now you've hit it. Do but ſtick to that;
Anſwer him boldly; give him hit for daſh,
Nor let him bear you down with angry words.

Ant. I underſtand you.

Get. "Forc'd"—"againſt your will"—
"By law"—"by ſentence of the court"—d'ye take me?
—But what old gentleman is that, I ſee
Turning the corner of the ſtreet?

Ant. 'Tis he.
I dare not face him. [*going.*

Get. Ah, what is't you do?
Where d'ye run, Antipho! Stay, ſtay, I ſay.

Ant. I know myſelf and my offence too well:
To you then I commend my life and love. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Manent PHÆDRIA, *and* GETA.

Phæ. Geta, what now?

Get. You ſhall be roundly chid;
I ſoundly drubb'd; or I am much deceiv'd.
—But what e'en now we counſell'd Antipho,
It now behoves ourſelves to practiſe, Phædria.

Phæ.

Phæd. Talk not of what behoves, but ſay at once
What you wou'd have me do.

Get. Do you remember
The plea, whereon you both agreed to reſt,
At your firſt vent'ring on this enterpriſe?
" That Phormio's ſuit was juſt, ſure, equitable,
" Not to be controverted."———

Phæ. I remember.

Get. Now then that plea! or, if it's poſſible,
One better, and more plauſible.

Phæ. I'll do't.

Get. Do you attack him firſt! I'll lie in ambuſh,
To re-inforce you, if you give ground,

Phæ. Well. [*they retire.*

SCENE VI.

Enter DEMIPHO *at another part of the Stage.*

Dem. How's this! A wife! what, Antipho! and ne'er
Aſk my conſent?—nor my authority——
Or, grant we paſs authority, not dread
My wrath at leaſt?---To have no ſenſe of ſhame?
---Oh, impudence!---Oh, Geta, rare adviſer!

Get. Geta at laſt.

Dem. What they will ſay to me,
Or what excuſe they will deviſe, I wonder.

Get.

Get. Oh, we have ſettled that already: Think
Of ſomething elſe.

Dem. Will he ſay this to me,
---"Againſt my will I did it"---Forc'd by law"---
---I hear you: I confeſs it.

Get. Very well.

Dem. But conſcious of the fraud, without a word
In anſwer or defence, to yield the cauſe,
Tamely to your opponents---did the law
Force you to *that* too?

Phæ. That's home.

Get. Give me leave!
I'll manage it.

Dem. I know not what to do:
This ſtroke has come ſo unawares upon me,
Beyond all expectation, paſt belief.
---I'm ſo enrag'd, I can't compoſe my mind
To think upon it.---Wherefore ev'ry man*

* *Wherefore ev'ry man, &c.*] *Quamobrem omnes, &c.* This paſſage is quoted by Tully in the third book of his Tuſculan Queſtions, and the maxim contained in theſe lines was a favourite principle among the Stoicks. But I cannot help thinking that the introduction of it in this place has commonly been conſidered too ſeriouſly; and I have ſcarce any doubt but that Terence intended it as a ſtroke of character. Commentators, in general, are never ſo happy as when they light upon a ſentence in a claſſick author, which they can extol as a leſſon of ſound morality: but in dramatick writings we are not merely to confine ourſelves to the conſideration of what is ſaid, but who ſays it. Donatus, in his preface to this play, ſays, "that "it is founded on paſſions al-

"moſt

When his affairs go on moſt ſwimmingly,
Ev'n then it moſt behoves to arm himſelf
Againſt the coming ſtorm: loſs, danger, exile,
Returning ever let him look to meet;
His ſon in fault, wife dead, or daughter ſick---
All common accidents, and may have happen'd;
That nothing ſhou'd ſeem new or ſtrange. But if
Aught has fall'n out beyond his hopes, all that
Let him account clear gain.

Get. Oh, Phædria,
'Tis wonderful, how much a wiſer man
I am than my old maſter. My misfortunes
I have conſider'd well.---At his return
Doom'd to grind ever in the mill, beat, chain'd,
Or ſet to labour in the fields;---of theſe
Nothing will happen new. If aught falls out
Beyond my hopes, all that I'll count clear gain.
---But why delay t'accoſt th' old gentleman,
And ſpeak him fair at firſt?

[*Phædria goes forward.*

Dem. Methinks I ſee

" moſt too high for Comedy; " but that the Poet contrives " to temper every circumſtance " by his art." In the preſent inſtance, the old gentleman is indeed in a violent paſſion, but his anger is ſo managed throughout the ſcene, that it becomes truly comick: And Donatus very aptly refers us to a ſimilar paſſage in the Brothers, where Demea in like manner delivers moral precepts, which are in like manner turned to ridicule, and archly parodied by the impudent ſlave.

My

My nephew Phædria.

Phæ. My good Uncle, welcome!

Dem. Your ſervant!---But where's Antipho?

Phæ. I'm glad

To ſee you ſafe——

Dem. Well, well!---But anſwer me.

Phæ. He's well: hard by.---But have affairs turn'd out

According to your wiſhes?

Dem. Wou'd they had!

Phæ. Why, what's the matter?

Dem. What's the matter, Phædria?

You've clapp'd up a fine marriage in my abſence.

Phæ. What! are you angry with him about That?

Get. Well counterfeited!

Dem. Shou'd I not be angry?

Let me but ſet eyes on him, he ſhall know

That his offences have converted me

From a mild father to a moſt ſevere one.

Phæ. He has done nothing, Uncle, to offend you.

Dem. See, all alike! the whole gang hangs together: Know one, and you know all.

Phæ. Nay, 'tis not ſo.

Dem. One does a fault, the other's hard at hand

To bear him out: when t'other ſlips, *he's* ready: Each in their turn!

Get. I'faith th' old gentleman

Has blunder'd on their humours to a hair.

Dem.

Dem. For, were't not ſo, you'd not defend him, Phædria.

Phæ. If, Uncle, Antipho has done a wrong
Or to his intereſt, or reputation,
I am content he ſuffer, as he may:
But if another, with malicious fraud,
Has laid a ſnare for inexperienced youth,
And triumph'd o'er it; can you lay the blame
On us, or on the judges, who oft take
Thro' envy from the rich, or from compaſſion
Add to the poor?

Get. Unleſs I knew the cauſe,
I ſhou'd imagine this was truth he ſpoke.

Dem. What judge can know the merits on your ſide,
When you put in no plea; as he has done?

Phæ. He has behav'd like an ingenuous youth.
When he came into court, he wanted pow'r
To utter what he had prepar'd, ſo much
He was abaſh'd by fear and modeſty.

Get. Oh brave!---But why, without more loſs of time,
Don't I accoſt th' old man? [*going up.*] My maſter, welcome!
I am rejoic'd to ſee you ſafe return'd.

Dem. What! my good maſter Governor! your ſlave!
The prop! the pillar of our family!
To whom, at my departure hence, I gave
My ſon in charge.

Get. I've heard you for ſome time
Accuſe us all quite undeſervedly,
And me, of all, moſt undeſervedly.
For what cou'd I have done in this affair?
A ſlave the laws will not allow to plead;
Nor can he be an evidence.

Dem. I grant it.
Nay more---the boy was baſhful---I allow it.
---You but a ſlave.---But if ſhe had been prov'd
Ever ſo plainly a relation, why
Needed he marry her? and why not rather
Give her, according to the law, a portion,*
And let her ſeek ſome other for a huſband?
Why did he rather bring a beggar home?

Get. 'Twas not the thought, but money that was wanting.

Dem. He might have borrow'd it.

Get. Have borrow'd it!
Eaſily ſaid.

Dem. If not to be had elſe,
On intereſt.

Get. Nay, now indeed you've hit it.
Who wou'd advance him money in your life?†

* *Give her, according to the law, a portion?*] By this propoſal Terence artfully prepares us for the impoſition of Phormio, who extorts money from the old gentleman on this very foundation. DONATUS.

† *Who wou'd advance him money in your life?*] Alexander ab

Dem. Well, well, it ſhall not, and it cannot be,
That I ſhou'd ſuffer her to live with him
As wife a ſingle day. There is no cauſe.
---Wou'd I might ſee that fellow, or cou'd tell
Where he reſides!

Get. What, Phormio!

Dem. The girl's Patron!*

Get. He ſhall be with you ſtraight.

Dem. Where's Antipho?

Phæ. Abroad.

Dem. Go, Phædria; find him, bring him here.

Phæ. I'll go directly. [*Exit.*

Get. aſide.] Ay, to Pamphila. [*Exit.*

ab Alexandro, Genial. Dier. L. 1, takes notice of an antient decree of Senate, derived to the Romans from a law of Solon, in which, in order to provide againſt young men borrowing money during the life of their fathers, it was ordained, that in caſe of non-payment, the lender ſhould have no remedy at law. In ſuch caſes the ſecurity was made void by this decree; leſt the ſons of rich men, being involved in debt, ſhould be tempted to extricate themſelves by diſhonourable means, or even to haſten the death of a parent, WESTERHOVIUS. PATRICK.

* *The girl's Patron.*] *Iſtum Patronum mulieris.* They who undertook to carry on a law-ſuit for another were called *Patroni*, Patrons.

SCENE VII.

DEMIPHO *alone.*

I'll home, and thank the Gods for my return;*
Thence to the Forum, and convene ſome friends,
Who may be preſent at this interview,
That Phormio may not take me unprepar'd. [*Exit.*

* *I'll home, and thank the Gods for my return.*] It was the cuſtom for thoſe returning from a voyage or journey to give thanks in a formal manner to the Gods, even before they ſaw their wives or friends. And every citizen had at home Houſhold Gods (uſually called *Penates, Domeſtici,* or *Lares)* which he and his family worſhipped in private, and conſidered as the particular guardians of the family. WESTERHOVIUS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PHORMIO, GETA.

*Phor.** AND Antipho, you ſay, has ſlunk away,
Fearing his father's preſence?

Get. Very true.

Phor. Poor Phanium left alone?

Get. 'Tis even ſo.

Phor. And the old gentleman enrag'd?

Get. Indeed.

Phor. The ſum of all then, Phormio, reſts on You:
On you, and you alone. You've bak'd this cake,
E'en eat it for your pains. About it then!

Get. I do beſeech you.

Phor. to himſelf.] What if he enquire?---

* *And Antipho, you ſay, &c.*] It is ſaid that this play being once rehearſed before Terence and ſome of his moſt intimate acquaintance, Ambivius, who acted the part of Phormio, came in drunk, which threw the author into a violent paſſion: but Ambivius had ſcarce repeated a few lines, ſtammering, and ſcratching his head, before Terence became pacified, declaring that when he was writing thoſe very lines, he abſolutely had ſuch a Paraſite, as Ambivius then repreſented, in his thoughts. DONATUS.

Get. Our only hope's in You.

Phor. to himſelf.] I have it!---Then,
Suppoſe he offer to return the girl?

Get. You urg'd us to it.

Phor. to himſelf.] Ay! it ſhall be ſo.

Get. Aſſiſt us!

Phor. Let him come, Old Gentleman!
'Tis here: it is engender'd: I am arm'd,
With all my counſels.

Get. What d'ye mean to do?

Phor. What wou'd you have me do, unleſs contrive
That Phanium may remain, that Antipho
Be freed from blame, and all the old man's rage
Turn'd upon Me?*

Get. Brave fellow! friend indeed!
And yet I often tremble for you, Phormio,
Leſt all this noble confidence of your's
End in the ſtocks at laſt.†

* *Turn'd upon me.*] In this ſcene Terence exhibits the lower order of Paraſites, who ingratiated themſelves by Sharping and Roguery; as in the Eunuch he deſcribes the Paraſites of a higher rank, and of a newer ſpecies, who obtained their ends by Flattery. DONATUS.

† *End in the ſtocks at laſt.*] *In nervum erumpat denique.* Several interpretations are given of theſe words. By ſome *in nervum erumpere* is ſuppoſed to allude to the drawing of a bow till the ſtring break: but the phraſe is more generally ſuppoſed in this place to imply ſome corporal puniſhment inflicted on malefactors. *Quia ſæpe* in nervum conjiciebantur, *ex aliquo maleficio in carcerem miſſi*, ſays Donatus. Weſterhovius explains this paſſage thus. *Eſt autem* Nervus *vinculi lignei genus, in quod pedes conjecti arctantur*; which is a pretty exact deſcription of the ſtocks.

Phor. Ah, 'tis not ſo.
I'm an old ſtager too, and know my road.
How many men d'ye think I've baſtinadoed
Almoſt to death? Aliens, and Citizens?
The oftner, ſtill the ſafer.---Tell me then,
Didſt ever hear of actions for aſſault
And batt'ry brought againſt me?
Get. How comes that?
Phor. Becauſe the net's not ſtretch'd to catch the hawk,
Or kite, who do us wrong; but laid for thoſe,
Who do us none at all: In them there's profit,
In theſe mere labour loſt. Thus other men
May be in danger, who have aught to loſe;
I, the world knows, have nothing.---You will ſay,
*They'll ſeize my perſon.---No, they won't maintain
A fellow of my ſtomach.---And they're wiſe,
In my opinion, if for injuries
They'll not return the higheſt benefit.
Get. It is impoſſible for Antipho
To give you thanks ſufficient.
Phor. Rather ſay,
No man ſufficiently can thank his patron.

* *They'll ſeize my perſon.*] *Ducent damnatum domum.* Literally "*they will lead me condemned home:*" For, as Donatus obſerves on this paſſage, Inſolvent Debtors were by the Law made over as ſlaves to their Creditors.

*You at free coſt to come! anointed, bath'd,
Eaſy and gay! while he's eat up with care
And charge, to cater for your entertainment!
He gnaws his heart, you laugh; eat firſt, ſit firſt,
And ſee †a Doubtful Banquet plac'd before you!

Get. Doubtful! what phraſe is that?

Phor. Where you're in doubt,
What you ſhall rather chuſe. Delights like theſe,
When you but think how ſweet, how dear, they are;
Him that affords them muſt you not ſuppoſe
A very Deity?

Get. The old man's here.

* *You at free coſt, &c.*] This paſſage is not taken from Apollodorus, but from the ſixth book of the ſatires of Ennius.

Quippe ſine cura, lætus, lautus, cum advenis,
Infertis malis, expedito brachio,
Alacer, celſus, lupino expectans impetu,
Mox dum alterius abligurias bona: quid
Cenſes Dominis eſſe animi? prob divum fides!
Ille triſtis cibum dum ſervat, tu ridens voras.

Gay, void of care, anointed when you come,
With ſmacking jaw, and arm prepar'd to carve,
Keen, eager, and impatient as the Wolf,
Expecting every moment to fall on,
And gorge yourſelf at his expence; what, think you,
Poſſeſſes then the maſter's mind? Good heaven!
He ſits, and with a melancholy air
Broods o'er the feaſt, which laughing you devour.

DONATUS.

† *A Doubtful Banquet.*] *Cœna Dubia.* Phormio explains this expreſſion himſelf. Horace, who takes frequent opportunities of imitating our author, has adopted this phraſe.

Mind

Mind what you do! the firſt attack's the fierceſt:
Suſtain but that, the reſt will be mere play.

[*they retire.*

SCENE II.

Enter at a diſtance DEMIPHO.——HEGIO, CRATINUS, CRITO, *following.*

Dem. Was ever man ſo groſsly treated, think ye?
---This way, Sirs, I beſeech you.

Get. He's enrag'd!

Phor. Hiſt! mind your cue: I'll work him.
---[*coming forward, and ſpeaking loud.*] Oh, ye Gods!
Does he deny that Phanium's his relation?
What, Demipho! Does Demipho deny
That Phanium is his kinſwoman?

Get. He does.

Phor. And who her father was he does not know?

Get. No.

Dem. to the Lawyers.] Here's the very fellow, I believe,
Of whom I have been ſpeaking.---Follow me!

Phor. aloud.] And that he does not know, who Stilpho was?

Get. No.

Phor.

Phor. Ah, becauſe, poor thing, ſhe's left in want,*
Her father is unknown, and ſhe deſpis'd.
What will not avarice do?

Get. If you inſinuate
My maſter's avaricious, woe be to you!

Dem. behind.] Oh impudence! he dares accuſe me firſt.

Phor. As to the youth, I cannot take offence,
If *he* had not much knowledge of him; ſince,
Now in the vale of years, in want, his work
His livelihood, he nearly altogether
Liv'd in the country: where he held a farm
Under my father. I have often heard
The poor old man complain, that this his kinſman
Neglected him.---But what a man! A man

* *Ah! becauſe ſhe's left in want, &c.*] This ſentiment occurs among the fragments of the Brothers of Menander:

——— —— — Εργον ευρειν συγγενη
Πενητος εξιν, οιδεις γαρ ὁμολογει
Αυτῳ προσηκειν τον βοηθειας τινος
Δεομενον. αιτεισθαι γαρ ἁμα τι προσδοκα.

'Tis hard for thoſe in want to find their kindred;
For no one will acknowledge his relation
To the unhappy wretch that wants aſſiſtance:
Fearing aſſiſtance will be ſoon requir'd.

In the ſequel of this ſcene, in his altercation with Demipho. Phormio enlarges on this thought

— — — — — But if, poor man,
Stilpho had left behind him an eſtate, &c.

Of

Of moſt exceeding virtue.

Get. Much at one:
Yourſelf and He you praiſe ſo much.

Phor. Away!
Had I not thought him what I've ſpoken of him,
I wou'd not for his daughter's ſake have drawn
So many troubles on our family,
Whom this old cuff now treats ſo ſcandalouſly.

Get. What, ſtill abuſe my abſent maſter, Raſcal!

Phor. It is no more than he deſerves.

Get. How, villain!

Dem. Geta! [*calling.*

Get. Rogue, Robber, Pettyfogger! [*to* Phormio, *pretending not to hear* Demipho.

Dem. Geta!

Phor. Anſwer. [*apart to* Geta.

Get. turning.] Who's that?---Oh!

Dem. Peace!

Get. Behind your back
All day without ceſſation has this knave
Thrown ſcurvy terms upon you, ſuch as none
But men, like him, can merit.

Dem. Well! have done:
[*putting* Geta *by, then addreſſing* Phormio.
Young man! permit me firſt to aſk one queſtion,
And, if you pleaſe, vouchſafe to anſwer me.
---Who was this friend of your's? Explain! and how

Might

Might he pretend that I was his relation?

Phor. So! you fiſh for't, as if you didn't know.
[*ſneeringly.*

Dem. Know! I!

Phor. Ay; you.

Dem. Not I: You that maintain
I ought, inſtruct me how to recollect.

Phor. What! not acquainted with your couſin?

Dem. Plague!
Tell me his name.

Phor. His name? ay!

Dem. Well, why don't you?

Phor. Confuſion! I've forgot the name.* [*apart.*

Dem. What ſay you?

Phor. Geta, if you remember, prompt me.
[*apart to* Geta.]———Pſhaw!
I will not tell.---As if you didn't know,
You're come to try me. [*loud to* Demipho.

Dem. How! I try you?

Get. Stilpho. [*whiſpering* Phormio.

Phor. What is't to me?---Stilpho.

* *I've forgot the name.*] In the Trinummus of Plautus, where a ſharper is employed, like Phormio, to carry on an impoſture, He in like manner forgets the name of the perſon from whom he pretends to come; and what renders the circumſtance ſtill more pleaſant is, that he happens to be engaged in converſation with the very perſon himſelf. The Trinummus, taken all together, is, I think, inferior to this play of our author; but there are in it ſome ſcenes of uncommon pleaſantry.

Dem.

Dem. Whom ſay you?

Phor. Stilpho:

Did you know Stilpho, Sir?

Dem. I neither know him;

Nor ever had I kinſman of that name.

Phor. How! are you not aſham'd?---But if, poor man,

Stilpho had left behind him an eſtate

Of ſome ten Talents———

Dem. Out upon You!

Phor. Then

You would have been the firſt to trace your line

Quite from your Grandſire and Great Grandſire.

Dem. True.

Had I then come, I'd have explain'd at large

How ſhe was my relation: So do You!

Say, how is ſhe my kinſwoman?

Get. Well ſaid!

Maſter, you're right.----Take heed!

[*apart to* Phormio.

Phor. I have explain'd

All that moſt clearly, where I ought, in court.

If it were falſe, why did not then your ſon

Refute it?

Dem. Do you tell me of my ſon,

Whoſe folly can't be ſpoke of, as it ought?

Phor. But You, who are ſo wiſe, go, ſeek the judge:

Aſk

Aſk ſentence in the ſelf-ſame cauſe again:
*Becauſe You're Lord alone; and have alone
Pow'r to obtain the judgement of the court
Twice in one cauſe.

Dem. Although I have been wrong'd,
Yet, rather than engage in litigation,
And rather than hear You; as if ſhe were
Indeed related to us, as the law
Ordains, I'll pay her dowry: Take her hence,
And with her take five Minæ.

Phor. Ha! ha! ha!
A pleaſant gentleman!

Dem. Why, what's the matter?
Have I demanded any thing unjuſt?
Sha'n't I obtain this neither, which is law?

Phor. Is't even ſo, Sir?---Like a common harlot
When you've abus'd her, does the law ordain
That you ſhou'd pay her hire, and whiſtle her off?
Or, leſt a citizen thro' poverty
Bring ſhame upon her honour, does it order
That ſhe be given to her next of kin
To paſs her life with him? which you forbid.

Dem. Ay; to her next of kin: But why to Us;

* *Becauſe You're Lord alone.*] *Quandoquidem ſolus regnas.* An invidious ſneer; becauſe in Athens, where the people were tenacious of liberty and the laws, arbitrary acts were particularly odious. Thus Sannio in the Brothers; *Regnumne, Æſchine, hic tu poſſides?* "Do you reign King here, Æſchinus?" DONAT.

Or

Or wherefore?

Phor. Oh! that matter is all ſettled;
Think on't no more,

Dem. Not think on't! I ſhall think
Of nothing elſe, till there's an end of this.

Phor. Words, words!

Dem. I'll make them good,

Phor. But, after all,
With You I have no buſineſs, Demipho!
Your Son is caſt, not You: for at your age
The coupling-time is over.

Dem. Be aſſur'd
That all I've ſaid, He ſays: Or I'll forbid
Him and this wife of his my houſe.

Get. He's angry. [*apart.*

Phor. No; you'll think better on't.

Dem. Are you reſolv'd,
Wretch that you are, to thwart me ev'ry way?

Phor. He fears, tho' he diſſembles. } *apart.*
Get. Well begun! }

Phor. Well; but what can't be cur'd muſt be endur'd:
'Twere well, and like yourſelf, that we were friends.

Dem. I! friend to you? or chuſe to ſee, or hear you!

Phor. Do but agree with her, you'll have a girl
To comfort your old age. Your years, conſider!

Dem. Plague on your comfort! take her to yourſelf!

Phor.

Phor. Ah! don't be angry!

Dem. One word more, I've done.
See that you fetch away this wench, and ſoon,
Or I ſhall turn her headlong out o'doors.
So much for Phormio!

Phor. Offer but to touch her,
In any other manner than beſeems
A gentlewoman and a citizen,
And I ſhall bring a ſwinging writ againſt you.
So much for Demipho!—If I am wanted,
I am at home, d'ye hear? [*apart to* Geta.

Get. I underſtand. [*apart.*] [*Exit* Phormio.

SCENE III.

Dem. With how much care, and what ſolicitude,
My ſon affects me, with this wretched match
Having embroil'd himſelf and me! nor comes
Into my ſight, that I might know at leaſt
Or what he ſays, or thinks of this affair.
Go, you; and ſee if he's come home, or no.

Get. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Dem. You ſee, Sirs, how this matter ſtands.
What ſhall I do? Say, Hegio!

Hegio. Meaning me?
Cratinus, pleaſe you, ſhou'd ſpeak firſt.

Dem. Say then,

Cratinus!

Cra. Me d'ye queſtion?

Dem. You.

Cra. Then I,
Whatever ſteps are beſt I'd have you take.
Thus it appears to Me. Whate'er your ſon
Has in your abſence done, is null and void
In law and equity.—And ſo you'll find.
That's my opinion.

Dem. Say now, Hegio?

Heg. He has, I think, pronounc'd moſt learnedly;
But ſo 'tis: many men, and many minds!
Each has his fancy: Now, in my opinion,
Whate'er is done by law, can't be undone.
'Tis ſhameful to attempt it.

Dem. Say you, Crito!

Cri. The caſe, I think, aſks more deliberation;
'Tis a nice point.

Heg. Wou'd you aught elſe with us?

Dem. You've utter'd Oracles. [*Exeunt Lawyers.*]
I'm more uncertain
Now than I was before.*

* *I'm more uncertain now than I was before.*] I believe there is no ſcene in Comedy more highly ſeaſoned with the *Ridiculous* than this before us. The idea is truly comick, and it is worked up with all that ſimplicity and chaſtity, ſo peculiar to the manner of Terence. An ordinary writer would have indulged himſelf in twenty little conceits on this occaſion; but the dry gravity of Terence infinitely ſurpaſſes, as true humour, all the drolleries, which perhaps even thoſe great Maſ-

Re-enter GETA.

Get. He's not return'd.

Dem. My Brother, as I hope, will ſoon arrive:
Whate'er advice he gives me, that I'll follow.
I'll to the Port, and aſk when they expect him.
[*Exit.*

Get. And I'll go find out Antipho, and tell him
All that has paſt.—But here he comes in time.*

ters of Comedy, Plautus, or Moliere might have been tempted to throw out. It is the higheſt art of a Dramatick Author on ſome occaſions to leave a good deal to the Actor: it has been remarked by Heinſius and others, that Terence was particularly attentive to this circumſtance; and Donatus in his preface to this Comedy ſays, that it is *tota diverbiis facetiſſimis, & geſtum deſiderantibus ſcenicum.*

* *But here he comes in time.*] *Sed eccum ipſum video in tempore huc ſe recipere.* Here in all the common books ends the ſecond act; and the ſcenes that make up the reſidue of it here, in them compoſe the third. Madam Dacier ſaw the abſurdity, but follows the old diviſion, arbitrarily omitting the above line, in order to break the palpable continuity of the ſcenes; and make the ſtage appear to be vacant. But the line in queſtion is in all the copies; nor is it likely that in ſo buſy a play, the Author would have devoted a whole act to the Epiſode of Phædria and his Muſick-Girl.

The diviſion of the acts in this play is ſo extremely confuſed in all the books I have ſeen, that I have varied from them all. I have endeavoured to find out the natural reſts or pauſes in the action, and to divide the acts in ſuch a manner, as to aſſign a particular buſineſs to each. See the firſt note to Act V.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance ANTIPHO.

Ant. to himſelf.] Indeed, indeed, my Antipho,
You're much to blame, to be ſo poor in ſpirit.
What! ſteal away ſo guilty-like? and truſt
Your life and ſafety to the care of others?
Would They be touch'd more nearly than Yourſelf?
Come what come might of ev'ry thing beſide,
Could you abandon the dear maid at home?
Could you ſo far deceive her eaſy faith,
And leave her to misfortune and diſtreſs?
Her, who plac'd all her hopes in you alone?

Get. coming forwards.] I'faith, Sir, we have thought you much to blame
For your long abſence.——

Ant. You're the very man
That I was looking for.

Get. ——But ne'ertheleſs
We've miſt no opportunity.

Ant. Oh, ſpeak!
How go my fortunes, Geta? has my father
Any ſuſpicion that I was in league
With Phormio?

Get. Not a jot.

Ant. And may I hope?

Get. I don't know.

Ant. Ah!

Get. Unleſs that Phædria
Did all he could do for you.---

Ant. Nothing new.

Get. ---And Phormio, as on all occaſions elſe,
Prov'd himſelf a brave fellow.

Ant. What did *He?*

Get. Out-ſwagger'd your hot father.

Ant. Well ſaid, Phormio!

Get. ---I did the beſt I could too.

Ant. Honeſt Geta,
I am much bounden to you all.

Get. Thus, Sir,
Stand things at preſent. As yet all is calm.
Your father means to wait your uncle's coming.

Ant. For what?

Get. For his advice, as he propos'd;
By which he will be rul'd in this affair.

Ant. How do I dread my uncle's coming, Geta,
Since by his ſentence I muſt live or die!

Get. But here comes Phædria.

Ant. Where?

Get. *From his old ſchool. [*they retire.*

* *From his old ſchool.*] *Ab ſuâ palæſtrâ.*—*Palæſtra* was properly the School of Gymnaſtick Exerciſes for the Græcian youth. Geta therefore, in alluſion to that, pleaſantly calls the Procurer's

SCENE V.

Enter, from Dorio's, DORIO, PHÆDRIA *following.*

Phæ. Nay, hear me, Dorio!

Dorio. Not I.

Phæ. But a word!

Dorio. Let me alone.

Phæ. Pray, hear me!

Dorio. I am tir'd
With hearing the ſame thing a thouſand times.

Phæ. But what I'd ſay, you would be glad to hear.

Dorio. Speak then! I hear.

Phæ. Can't I prevail on you
To ſtay but theſe three days?---Nay, where d'ye go?

Dorio. I ſhould have wonder'd had you ſaid aught new.

Ant. behind.] This Pimp, I fear, will work himſelf no good.*

curer's houſe the *palæſtra* of Phædria, much in the ſame vein of humour that he uſed in talking of him at the opening of the play.

* *This pimp, I fear, will work himſelf no good.*] *Metuo lenonem, nequid ſuo ſuat capiti.* This paſſage has much puzzled the Commentators. I have followed Madam Dacier, though I do not think that her interpretation of the paſſage, or any other comment that I have ſeen, makes very good ſenſe of it.

Get. I fear ſo too.

Phæ. Won't you believe me?

Dorio. Gueſs.

Phæ. Upon my honour.

Dorio. Nonſenſe.

Phæ. 'Tis a kindneſs
Shall be repaid with intereſt.

Dorio. Words, words!

Phæ. You'll be glad on't; you will, believe me.

Dorio. Pſhaw!

Phæ. Try; 'tis not long.

Dorio. You're in the ſame tune ſtill.

Phæ. My kinſman, parent, friend.—

Dorio. Ay, talk away.

Phæ. Can you be ſo inflexible, ſo cruel,
That neither pity, nor entreaties touch you?

Dorio. And can You be ſo inconſiderate,
And ſo unconſcionable, Phædria,
To think that you can *talk* me to your purpoſe,
And wheedle me to give the girl for nothing?

Ant. behind.] Poor Phædria!

Phæ. to himſelf.] Alas, he ſpeaks the truth.

Get. to Ant. How well they each ſupport their characters!

Phæ. to himſelf.] Then that this evil ſhould have come upon me,
When Antipho was in the like diſtreſs!

Ant.

Ant. going up.] Ha! what now, Phædria?

Phæ. Happy, happy Antipho!—

Ant. I?

Phæ. Who have her you love in your poſſeſſion,
Nor e'er had plagues like theſe, to ſtruggle with!

Ant. In my poſſeſſion? yes, I have, indeed,
As the old ſaying goes, a Wolf by th' Ears:*
For I can neither part with her, nor keep her.

Dorio. 'Tis juſt my caſe with Him.

Ant. to Dorio.] Thou thorough Bawd!

--- *to Phædria.*] What has he done?

Phæ. Done?---The inhuman wretch
Has ſold my Pamphila.

Get. What! Sold her?

Ant. Sold her?

Phæ. Yes; ſold her.

Dorio, laughing.] Sold her.---What a monſtrous crime!
A wench he paid his ready money for.

Phæ. I can't prevail upon him, to wait for me,
And to ſtave off his bargain but three days;
Till I obtain the money from my friends,
According to their promiſe,---If I do not
Pay it you *then*, don't wait a moment longer.

Dorio. You ſtun me.

* *I have a wolf by the ears.*] *Auribus teneo lupum.* A proverb; the meaning of which is explained in the next line.

Ant. 'Tis a very little time,
For which he aſks your patience, Dorio.
Let him prevail on you; your complaiſance
Shall be requited doubly.

Dorio. Words; mere words!

Ant. Can you then bear to ſee your Pamphila
Torn from this city, Phædria?---Can you, Dorio,
Divide their loves?

Dorio. Nor I, nor you.

Get. Plague on you!

Dorio, to Phæ.] I have, againſt my natural diſpoſition,
Born with you ſeveral months, ſtill promiſing,
Whimpering, and ne'er performing any thing:
Now, on the contrary, I've found a ſpark,
Who'll prove a ready-paymaſter, no ſniveler:
Give place then to your betters!

Anti. Surely, Phædria,
There was, if I remember, a day ſettled
That you ſhould pay the money down.

Phæ. There was.

Dorio. Do I deny it?

Ant. Is the day paſt?

Dorio. No.
But this has come before it.

Ant. Infamous!
Ar'n't you aſham'd of ſuch baſe treachery?

Doria. Not I, while I can get by't.

Get.

Get. Scavenger!
Phæ. Is this juſt dealing, Dorio?
Dorio. 'Tis my way:
So, if you like me, uſe me.
Ant. Can you deceive him thus?
Dorio. Nay, Antipho,
'Tis *he* deceives *me:* he was well aware
What kind of man I was, but I believ'd
Him diff'rent. He has diſappointed me,
But I am ſtill the ſame to *him* as ever.
However, thus much I can do for him;
The Captain promis'd to pay down the money
To-morrow morning. But now, Phædria,
If you come firſt, I'll follow my old rule,
"The firſt to pay, ſhall be firſt ſerv'd." Farewell.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

PHÆDRIA, ANTIPHO, GETA.

Phæ. What ſhall I do? Unhappy that I am,
How ſhall I, who am almoſt worſe than nothing,
Raiſe ſuch a ſum ſo ſuddenly?—Alas!
Had I prevail'd on him to wait three days,
I had a promiſe of it.

Ant.

Ant. Shall we, Geta,
Suffer my Phædria to be miſerable?
My beſt friend Phædria, who but now, you ſaid,
Aſſiſted me ſo heartily?---No.---Rather
Let us, ſince there's need, return his kindneſs!
Get. It is but juſt, I muſt confeſs.
Ant. Come then;
'Tis you alone can ſave him.
Get. By what means?
Ant. Procure the money.
Get. Willingly: but whence?
Ant. My father is arriv'd.
Get. He is: what then?
Ant. A word to the wife, Geta!
Get. Say you ſo?
Ant. Ev'n ſo.
Get. By Hercules, 'tis rare advice.
Are you there with me? will it not be triumph,
So I but ſcape a ſcouring for your match,
That you muſt urge me to run riſks for *him?*
Ant. He ſpeaks the truth, I muſt confeſs.
Phæ. How's that?
Am I a ſtranger to you, Geta?
Get. No:
Nor do I hold you ſuch. But is it nothing,
That Demipho now rages at us all,
Unleſs we irritate him ſo much further,
As to preclude all hopes to pacify him?

Phæ.

Phæ. Shall then another bear her hence? Ah me!
Now then, while I remain, ſpeak to me, Antipho.
Behold me!

Ant. Wherefore? what is it you mean?

Phæ. Wherever ſhe's convey'd, I'll follow her;
Or periſh.

Get. Heaven proſper your deſigns!---
Gently, Sir, gently!

Ant. See, if you can help him.

Get. Help him! but how?

Ant. Nay, think, invent, deviſe;
Leſt he do ſomething we repent of, Geta!

Get. I'm thinking. [*pauſing.*]---Well then, I believe
he's ſafe.
But I'm afraid of miſchief.

Ant. Never fear:
We'll bear all good and evil fortune with you.

Get. Tell me the ſum you have occaſion for.

Phæ. But thirty Minæ.

Get. Thirty! monſtrous, Phædria!
She's very dear.

Phæ. Dog-cheap.

Get. Well, ſay no more.
I'll get them for you.

Phæ. O brave fellow!

Get. Hence!

Phæ. But I ſhall want it *now*.

Get. You'll have it *now*.

But

But Phormio muſt aſſiſt me in this buſineſs.

Ant. He's ready: lay what load you will upon him,
He'll bear it all; for he's a friend indeed.

Get. Let's to him quickly then!*

Ant. D'ye want my help?

Get. We've no occaſion for you. Get you home
To the poor girl, who's almoſt dead with fear,
And ſee you comfort her.---Away! d'ye loiter?

Ant. There's nothing I would do ſo willingly. [*Exit.*

Phæ. But how will you effect this?

Get. I'll explain
That matter as we go along.---Away! [*Exeunt.*

* *Let's to him quickly then!*] After this in ſome books is inſerted a ſpeech of Phædria; *Abi dic, præſto ut ſit domi.* "Go, tell him to be at home." But it confounds the ſenſe in this place, and it is plain that Phædria and Geta go out together.

ACT III. SCENE I.

DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. WELL, Chremes? have you brought your daughter with you,
On whoſe account you went to Lemnos?
Chre. No.
Dem. Why not?
Chre. Her mother grown, it ſeems, impatient,
Perceiving that I tarried here ſo long,
And that the girl's age brook'd not my delays,
Had journied here, they ſaid, in ſearch of me,
With her whole family.
Dem. Appriz'd of this,
What kept you there ſo long then?
Chre. A diſeaſe.
Dem. How came it? what diſeaſe?
Chre. Is that a queſtion?
Old age itſelf is a diſeaſe.---However,
The maſter of the ſhip, who brought them over,
Inform'd me of their ſafe arrival hither.

Dem. Have you heard, Chremes, of my ſon's miſfortune
During my abſence?

Chre. Ay; and it confounds me.
For to another ſhould I tender her,
I muſt relate the girl's whole hiſtory,
And whence ariſes my connexion with her.
You I can truſt as ſafely as myſelf:
But if a ſtranger courts alliance with me,
While we're new friends, he'll hold his peace perhaps,
But if he cools, he'll know too much of me.
Then I'm afraid my wife ſhould know of this;
Which if ſhe does, I've nothing elſe to do,
But ſhake myſelf,* and leave my houſe directly:
For I've no friend at home, except myſelf.

Dem. I know it; and 'tis that which touches me.
Nor are there any means I'll leave untried,
Till I have made my promiſe to you good.

* *But ſhake myſelf, &c.*] *Ut me excutiam.* Alluding to the manners of the Greek and Eaſtern nations, who always ſhook their cloaths at the doors of the houſes, that they abandoned. DACIER.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter, at another part of the Stage, GETA.

Geta to himſelf.] I never ſaw a more ſhrewd rogue
than Phormio.
I came to let him know we wanted money,
With my device for getting it; and ſcarce
Had I related half, but he conceiv'd me.
He was o'erjoy'd; commended me; demanded
To meet with Demipho; and thank'd the Gods,
That it was now the time to ſhew himſelf
As truly Phædria's friend, as Antipho's.
I bad him wait us at the Forum; whither
I'd bring th' old gentleman.---And there he is!
---But who's the furthermoſt? Ha! Phædria's father.
---Yet what was I afraid of, Simpleton?
That I have got two dupes inſtead of one?
Is it not better that my hopes are doubled?
---I'll attack him, I firſt propos'd. If He
Anſwers my expectation, well: if not,
Why then have at you, Uncle!

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter behind ANTIPHO.

Ant. to himſelf.] I expect
Geta's arrival preſently.---But ſee!
Yonder's my Uncle with my father.---Ah!
How do I dread his influence!
Get. I'll to them.
Oh, good Sir Chremes! [*going up.*
Chre. Save you, ſave you, Geta!
Get. I'm glad to ſee you ſafe arriv'd.
Chre. I thank you.
Get. How go affairs?
Chre. A world of changes here,
As uſual at firſt coming home again.
Get. True. Have you heard of Antipho's affair?
Chre. The whole.
Get. to Demipho.] You told him, Sir?---'Tis monſtrous, Chremes,
To be ſo ſhamefully impos'd upon!
Dem. 'Twas on that point I was juſt talking with him.
Get. And I too, having turn'd it in my thoughts,
Have found, I think, a remedy
Dem. How, Geta?

What

What remedy?

Get. On leaving you, by chance
I met with Phormio.

Chre. Who is Phormio?

Get. The girl's ſollicitor.

Chre. I underſtand.

Get. I thought within myſelf, "ſuppoſe I found him!"
And taking him aſide, "Now prithee, Phormio,
"Why don't you try to ſettle this affair
"By fair means rather than by foul?" ſaid I.
"My maſter is a generous gentleman,
"And hates to go to law. For I aſſure you,
"His other friends adviſ'd him, to a man,
"To turn this girl directly out o'doors."

Ant. behind.] What does he mean? or where will all this end?

Get. "The law, you think, will give you damages,
"If he attempts to turn her out.---Alas,
"He has had counſel upon that.---I'faith,
"You'll have hot work, if you engage with Him;
"He's ſuch an Orator!---But ev'n ſuppoſe
"That you ſhould gain your law-ſuit, after all
"The trial is not for his life, but money."
Perceiving him a little wrought upon,
And ſoften'd by this ſtile of talking with him,
"Come now," continued I, "we're all alone.

" Tell me, what money would you take in hand
" To drop your law-ſuit, take away the girl,
" And trouble us no farther?"

Ant. behind.] Is he mad?

Get. ——" For I am well convinc'd, that if your
" terms
" Are not extravagant and wild indeed,
" My maſter's ſuch a worthy gentleman,
" You will not change three words between you."

Dem. Who
Commiſſion'd you to ſay all this?

Chre. Nay, nay,
Nothing could be more happy to effect
The point we labour at.

Ant. behind.] Undone!

Chre. to Geta.] Go on.

Get. At firſt he rav'd.

Dem. Why, what did he demand?

Get. Too much: as much as came into his head.

Chre. Well, but the ſum?

Get. He talk'd of a Great Talent.*

Dem. Plague on the raſcal! what! has he no ſhame?

Get. The very thing I ſaid to him.—" Suppoſe

* *A Great Talent.*] *Talentum Magnum.* Among the antient writers we meet ſometimes with the word *Talent* ſimply; ſometimes it is called *A Great Talent*; and ſometimes an *Attick Talent*; which all import the ſame, when to be underſtood of Grecian money. PATRICK.

" He,

" He was to portion out an only daughter,
" What could he give her more?---He profits little,
" Having no daughter of his own; ſince one
" Is found, to carry off a fortune from him."
---But to be brief, and not to dwell upon
All his impertinencies, He at laſt
Gave me this final anſwer.---" From the firſt,
" I wiſh'd, ſaid he, as was indeed moſt fit,
" To wed the daughter of my friend myſelf:
" For I was well aware of her misfortune;
" That, being poor, ſhe would be rather given
" In ſlavery, than wedlock, to the rich.
" But I was forc'd, to tell you the plain truth,
" To take a woman with ſome little fortune,
" To pay my debts: and ſtill, if Demipho
" Be willing to advance ſo large a ſum,
" As I'm to have with one I'm now engag'd to,
" There is no wife I'd rather take than Her."

Ant. behind.] Whether through malice, or ſtupidity,
He is rank knave or fool, I cannot tell.

Dem. to Geta.] What, if he owes his ſoul?

Get. " I have a farm,"
Continued he, " that's mortgag'd for Ten Minæ."

Dem. Well, let him take her then: I'll pay the money

Get. " A houſe for ten more."

Dem. Huy! huy! that's too much.

Chre. No noiſe! demand thoſe ten of me.

Get. " My wife
" Muſt buy a maid; ſome little furniture
" Is alſo requiſite; and ſome expence
" To keep our wedding: all theſe articles,"
Continues he, " we'll reckon at Ten Minæ."

Dem. No; let him bring ten thouſand writs againſt me.*
I'll give him nothing. What! afford the villain
An opportunity to laugh at me?

Chre. Nay, but be pacified! I'll pay the money.
Only do you prevail upon your ſon
To marry her, whom we deſire.

Ant. behind.] Ah me!
Geta, your treachery has ruin'd me.

Chre. She's put away on my account: 'tis juſt
That I ſhould pay the money.

Get. " Let me know,"
Continues he, " as ſoon as poſſible,
" Whether they mean to have me marry her;
" That I may part with t'other, and be certain.

* *Let him bring ten thouſand writs, &c.*] *Sexcentas ſcribito jam mihi dicas.* Donatus obſerves on this paſſage that *Six Hundred* was uſed by the Romans for an indefinite number, as *Ten Thouſand* was among the Greeks; wherefore Terence, according to the different genius of the two languages, renders the μυριας of Apollodorus by *ſexcentas*. I have in like manner rendered the *ſexcentas* of Terence by *Ten Thouſand*, as being moſt agreeable to the Engliſh idiom, as well as the Greek.

" For

" For t'other girl's relations have agreed
" To pay the portion down immediately."
Chre. He ſhall be paid *this* too immediately.
Let him break off with her, and take this girl!
Dem. Ay, and the plague go with him!
Chre. Luckily
It happens I've ſome money here; the rents
Of my wife's farms at Lemnos. I'll take that;
[*to* Demipho.
And tell my wife, that you had need of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manent ANTIPHO, GETA.

Ant. coming forward.] Geta!
Get. Ha, Antipho!
Ant. What have you done?
Get. Trick'd the old bubbles of their money.
Ant. Well,
Is that ſufficient, think ye?
Get. I can't tell.
'Twas all my orders.
Ant. Knave, d'ye ſhuffle with me? [*kicks him.*
Get. Plague! what d'ye mean?
Ant. What do I mean, ſirrah!

You've driven me to abſolute perdition.
All pow'rs of heav'n and hell confound you for't,
And make you an example to all villains!
—Here! would you have your buſineſs duly manag'd,
Commit it to this fellow!*——What could be
More tender than to touch upon this ſore,
Or even name my wife? My father's filled
With hopes that ſhe may be diſmiſs'd.---And then
If Phormio gets the money for the portion,
He to be ſure muſt marry her.---And what
Becomes of Me then?

Get. He'll not marry her.

Ant. Oh, no: but when they re-demand the money,
On my account he'll rather go to jail! [*ironically.*

Get. Many a tale is ſpoilt in telling, Antipho.
You take out all the good, and leave the bad.
—Now hear the other ſide.---If he receives
The money, he muſt wed the girl: I grant it.
But then ſome little time muſt be allow'd
For wedding-preparation, invitation,
And ſacrifices.---Meanwhile, Phædria's friends
Advance the money they have promis'd him:
Which Phormio ſhall make uſe of for repayment.

Ant. How ſo? what reaſon can he give?

* *Commit it to this fellow.*] *Huic mandes quod quidem rectè curatum velis.* In ſome editions and manuſcripts we read, inſtead of this verſe, *Huic mandes, qui te ad ſcopulum è tranquillo inferat.*—But the moſt judicious Criticks have rejected it as ſpurious. PATRICK.

Get.

Get. What reaſon?
A thouſand.---" Since I made this fatal bargain,
" Omens and prodigies have happen'd to me.
" There came a ſtrange black dog into my houſe!
" A ſnake fell through the tiling! a hen crow'd!
" The Soothſayer forbad it! The Diviner
" Charg'd me to enter on no new affair
" Before the winter."---All ſufficient reaſons.
Thus it ſhall be.
Ant. Pray heav'n, it may!
Get. It ſhall.
Depend on me:—But here's your father.---Go;
Tell Phædria that the money's ſafe. [*Exit* Antipho.

SCENE V.

Re-enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. Nay, peace!
I'll warrant he ſhall play no tricks upon us:
I'll not part raſhly with it, I aſſure you:
But pay it before witneſſes, reciting
To whom 'tis paid, and why 'tis paid.
Get. How cautious,
Where there is no occaſion! [*aſide.*
Chre. You had need.

But haſte, diſpatch it while the fit's upon him;
For if the other party ſhould be preſſing,
Perhaps he'll break with us.

Get. You've hit it, Sir.

Dem. Carry me to him then.

Get. I wait your pleaſure.

Chre. to Dem.] When this is done, ſtep over to my wife,
That ſhe may ſee the girl before ſhe goes;
And tell her, to prevent her being angry,
" That we've agreed to marry her to Phormio,
" Her old acquaintance, and a fitter match;
" That we have not been wanting in our duty,
" But giv'n as large a portion as he aſk'd."

Dem. Pſhaw! what's all this to you?

Chre. A great deal, Brother.

Dem. Is't not ſufficient to have done your duty,
Unleſs the world approves it?

Chre. I would chuſe
To have the whole thing done by her conſent:
Leſt ſhe pretend we turn'd her out o'doors.

Dem. Well, I can ſay all this to her myſelf.

Chre. A woman deals much better with a woman.

Dem. I'll aſk your wife to do it then.

[*Exeunt* Demipho *and* Geta.

Chre.

Chre. I'm thinking,*
Where I ſhall find theſe women now.

SCENE VI.

Enter SOPHRONA *at a diſtance.*

Soph. to herſelf.] Alas!
What ſhall I do, unhappy as I am?
Where find a friend? to whom diſcloſe this ſtory?
Of whom beſeech aſſiſtance?---For I fear
My miſtreſs will ſuſtain ſome injury
From following my counſel: the youth's father,
I hear, is ſo offended at this marriage.
Chre. Who's this old woman, coming from my brother's,
Seeming ſo terrified?
Soph. to herſelf.] 'Twas poverty
Compell'd me to this action: tho' I knew
This match would hardly hold together long,
Yet I adviſ'd her to it, that meanwhile
She might not want ſubſiſtence.

* *I'm thinking where I ſhall find, &c.*] This is intended as a tranſition to the next ſcene; but I think it would have been better if it had followed without this kind of introduction. The ſcene itſelf is admirable, and is in many places both affecting and comick, and the diſcovery of the real character of Phanium is made at a very proper time.

Chre.

Chre. Surely, ſurely,
Either my mind deceives me, or eyes fail me,
Or that's my daughter's nurſe.*
Soph. Nor can we find———
Chre. What ſhall I do?
Soph. —Her father out,
Chre. Were't beſt
I ſhould go up to her, or wait a little,
To gather ſomething more from her diſcourſe?
Soph. Could *he* be found, my fears were at an end.
Chre. 'Tis ſhe. I'll ſpeak with her.
Soph. overhearing.] Whoſe voice is that?
Chre. Sophrona!
Soph. Ha! my name too?
Chre. Look this way.
Soph. turning.] Good heav'n have mercy on us! Stilpho!
Chre. No.
Soph. Deny your own name?
Chre. in a low voice.] This way, Sophrona!---
---A little further from that door!---this way!---
And never call me by that name, I charge you.
Soph. What! ar'n't you then the man you ſaid you were? [*aloud.*
Chre. Hiſt! hiſt!

* *My daughter's nurſe.*] Among the antients the Nurſes, after having brought up children of their own ſex, never quitted them; which is the reaſon that in their plays Nurſes are moſt generally choſen for confidantes. ROUSSEAU'S EMILE.

Soph.

Soph. What makes you fear thoſe doors ſo much?

Chre. I have a fury of a wife within:
And formerly I went by that falſe name,
Leſt ye ſhould indiſcreetly blab it out,
And ſo my wife might come to hear of this.

Soph. Ah! thus it was, that we, alas, poor ſouls,
Could never find you out here.

Chre. Well, but tell me,
What buſineſs have you with that family? [*pointing.*
---Where is your miſtreſs and her daughter?

Soph. Ah!

Chre. What now? are they alive?

Soph. The daughter is:
The mother broke her heart with grief.

Chre. Alas!

Soph. And I, a poor, unknown, diſtreſs'd old woman,
Endeavouring to manage for the beſt,
Contriv'd to match the virgin to a youth,
Son to the maſter of this houſe.

Chre. To Antipho?

Soph. The very ſame.

Chre. What! has he two wives then?

Soph. No, mercy on us! he has none but her.

Chre. What is the other then, who, they pretend,
Is a relation to him?

Soph. This is ſhe.

Chre. How ſay you?

Soph.

Soph. It was all a mere contrivance;
That he, who was in love, might marry her
Without a portion.

Chre. O ye pow'rs of heaven,
How often fortune blindly brings about
More than we dare to hope for! Coming home,
I've found my daughter, even to my wiſh,
Match'd to the very perſon I deſir'd.
What we have both been labouring to effect,
Has this poor woman all alone accompliſh'd.

Soph. But now conſider what is to be done!
The bridegroom's father is return'd: and He,
They ſay, is much offended at this marriage.

Chre. Be of good comfort: there's no danger there.
But, in the name of heav'n and earth, I charge you,
Let nobody diſcover ſhe's my daughter.

Soph. None ſhall diſcover it from me.

Chre. Come then!
Follow me in, and you ſhall hear the reſt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DEMIPHO, GETA.

Dem. 'TIS our own fault, that we encourage rogues,
By over-ſtraining the due character
Of honeſty and generoſity.
* "Shoot not beyond the mark," the proverb goes.
Was't not enough that he had done us wrong,
But we muſt alſo throw him money too,
To live till he deviſes ſome new miſchief?

Get. Very right!

Dem. Knavery's now its own reward.

Get. Very true!

* *Shoot not beyond the mark.*] *Ita fugias ne præter caſam.* Literally, "Fly ſo, as not to "paſs the houſe." Commentators have been pleaſed to conſider this as the moſt difficult paſſage in any part of our Author's works. But the occaſion on which the proverb is here uſed, and the whole tenor of Demipho's ſpeech, make the import of it impoſſible to be miſtaken: Donatus long ago properly explained it, *Queritur ſenex ſe, dum avari infamiam fugeret, in ſtulti reprehenſionem incidiſſe.*—"The old man com-"plains, that while he was en-"deavouring to avoid the charge "of being a miſer, he had laid "himſelf open to the imputa-"tion of being a fool."

Dem. How like fools have we behav'd!

Get. So as he keeps his word, and takes the girl,
'Tis well enough.

Dem. Is that a doubt at preſent?

Get. A man, you know, may change his mind.

Dem. How! change?

Get. That I can't tell: but, *if perhaps*, I ſay.

Dem. I'll now perform my promiſe to my brother,
And bring his wife to talk to the young woman.
You, Geta, go before, and let her know
Nauſiſtrata will come and ſpeak with her.

[*Exit* Demipho.

SCENE II.

GETA *alone.*

The money's got for Phædria: all is huſh'd:
And Phanium is not to depart as yet.
What more then? where will all this end at laſt?
—Alas, you're ſticking in the ſame mire ſtill:
You've only chang'd hands, Geta.* The diſaſter,
That hung but now directly over you,
Delay perhaps will bring more heavy on you.
†You're quite beſet, unleſs you look about.

* *You've only chang'd hands, Geta.*] *Verſurâ ſolvere*, to change one creditor for another. DONATUS.

† *You're quite beſet.*] *Plagæ creſcunt. Plagæ* is generally underſtood here to ſignify *blows*: but as Geta is full of metaphors in

—Now then I'll home, to leſſon Phanium;
That ſhe mayn't ſtand in fear of Phormio,
Nor dread this conference with Nauſiſtrata.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

DEMIPHO *and* NAUSISTRATA.

Dem. Come then, Nauſiſtrata, afford us now
A little of your uſual art, and try
To put this woman in good humour with us:
That what is done ſhe may do willingly.

Nau. I will.

Dem. —And now aſſiſt us with your counſel,
As with your caſh a little while ago.†

Nau. With all my heart: and I am only ſorry
That 'tis my huſband's fault I can't do more.

Dem. How ſo?

Nau. Becauſe he takes ſuch little care

in this ſpeech, I am apt to think the words mean, "the "ſnares increaſe," which agrees better with the following clauſe, *niſi proſpicis*, and is a ſenſe in which the plural of *plaga* is often uſed.

* *Conference with Nauſiſtrata.*] *Ejus orationem.* *Ejus* here is not to be underſtood of Phormio, but Nauſiſtrata: and perhaps Terence wrote *hujus*. DACIER.

† *As with your caſh, &c.*] Alluding to the money borrowed of her to pay Phormio; and, as Donatus obſerves in another place, it is admirably contrived, in order to bring about a humourous cataſtrophe, that Chremes ſhould make uſe of his wife's money on this occaſion.

Of

Of the eſtate my father nurs'd ſo well:
For from theſe very farms he never fail'd
To draw Two Talents by the year. But ah!
What difference between man and man!

Dem. Two Talents?

Nau. Ay—in worſe times than theſe—and yet Two Talents.

Dem. Huy!

Nau. What, are you ſurpriz'd?

Dem. Prodigiouſly.

Nau. Would I had been a man! I'd ſhew——

Dem. No doubt.

Nau. —By what means——

Dem. Nay, but ſpare yourſelf a little
For the encounter with the girl: leſt ſhe,
Flippant and young, may weary you too much.

Nau. —Well, I'll obey your orders: but I ſee
My huſband coming forth.

SCENE IV.

Enter CHREMES *haſtily.*

Chre. Ha! Demipho!
Has Phormio had the money yet?

Dem. I paid him
Immediately.

Chre.

Chre. I'm ſorry for't.---[*ſeeing* Nauſiſtrata.]---My wife!

I'd almoſt ſaid too much. [*aſide.*

Dem. Why ſorry, Chremes?

Chre. Nothing.---No matter.

Dem. Well, but hark ye, Chremes.
Have you been talking with the girl, and told her
Wherefore we bring your wife?

Chre. I've ſettled it.

Dem. Well, and what ſays ſhe?

Chre. 'Tis impoſſible
To ſend her hence.

Dem. And why impoſſible?

Chre. Becauſe they're both ſo fond of one another.

Dem. What's that to Us?

Chre. A great deal. And beſides,
I have diſcover'd ſhe's related to us.

Dem. Have you your wits?

Chre. 'Tis ſo. I'm very ſerious.
—Nay, recollect a little!

Dem. Are you mad?

Nau. Good now, beware of wronging a relation!

Dem. She's no relation to us.

Chre. Don't deny it.
Her father had aſſum'd another name,
And that deceiv'd you.

Dem. What! not know her father?

Chre. Perfectly.

Dem. Why did ſhe miſname him then?

Chre. Won't you be rul'd, nor underſtand me then?

Dem. What can I underſtand from nothing?

Chre. Still? [*impatiently.*

Nau. I can't imagine what this means.

Dem. Nor I.

Chre. Wou'd you know all?---Why then, ſo help me heaven,

She has no nearer kindred in the world,
Than you and I.

Dem. Oh, all ye pow'rs of heaven!
---Let us go to her then immediately:
I wou'd fain know, or not know, all at once.
[*going.*

Chre. Ah! [*ſtopping him.*

Dem. What's the matter?

Chre. Can't you truſt me then?

Dem. Muſt I believe it? take it upon truſt?
---Well, be it ſo!---But what is to be done
With our friend's daughter?

Chre. Nothing.

Dem. Drop her?

Chre. Ay.

Dem. And keep this?

Chre. Ay.

Dem. Why then, Nauſiſtrata,
You may return. We need not trouble you.

Nau. Indeed, I think, 'tis better on all ſides,
That you ſhould keep her here, than ſend her hence.
For ſhe appear'd to me, when firſt I ſaw her,
Much of a gentlewoman. [*Exit* Nauſiſtrata.*

SCENE V.

Manent DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

Dem. What means this?

Chre. looking after Nauſiſtrata.] Is the door ſhut?

Dem. It is.

Chre. O Jupiter!
The Gods take care of us. I've found my daughter
Married to your ſon.

Dem. Ha! how could it be?

Chre. It is not ſafe to tell you here.

Dem. Step in then.

Chre. But hark ye, Demipho!——I would not have
Even our very ſons inform'd of this. [*Exeunt.*

* *Exit Nauſiſtrata.*] The perplexed ſituation of the characters in the above ſcene is truly comick.

SCENE VI.

ANTIPHO *alone.*

I'm glad, however my affairs proceed,
That Phædria's have ſucceeded to his mind.
How wiſe, to foſter ſuch deſires alone,
As, altho' croſs'd, are eaſily ſupplied!
Money, once found, ſets Phædria at his eaſe;
But my diſtreſs admits no remedy.
For, if the ſecret's kept, I live in fear;
And if reveal'd, I am expos'd to ſhame.
Nor would I now return, but in the hope
Of ſtill poſſeſſing her.---But where is Geta?
That I may learn of him, the fitteſt time
To meet my father.

SCENE VII.

Enter at a diſtance PHORMIO.

Phor. to himſelf.] I've receiv'd the money;
Paid the Procurer; carried off the wench;
Who's free, and now in Phædria's poſſeſſion.
One thing alone remains to be diſpatch'd;
To get a reſpite from th' old gentlemen

To

To tipple ſome few days, which I muſt ſpend
In mirth and jollity..
Ant. But yonder's Phormio.--- [*goes up.*
What now?
Phor. Of what?
Ant. What's Phædria about?
How does he mean to take his fill of love?
Phor. By acting your part in his turn.
Ant. What part?
Phor. Flying his father's preſence.---And he begs
That you'd act his, and make excuſes for him:
For he intends a drinking-bout with Me.
I ſhall pretend to the old gentlemen
That I am going to the fair at Sunium,
To buy the ſervant-maid, that Geta mention'd:
Leſt, finding I am abſent, they ſuſpect
That I am ſquandering the ſum they paid me.
---But your door opens.
Ant. Who comes here?
Phor. 'Tis Geta.

SCENE VIII.

Enter haſtily, at another part of the Stage, GETA.

Get. O Fortune, O beſt Fortune,* what high bleſſings,
What ſudden, great, and unexpected joys
Haſt thou ſhow'r'd down on Antipho to-day!---
Ant. What can this be, he's ſo rejoic'd about!
Get. ——And from what fears deliver'd Us, his friends?
---But wherefore do I loiter thus? and why
Do I not throw my cloak upon my ſhoulder,
And haſte to find him out, that he may know
All that has happen'd?
Ant. to Phormio.] Do you comprehend
What he is talking of?
Phor. Do you?
Ant. Not I.
Phor. I'm juſt as wiſe as you.
Get. I'll hurry hence
To the Procurer's.---I ſhall find them there. [*going.*
Ant. Ho, Geta!

* *O Fortune, O beſt Fortune, &c.*] *O Fortuna! O Fors Fortuna!* *Fortuna* ſignified ſimply chance; but *Fors Fortuna* meant Good Fortune, and there was a Temple to this Goddeſs near the Tiber. DONATUS.

Get.

Get. Look ye there!---Is't new or ſtrange,
To be recall'd when one's in haſte? [*going.*

Ant. Here, Geta!

Get. Again? Bawl on! I'll ne'er ſtop. [*going on.*

Ant. Stay, I ſay!

Get. Go, and be drubb'd!

Ant. You ſhall, I promiſe you,
Unleſs you ſtop, you Raſcal!

Get. ſtopping.] Hold, hold, Geta
Some intimate acquaintance this, be ſure,
Being ſo free with you.---But is it he,
That I am looking for, or not?---'Tis He.

Phor. Go up immediately. [*they go up to* Geta.

Ant. to Geta.] What means all this?

Get. O happy man! the happieſt man on earth!
So very happy, that, beyond all doubt,
You are the Gods' chief fav'rite, Antipho.

Ant. Wou'd I were! but your reaſon.

Get. Is't enough,
To plunge you over head and ears in joy?

Ant. You torture me.

Phor. No promiſes! but tell us.
What are your news?

Get. Oh, Phormio! are you here?

Phor. I am: but why d'ye trifle?

Get. Mind me then! [*to* Phormio.
No ſooner had we paid you at the Forum,
But we return'd directly home again.

---Arriv'd, my maſter ſends me to your wife.
[*to* Antipho.

Ant. For what?

Get. No matter now, good Antipho.
I was juſt entering the women's lodging,*
When up runs little Mida; catches me
Hold by the cloak behind, and pulls me back.
I turn about, and aſk why he detains me.
He told me, "Nobody muſt ſee his miſtreſs:
"For Sophrona, ſays he, has juſt now brought
"Demipho's brother, Chremes, here; and He
"Is talking with the women now within."
---When I heard this, I ſtole immediately
On tip-toe tow'rds the door; came cloſe; ſtood huſh;
Drew in my breath; applied my ear; and thus,
Deep in attention, catch'd their whole diſcourſe.

Ant. Excellent, Geta!

Get. Here I overheard
The pleaſanteſt adventure!---On my life,
I ſcarce refrain'd from crying out for joy.

Ant. What?

Get. What d'ye think? [*laughing.*

Ant. I can't tell.

Get. Oh! it was [*laughing.*
Moſt wonderful!---moſt exquiſite!---your uncle

* *The women's lodging.*] *Gynæceum*; from the Greek γυναικεῖον, οἴκημα underſtood. The Gynæceum was an interior part of the houſe appropriated to the women. WESTERHOVIUS.

Is found to be the father of your wife.

Ant. How! what?

Get. He had a ſly intrigue, it ſeems,
With Phanium's mother formerly at Lemnos.

[*laughing.*

Phor. Nonſenſe! as if ſhe did not know her father!

Get. Nay, there's ſome reaſon for it, Phormio,
You may be ſure.---But was it poſſible
For me, who ſtood without, to comprehend
Each minute circumſtance that paſt within?

Ant. I have heard ſomething of this ſtory too.*

Get. Then, Sir, to ſettle your belief the more,
At laſt comes forth your uncle; and ſoon after
Returns again, and carries in your father.
Then they both ſaid, they gave their full conſent,
That you ſhould keep your Phanium.---In a word,
I'm ſent to find you out, and bring you to them.

Ant. Away with me then inſtantly! D'ye linger?†

* *Antipho. I have heard ſomething, &c.*] In all the editions which I have ſeen, Bentley's excepted, this ſpeech is put into Phormio's mouth: but that learned Critick tells us it is attributed to Antipho in a copy at Cambridge. I am ſure it is very improper for Phormio, who had juſt before ſaid,

Nonſenſe! as if ſhe did not know her father! COOKE.

† *Away with me inſtantly! d'ye linger?*] *Quin ergo rape me. Ceſſas?* Antipho is ſo rejoiced at Geta's news, that he jumps upon his ſhoulders, and is carried off in triumph. This was a ſort of ſtage-trick, and was extremely diverting to the audience. DACIER.

I be-

Get. Not I. Away!
Ant. My Phormio, fare you well!
Phor. Fare you well, Antipho. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

PHORMIO *alone.*

Well done, 'fore heaven!
*I'm overjoy'd to ſee ſo much good fortune
Fallen thus unexpectedly upon them:
I've now an admirable opportunity
To bubble the old gentlemen, and eaſe
Phædria of all his cares about the money;
So that he need not be oblig'd to friends.
For this ſame money, tho' it will be given,

I believe Madam Dacier has not the leaſt foundation for this extraordinary piece of information; and I muſt confeſs that I have too high an opinion both of the Roman Audience and Actors, to believe it to be true.

* *I'm overjoy'd, &c.*] *Gaudeo, &c.* Pro *gaudeo* Guyetus *Plaudite:* & ſcenas ſequentes ſpurias eſſe pronuntiat; neminemque, *ſiquidem ſanus fuerit*, a ſe diſſenſurum putat. Credaſne hunc hominem ſanæ tum mentis fuiſſe, cum hæc effutiret? certe ad Anticyras relegandus tum erat; non nunc argumentis refutandus. Nihil in toto Terentio ſequentibus ſcenis pulchrius, venuſtius, urbanius, moratius: ſine quibus reliqua fabula, quæ nulli cedit, ex fulgore in fumum exiret.

BENTLEY.

See the laſt note to the fifth act.

Will

Will yet come from them much againſt the grain;
But I have found a way to force them to't.
---Now then I muſt aſſume a grander air,
And put another face upon this buſineſs.
---I'll hence awhile into the next bye-alley,
And pop upon them as they're coming forth.
---As for the trip I talk'd of to the Fair,
I ſha'n't pretend to take that journey now. [*Exit.*

ACT V.* SCENE I.

Enter DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES---*and ſoon after, on t'other ſide,* PHORMIO.

Dem. WELL may we thank the gracious Gods, good brother,
That all things have ſucceeded to our wiſh.
---But now let's find out Phormio with all ſpeed,

* *Act* V.] I have divided what is commonly received as the fifth act into two, nor is there any other way of removing the flagrant abſurdity in the old diviſion of this play, except doing the ſame thing by the firſt act, which is the method followed by Echard, who in his tranſlation concludes the firſt act with the parting of Davus and Geta; and it muſt not be diſſembled, that Donatus lays out the play in the ſame manner. But in a Comedy ſo full of action *(tota motoria,* as Donatus calls it) it is ſurely needleſs to make the firſt act conſiſt entirely of narration, like the meagre Step-Mother. In the diviſion here obſerved, I have endeavoured to aſſign a particular portion of the buſineſs of the play to each act. The firſt contains the previous circumſtances related by Geta, and the return of Demipho. The ſecond contains the conference of Phormio and Demipho, the conſultation of the lawyers, and the altercation between Dorio and Phædria. In the third, as it ought, the ſituation of affairs becomes more critical: Chremes returns; we find that the old gentlemen had particular reaſons to be uneaſy at the marriage of Antipho; this naturally paves the way for their being bubbled by Phormio and Geta; and

Before he throws away our Thirty Minæ.

Phor. pretending not to ſee them.]

I'll go and ſee if Demipho's at home,

That I may——

Dem. meeting him.]----We were coming to you, Phormio.

Phor. On the old ſcore, I warrant.

Dem. Ay.

Phor. I thought ſo.

---Why ſhould you go to Me?---Ridiculous!

Were you afraid I'd break my contract with you?

No, no! how great ſoe'er my poverty,

I've always ſhewn myſelf a man of honour.

Chre. Has not ſhe, as I ſaid, a liberal air?* } *apart.*

Dem. She has. }

and the act cloſes with the diſcovery of Phanium by Chremes. The fourth act communicates that diſcovery, in a very pleaſant manner, to Demipho, and by another way, equally entertaining, to Geta, Phormio, &c. The fifth contains the endeavour of the old men to recover their money, which effort very naturally produces the cataſtrophe, that betrays the whole ſecret to all the parties intereſted in the event. I hope it is needleſs to obſerve, that Phormio's retiring in order to wait for the coming forth of the old men, leaves the ſtage vacant, where I have ended the fourth act, and forms a proper interval between that act and the fifth.

* *Has not ſhe, as I ſaid, a liberal air?*] One cannot conceive any thing more happy or juſt than theſe words of Chremes. Demipho's thoughts are wholly taken up how to recover the money, and Phormio is equally ſollicitous to retain it; but Chremes, who had juſt left his daughter, is regardleſs of their diſcourſe, and, freſh from the impreſſions which ſhe had made on him, longs to know if his Brother's ſentiments of her were equally favourable, and naturally puts this paternal queſtion to him. PATRICK.

Phor.

Phor. ---And therefore I was coming, Demipho,
To let you know, I'm ready to receive
My wife whene'er you pleaſe. For I poſtpon'd
All other buſineſs, as indeed I ought,
Soon as I found ye were ſo bent on this.

Dem. Ay, but my brother has diſſuaded me
From going any further in this buſineſs.
" For how will people talk of it?" ſays he:
" At firſt you might have done it handſomely;
" But then you'd not conſent to it; and now
" After cohabitation with your ſon,
" To think of a divorce, is infamous."
---In ſhort, he urg'd almoſt the very things,
That you ſo lately charg'd me with yourſelf.

Phor. You trifle with me, Gentlemen.

Dem. How ſo?

Phor. How ſo?---Becauſe I cannot marry t'other,
With whom I told you I was firſt in treaty.
For with what face can I return to Her,
Whom I have held in ſuch contempt?

Chre. Tell him,
Antipho does not care to part with her.
[*prompting* Demipho.

Dem. And my ſon too don't care to part with her:
---Step to the Forum then, and give an order*

* *Give an order for the repayment, &c.*] *Argentum jube rurſum reſcribi. Scribere, reſcribere, perſcribere,* were technical terms in uſe among merchants and bankers: *ſcribere* is, to borrow money;

For the repayment of our money, Phormio.

Phor. What! when I've paid it to my creditors?

Dem. What's to be done then?

Phor. Give me but the wife,
To whom you have betroth'd me, and I'll wed her.
But if you'd rather ſhe ſhou'd ſtay with you,
The portion ſtays with Me, good Demipho.
For 'tis not juſt, I ſhould be bubbled by you;
When, to retrieve your honour, I've refus'd
Another woman with an equal fortune.

Dem. A plague upon your idle vapouring,
You vagabond!—D'ye fancy we don't know you?
You, and your fine proceedings?

Phor. You provoke me.

Dem. Why, would you marry her, if proffer'd?

Phor. Try me.

Dem. What! that my ſon may keep her privately
At your houſe?—That was your intention.

Phor. Ha!
What ſay you, Sir?

Dem. Give me my money, ſirrah!

Phor. Give *me* my *wife*, I ſay.

Dem. To juſtice with him!

Phor. To juſtice? Now, by heaven, Gentlemen,

money; *reſcribere*, to repay it; *perſcribere*, to employ it on your own occaſions. And all thoſe dealings were carried on then, as they are now with us, by Draughts, Bills of Exchange, &c. DACIER.

If

If you continue to be troubleſome—

Dem. What will you do?

Phor. What will I do? Perhaps,
You think that I can only patronize
Girls without portion; but be ſure of this,
I've ſome with portions too.*

Chre. What's that to Us?

Phor. Nothing.---I know a lady here, whoſe huſband--- [*careleſsly.*

Chre. Ha!

Dem. What's the matter?

Phor. ---Had another wife
At Lemnos.

Chre. aſide.] I'm a dead man.

Phor. ---By which other
He had a daughter; whom he now brings up
In private.

Chre. aſide.] Dead and buried!

Phor. This I'll tell her. [*going towards the houſe.*

Chre. Don't, I beſeech you!

* *I've ſome with portions too.*] *Etiam dotatis ſolco.* Donatus explains theſe words, as alluding to Nauſiſtrata; others ſuppoſe that Phormio confines his thoughts to no particular inſtance; but I think it is plain from the ſequel, as well as the general tenor of the ſcene, that Phormio ſtill keeps Phanium in his eye; and expreſſes himſelf obſcurely in this place, becauſe the old men were not yet aware of the intelligence he had received on that head, tho' every ſubſequent ſpeech leads gradually to an explanation, tends to create an open rupture between him and the old gentlemen, and brings on the final diſcovery to Nauſiſtrata.

Phor.

Phor. Oh! are you the man?

Dem. Death! how inſulting!

Chre. to Phormio.] We diſcharge you.

Phor. Nonſenſe!

Chre. What wou'd you more? The money you have got,
We will forgive you.

Phor. Well; I hear you now.
—But what a plague d'ye mean by fooling thus,
Acting and talking like mere children with me?
"—I won't; I will:—I will; I won't again:"—
Give, take; ſay, unſay: do, and then undo?

Chre. to Demipho.] Which way cou'd he have learnt this?

Dem. I don't know:
But I am ſure I never mention'd it.

Chre. Good now! amazing!

Phor. I have ruffled them. [*aſide.*

Dem. What! ſhall he carry off ſo large a ſum,*
And laugh at us ſo openly?—By heaven,
I'd rather die.—Be of good courage, brother!

* *What! ſhall he carry off, &c.*] The different characters of the two brothers are admirably preſerved throughout this ſcene. Chremes ſtands greatly in awe of his wife, and will ſubmit to any thing, rather than the ſtory ſhould come to her ears: But Demipho cannot brook the thoughts of loſing ſo much money, and encourages his brother to behave with ſpirit and reſolution, promiſing to make up matters between him and his wife. PATRICK.

Pluck up the ſpirit of a man! You ſee
This ſlip of your's is got abroad; nor can you
Keep it a ſecret from your wife. Now therefore
'Tis more conducive to your peace, good Chremes,
That we ſhould fairly tell it her ourſelves,
Than ſhe ſhould hear the ſtory from another.
And then we ſhall be quite at liberty
To take our own revenge upon this raſcal.

Phor. Ha!---If I don't take care, I'm ruin'd ſtill.
They're growing deſperate, and * making tow'rds me,
With a determin'd gladiatorial air.

Chre. to Demipho.] I fear, ſhe'll ne'er forgive me.

Dem. Courage, Chremes!
I'll reconcile her to't; eſpecially
The mother being dead and gone.

Phor. Is this
Your dealing, Gentlemen? You come upon me
Extremely cunningly.---But, Demipho,
You have but ill conſulted for your brother,
To urge me to extremities.---And you, Sir,
[*to* Chremes.
When you have play'd the whore-maſter abroad;
Having no reverence for your lady here,
A woman of condition; wronging her
After the groſſeſt manner; come you now

* *They're growing deſperate, &c.*] *Hi gladiatorio animo ad me affectant viam.* Alluding to the Gladiators.

To

To waſh away your crimes with mean ſubmiſſion?
No.---I will kindle ſuch a flame in her,
As, tho' you melt to tears, you ſha'n't extinguiſh.
Dem. A plague upon him! was there ever man
So very impudent?---A knave! he ought
To be tranſported at the publick charge
Into ſome deſert.
Chre. I am ſo confounded,
I know not what to do with him.
Dem. I know.
Bring him before a judge!
Phor. Before a judge?
A *Lady*-judge; in here, Sirs, if you pleaſe.
Dem. *Run you, and hold him, while I call the ſervants.
Chre. I cannot by myſelf: come up, and help me.
Phor. I have an action of aſſault againſt you. [*to* Demipho.
Chre. Bring it!
Phor. Another againſt you too, Chremes!

* *Run you, and hold him, while I call the ſervants.*] In conſequence of this line, moſt of the tranſlations introduce the ſervants here; but I think the ſcuffle between Phormio and the old men would be much more comick in the repreſentation without the intervention of ſervants: And it is remarkable that Phormio addreſſes himſelf ſolely to Demipho and Chremes, and that the imperatives uſed by themſelves alſo are all in the ſingular number, and may therefore moſt naturally be ſuppoſed to be addreſſed to each other, while in conflict with Phormio, without the aid of ſervants—*Rape hunc—Os opprime—Pugnos in ventrem ingere—&c.*

Dem. Drag him away! [*both lay hold of him.*

Phor. ſtruggling.] Is that your way with me!
Then I muſt raiſe my voice.---Nauſiſtrata!
Come hither.

Chre. Stop his mouth!

Dem. ſtruggling.] A ſturdy rogue!
How ſtrong he is!

Phor. ſtruggling.] Nauſiſtrata, I ſay.
Nauſiſtrata!

Chre. ſtruggling.] Peace, ſirrah!

Phor. Peace, indeed!

Dem. Unleſs he follows, ſtrike him in the ſtomach!

Phor. Ay, or put out an eye!---But here comes one
Will give me full revenge upon you both.

SCENE II.

To them NAUSISTRATA.

Nau. Who calls for me?

Chre. Confuſion!

Nau. to Chremes.] Pray, my dear,
What's this diſturbance?

Phor. Dumb, old Truepenny!

Nau. Who is this man?---Why don't you anſwer me? [*to* Chremes.

Phor. He anſwer you! He's hardly in his ſenſes.

Chre. Never believe him!

Phor. Do but go, and touch him;
He's in a ſhivering fit, I'll lay my life.

Chre. Nay—

Nau. But what means he then?

Phor. I'll tell you, Madam;
Do but attend!

Chre. *Will* you believe him then?

Nau. What is there to believe, when he ſays nothing?

Phor. Poor man! his fear deprives him of his wits.

Nau. to Chremes.] I'm ſure, you're not ſo much afraid for nothing.

Chre. What! I afraid? [*endeavouring to take heart.*

Phor. Oh, not at all!—And ſince
You're not afraid, and what I ſay means nothing,
Tell it yourſelf.

Dem. At your deſire, you raſcal?

Phor. Oh, you've done rarely for your brother, Sir! *

* *Oh, you've done rarely for your brother, &c.*] *Eho tu: factum eſt abs te ſedulò pro fratre.* This is commonly tranſlated, "that "it is no wonder, that you "defend your brother:" but it is a more inſulting ſpeech of Phormio, alluding to the miſerable condition, to which Chremes was reduced by Demipho's advice. Thus, in the foregoing ſcene, Phormio ſays, much in the ſame ſpirit.

— — — — But, Demipho,
You have but ill conſulted for your brother,
To urge me to extremities.—

Nau. What! won't you tell me, huſband?

Chre. But---

Nau. But what?

Chre. There's no occaſion for it.

Phor. Not for You:

But for the Lady there is much occaſion.

In Lemnos———

Chre. Ha! what ſay you?

Dem. to Phor.] Hold your peace!

Phor. Without your knowledge---

Chre. Oh dear!

Phor. He has had

Another wife.

Nau. My huſband? Heaven forbid!

Phor. 'Tis even ſo.

Nau. Ah me! I am undone.

Phor. ---And had a daughter by her there; while You

Were left to ſleep in ignorance alone.

Nau. Oh heavens!---Baſeneſs!---Treachery!

Phor. 'Tis fact.

Nau. Was ever any thing more infamous?

When they're with Us, their wives forſooth, they're old.

---Demipho, I appeal to You: for Him

I cannot bear to ſpeak to.---And were theſe

His frequent journies, and long ſtay at Lemnos?

Was

Was this the cheapneſs that reduc'd our rents?

Dem. That he has been to blame, Nauſiſtrata,
I don't deny; but not beyond all pardon.

Phor. You're talking to the dead.

Dem. It was not done
Out of averſion, or contempt to You.
In liquor, almoſt fifteen Years ago,
He met this woman, whence he had this daughter;
Nor e'er had commerce with her from that hour.
She's dead: your only grievance is remov'd.
Wherefore I beg you'd ſhew your wonted goodneſs,
And bear it patiently.

Nau. How! bear it patiently?
Alas, I wiſh his vices might end here.
But have I the leaſt hope? Can I ſuppoſe
That years will cure theſe rank offences in him?
Ev'n at that time he was already old,
If age could make him modeſt.---Are my years,
And beauty, think ye, like to pleaſe him more
At preſent, Demipho, than formerly?
---In ſhort, what ground, what reaſon to expect
That he ſhould not commit the ſame hereafter?

Phor. loud.] Whoever wou'd attend the funeral *

* *Whoever wou'd attend, &c.*] *Exſequias Chrementi, &c.* What creates the drollery of this ſpeech is, that Phormio here makes uſe of the ſame terms, which it was cuſtomary to uſe at the proclamation of Funerals — *L. Titio exſequias ire cui commodum eſt, jam tempus eſt, olius defertur.*

Of Chremes, now's the time!---See! That's my way.
Come on then! Provoke Phormio now, who dares!
Like Chremes, he ſhall fall a victim to me.*
---Let him get into favour, when he will!
I've had revenge ſufficient. She has ſomething
To ring into his ears his whole life long.

Nau. Have I deſerv'd this?---Need I, Demipho,
Number up each particular; and ſay
How good a wife I've been?

Dem. I know it all.

Nau. Am I then juſtly treated?

Dem. Not at all.
But ſince reproaches can't undo what's done,
Forgive him! He begs pardon; owns his fault;
And promiſes to mend.---What wou'd you more?

Phor. But hold; before ſhe ratifies his pardon,
I muſt ſecure myſelf and Phædria. [*aſide.*
---Nauſiſtrata, a word!---Before you give
Your anſwer raſhly, hear me!

Nau. What's your pleaſure?

Phor. I trick'd your huſband there of Thirty Minæ,
Which I have giv'n your ſon; and he has paid them
To a procurer for a miſtreſs.

Chre. How!

* *Fall a victim.*] *Mactatum infortunio.* There is an elegant humour in the combination of theſe words; *mactatum* being a term uſed at ſacrifices.

What

What ſay you?

Nau. Is it ſuch a heinous crime,
For your young ſon, d'ye think, to have *one* miſtreſs,
While *you* have *two* wives?---Are you not aſham'd?
Have you the face to chide him? Anſwer me!

Dem. He ſhall do ev'ry thing you pleaſe.

Nau. Nay, nay,
To tell you plainly my whole mind at once,
I'll not forgive, nor promiſe any thing,
Nor give an anſwer, till I ſee my ſon.

Phor. Wiſely reſolv'd, Nauſiſtrata.

Nau. Is That
Sufficient ſatisfaction for you?

Phor. Quite.
I reſt contented, well-pleas'd, paſt my hopes.

Nau. What is your name, pray?

Phor. My name? Phormio:
A faithful friend to all your family,
Eſpecially to Phædria.

Nau. Truſt me, Phormio,
I'll do you all the ſervice in my power.

Phor. I'm much oblig'd to you.

Nau. You're worthy on't.

Phor. Will you then even now, Nauſiſtrata,
Grant me one favour, that will pleaſure me,
And grieve your huſband's ſight?

Nau. With all my ſoul.

Phor.

Phor. Aſk me to ſupper!

Nau. I invite you.

Dem. In then!

Nau. We will: But where is Phædria, our judge?

Phor. He ſhall be with you.----[*To the audience,*

* Farewell; Clap your hands!

* *Farewell; Clap your hands!*] Theſe three laſt ſcenes [the ſame that compoſe the fifth act in this tranſlation] are perhaps the moſt beautiful of any in the Phormio; yet Guyetus has declared ſuch a cruel war againſt them, that he cuts them off at one ſtroke, without giving quarter to ſo much as a ſingle verſe: but it is impoſſible not to ſay, that this is rather the diſguſt of a ſick man, than the wholeſome delicacy of a judicious critick.

DACIER.

This remark of Madam Dacier, is as juſt as it is elegant, and the falſe delicacy of Guyetus is as inconſiſtent as it is ill-founded. For if he conſidered theſe ſcenes as ſuperfluous, thoſe, which here compoſe the fourth act, are ſuperfluous alſo; and the play ſhould end with the interview between Chremes and Sophrona; for when Phanium is diſcovered to be his daughter, nobody can doubt of her being permitted to remain the wife of Antipho, ſince it is the very thing which the two old gentlemen were labouring to bring about. But the truth is, that Terence in this play has diſplayed an addreſs ſomething ſimilar to that obſerved by Monſ. Diderot in the Self-Tormentor; for though Chremes has diſcovered his daughter himſelf, yet he is particularly anxious to conceal that incident from every perſonage in the Comedy, except Demipho; and the gradual unfolding that circumſtance to all the other characters of the play gives the poet an opportunity of continuing his piece with all that humour and pleaſantry, with which we ſee he has accompliſhed it: and his uncommon art in thus adding to the intereſt of his Comedy, inſtead of ſuffering it to languiſh, after ſo important a diſcovery, is worthy our particular obſervation. Theſe ſcenes have indeed generally procured our poet the approbation of the ſevereſt criticks. Bentley, in the laſt note to the fourth act, ſpeaks of them in the handſomeſt terms, and is ſo far from endeavouring to bring them

them within "the proſcribing "hook," that he declares Guyetus to be an abſolute madman for his unmerciful ſentence of amputation.

But though there are few readers, who would not on this occaſion concur in the opinion of Bentley and Dacier, yet I do not think that this Comedy has in general received the encomiums it deſerves. The plot indeed, being *double*, is ſo far faulty; and the ſtory of Phanium and Antipho would certainly of itſelf afford ſufficient materials for a Comedy, without the epiſode of Phædria and the Muſick-Girl. It muſt however be acknowledged that, allowing that epiſode, the conſtruction of the fable is extremely artful, and contains a vivacity of intrigue perhaps even ſuperior to that of the Eunuch, particularly in the Cataſtrophe. The diction is pure and elegant, and the firſt act as chaſtly written as that of the Self-Tormentor itſelf. The character of Phormio is, as Donatus has obſerved, finely ſeparated from that of Gnatho, and is, I think, better drawn than that of any Paraſite in Plautus. Nauſiſtrata is a lively ſketch of a ſhrewiſh wife, as well as Chremes an excellent draught of an hen-pecked huſband, and more in the ſtile of the modern drama than perhaps any character in antient comedy, except the Miſer of Plautus. On the whole, if Terence copied as cloſely from his original in this play, as he is ſuppoſed to have done in the four which he drew from Menander, it muſt give us no mean opinion of the dramatick merits of Apollodorus.

Moliere has given us a contemptible traveſtie of this excellent comedy in his miſerable farce of *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, "The Cheats of Scapin." It would be too injurious to the memories both of Terence and Moliere to enter into any particular compariſon between the two pieces. I ſhall therefore conclude theſe notes with the well-known lines of Boileau.

Etudiez la cour, et connoiſſez la ville:
L'une & l'autre eſt toujours en modeles fertile.
C'eſt par là que Moliere illuſtrant ſes ecrits,
Peut-être de ſon Art eut remporté le prix;
Si moins ami du peuple, en ſes doctes peintures,
Il n'eut point fait ſouvent grimacer ſes figures;
Quittè pour le bouffon, l'agreable & le fin,
Et ſans honte a Terence alliè Tabarin.
Dans ce ſac ridicule, ou Scapin s'envelope,
Je ne reconnois plus l'Auteur du Miſanthrope.

ART POETIQUE, *Chant troiſiems.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was at firſt intended to have added to this Edition a tranſlation of the Fragments of Menander, and ſuch a tranſlation was actually begun, and afterwards laid aſide, merely becauſe it was feared that it would appear unſatisfactory: and indeed no juſt or adequate idea could be formed of an Author, whoſe remains were ſo mutilated and imperfect, that no ſingle ſcene, nay ſcarce any two ſubſequent ſpeeches, of his Plays were extant! Upon reflection, therefore, that intention was ſuperſeded for the ſake of annexing to this tranſlation a feeble ſpecimen of a verſion of Plautus; of which Author, if the Engliſh reader has any curioſity

curioſity to enter into a more minute inveſtigation, ſuch a reader may be ſure that he will find his works as much more happily rendered by Mr. Thornton, in his edition publiſhed laſt Year, as the phraſe and idiom of Plautus are more difficult to transfuſe into a modern language than thoſe of Terence. Our Author, to be tranſlated with any degree of juſtice, muſt be given almoſt *verbatim* and *literatim*; but the tranſlator of Plautus muſt ſupply the defects of his original, lop his redundancies, and become, as it were, himſelf another Plautus; a taſk to which few could be equal, except him who has undertaken, and effected it.

THE

THE MERCHANT,

TRANSLATED FROM

PLAUTUS.

PERSONS.

DEMIPHO,
LYSIMACHUS,
CHARINUS,
EUTYCHUS,
ACANTHIO,
COOK,
SERVANTS, *&c.*

DORIPPA,
PASICOMPSA,
SYRA.

SCENE, ATHENS.

THE MERCHANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

CHARINUS.

'TIS * now my purpoſe to diſpatch two things,
The argument and my amours, at once.
Not like ſome other lovers I have ſeen
In comedy, who to the night, or day,
Or ſun, or moon, relate their miſeries.
For what care they for the complaints of men?
What are our wiſhes, or our fears, to them?
I therefore rather tell my griefs to you.

* *'Tis now, &c.*] The criticks have very juſtly cenſured this practice of introducing one of the characters of the piece, who ought to endeavour to give the repreſentation an air of truth, as the ſpeaker of a Prologue confeſſing the whole to be fiction, and as it were dividing his perſon between his real and aſſumed character. Allowing, however, for that impropriety, the common cuſtom of our author's age, and for the digreſſive ſallies of a rich imagination, this Prologue has great merit.

This play, in Greek entitled EMPOROS,*
And written by Philemon, Marcus Accius,
Tranſlating it in Latin, ſtiles MERCATOR.
Know then, 'tis now two years I parted hence,
Sent by my father forth to trade at Rhodes.
There with a charming fair I fell in love;
And how I was entangled with that love
Lend but your ears and minds, I will unfold.
—In this too have I ſwerv'd from ancient rules,
By falling roundly on my tale, ere yet
I had obtain'd or aſk'd your leave.---† For love
Hath all theſe vices in his train; care, ſpleen,
And elegance refin'd into a fault:
---For not the lover only, but whoe'er
Aims at an elegance beyond his means,
Brings great and heavy evils on himſelf.---
But theſe ills alſo, which are yet untold,
Are incident to love; the wakeful eye,
The troubled mind, confuſion, terror, flight,
Trifling, nay folly, raſhneſs, thoughtleſſneſs,
Madneſs, and impudence, and petulance,
Inordinate deſires, and wanton wiſhes:
Covetouſneſs, and idleneſs, and wrong,

* *Emporos.*] A greek word, εμπορος, which, as well as the Latin one, *mercator*, in the next line but one, ſignifies a Merchant.

† *For love—hath all, &c.*] In the beginning of the Eunuch of Terence, there is a celebrated paſſage very ſimilar to this of our author.

And want, and contumely, and expence,
Babbling unopportune, and ill-tim'd ſilence:
Now talking much, and nothing to the purpoſe,
Things not to have been ſaid, or not ſaid now;
And then again too mute; for never lover,
However eloquent, e'er utter'd half
That might be ſaid in pleading for his love.
Let not my babbling then offend you now!
Since Venus gave it, when ſhe gave me love:
Love! the dear ſubject of my tale, to which
'Tis fitting now I ſtudy to return.

No ſooner was I unto manhood grown,
My boyiſh days and boyiſh ſtudies paſt,
But I became diſtractedly enamour'd
Of a young harlot in this neighbourhood:
Then all my means, without my father's knowledge,
Were ſquander'd upon her; for ſhe was held
In ſlavery by a hungry pimp, whoſe palm
Still itch'd, and tongue ſtill crav'd, for ſordid gain.
On this my father urg'd me night and day,
Painting the wrongs, the perfidy, of pimps;
Inſiſting, that his fortunes ran to waſte,
To ſwell the tide of theirs. All this aloud:
Anon he growl'd and mutter'd to himſelf,
Refus'd to enter into converſe with me,
Nay, would deny me for his ſon; then ran,
Bawling and raving, to warn all the town

To give no credit, and advance no money;
Crying, that the extravagance of love
Had ruin'd thouſands;---that I paſt all bounds,
And was a ſpendthrift and a libertine,
Who drew, by ev'ry means I could deviſe,
His wealth and ſubſtance from him;---that 'twas vile,
To waſte and diſſipate in vicious love,
What he by care and labour had acquir'd;---
That he had nurtur'd a domeſtick ſhame,
Whom nothing but repentance could redeem,
And render fit to live;---that at my years
He did not, like myſelf, devote his time
To idleneſs, and indolence, and love
---Nor could indeed have done it, ſo ſevere
And ſtrict a hand his father held on him---
But toil'd and moyl'd for ever in the country;
Once in five years allow'd to viſit town,
And then, * as ſoon as he had ſeen the ſhew,
Dragg'd by his father back into the country,
Where he work'd moſt of all the family;
His father crying all the while, "Well done!
"'Tis not for me, but for yourſelf, my boy,
"You plow and harrow, ſow and reap; your toil

* *As ſoon as he had ſeen the ſhew.*] *Ut ſpectaviſſet peplum.* The ſhew alluded to in the original was the ceremony of the *Panathenaica Magna*, the great feaſts of Minerva, which were celebrated but once in five years. The *peplus* or *peplum* was a ſacred habit worn on theſe occaſions.

"Will

"Will end in joy and happineſs at laſt;"---
That when his father died he ſold the farm,
And purchas'd with the money rais'd from thence
A veſſel of * three hundred ton; with which
He traded to all quarters of the globe,
And made the fortune which he now poſſeſt;
---That it behov'd me too to do the ſame,
And ſhew that I was worthy of his love,
By following ſo worthy an example.---
I therefore, ſeeing that I was become
The object of my father's hate---my father,
Whom I was bound to pleaſe---tho' mad with love,
Subdued, however hard the taſk, my mind,
And told him I was ready to go forth
To traffick, and determin'd to renounce,
So he were pleas'd withal, all thoughts of love.
He thank'd me, prais'd me for my good intention,
But fail'd not to exact my promiſe of me:
† Builds me a veſſel, purchaſes a cargo,
Embarks it ſtrait, and pays me down a talent ‡.
With me he ſends a ſlave too, who had been

* *Three hundred ton.*] *Metretas trecentas.* According to the commentators, the exact amount of a *metreta* of wine was an hundred weight.

† *Builds me a veſſel.*] *Ædificat navem cercurum.* Called Cercurus, from Corcyra or Cercyra, an iſland famous for ſhip-building; whence Cercurus became a general name for all veſſels.

‡ *A talent.*] The Attick talent amounted to ſixty minæ, making about 193 l. 15s. of our money.

A tutor to me in my infancy,
By way of governor. We hoiſted ſail,
And ſoon arriv'd at Rhodes; where I diſpos'd
Of all the merchandize that I had brought,
Much to my gain and profit, much beyond
The rate at which my father valued it.
Having thus rais'd much money, I encounter'd
An old acquaintance at the port, who knew me,
And aſk'd me home to ſupper: home I went,
And ſat me down; was handſomely receiv'd,
And merrily and nobly entertain'd.
Going to reſt at night, behold, a woman,
A handſomer was never ſeen, came to me!
Sent by my hoſt's command to ſleep with me.
Judge too how much ſhe pleas'd me! for next day
I begg'd my hoſt to ſell her to me, ſwearing
I would be grateful, and requite his kindneſs.
In ſhort I bought her, and but yeſterday
I brought her hither. Yet would I not chuſe
My father ſhould diſcover I have brought her.
Her and a ſlave I've left on board the ſhip.---
But how's this? Is't not he that I ſee yonder,
My ſlave, that's running hither from the port,
Altho' I charg'd him not to leave the ſhip?
I dread the reaſon of it.

SCENE

SCENE II.*

Enter ACANTHIO *haſtily.*

Acan. Do your utmoſt,
Try all your force, uſe all your ſkill, to ſave
Your poor young maſter! Stir yourſelf, Acanthio;
Away with wearineſs; beware of ſloth;---
Plague on this panting! I can ſcarce fetch breath.---
Drive all you meet before you; puſh them down,
And roll them in the kennel! Plague upon't;
Tho' the folks ſee one breathleſs and in haſte,
None have the manners truly to give place.
And ſo one's forc'd to do three things at once;
To run, and fight, and quarrel all the way.
Cha. behind.] What can it be that aſks ſuch wondrous haſte?
I long to know what news he brings.
Acan. I trifle.
The more I ſtop, the more we are in danger.
Cha. He ſpeaks of ſome misfortune.
Acan. My knees fail me.

* SCENE II.] As the Prologue relates part of the fable, and Charinus acts in his dramatick character, the entrance of Acanthio conſtitutes the beginning of the ſecond ſcene: and it is ſo marked in the *Variorum* edition of the original.

Oh,

Oh, how * my heart keeps thumping in my boſom!
My breath's gone! I ſhould make a woful piper!

Cha. behind.] Plague! take your mantle, and wipe off the ſweat.

Acan. Not all the baths on earth can take away
This laſſitude.---But where's Charinus now?
Is he abroad? or to be found at home?

Cha. Oh, how I doubt what this affair can be?
I'll know immediately, to eaſe my pain.

Acan. Why do I ſtand thus? why do I not beat
Our door to ſhatters?---Open ſomebody!
Ho! is Charinus, my young maſter, here?
Or is he gone abroad?---What! nobody
To anſwer to the door?

Cha. Ho! here am I,
You're looking for, Acanthio!

Acan. not ſeeing him.] Such a ſchool
For ſervants, as our houſe!

Cha. What miſchief now? [*going up.*

Acan. Much miſchief to yourſelf and me, Charinus.

Cha. What is the matter?

Acan. We're undone, Charinus.

Cha. Be that the fortune of our enemies!

Acan. But 'tis *your* fortune.

Cha. Well, whate'er it be,

* *Oh, my heart, &c.*] *Seditionem facit lien: occupat præcordia.* *Lien* properly ſignifies the ſpleen.

Tell me this inſtant.

Acan. Softly! I want breath.
I've burſt a vein already for your ſake,—
And now I ſpit blood.

Cha. Take Egyptian roſin
Mix'd with a little honey: that will cure you.

Acan. Plague! drink hot pitch, and that will eaſe *your* pain.

Cha. I never ſaw ſo paſſionate a fellow.

Acan. Nor I one ſo provoking.

Cha. But why ſo?
Becauſe that I adviſe you for your health?

Acan. Plague take the health that's bought with ſo much pain!

Cha. Was ever good without ſome little ill?
And would you loſe the firſt to miſs the laſt?

Acan. I don't know that: I'm no philoſopher:
And don't deſire the good that's mix'd with evil.

Cha. Give me your hand, Acanthio.

Acan. Here then, take it.

Cha. Will you obey me? ay, or no, Acanthio?

Acan. Judge by experience; when I've burſt myſelf
In running up and down to ſeek you out,
That you might know the news more ſpeedily.

Cha. Within theſe few months I will make you free.

Acan.

Acan. Ah, how you ſtroak me!

Cha. Do you think 'tis falſe?
Before I ſpeak, you know if I would lie.

Acan. Ah! your words weary me ſtill more: you kill me.

Cha. Is't thus that you obey me?

Acan. What's your pleaſure?

Cha. Do as I'd have you.

Acan. Well, what *would* you have?

Cha. I'll tell you.

Acan. Tell me.

Cha. Softly, in your ear.

Acan. Are you afraid * to wake the ſleeping audience?

Cha. Plague take you!

Acan. I have brought you from the port---

Cha. What have you brought me? tell me.

Acan. Force, and fear,
Torture, and care, and ſtrife, and beggary.

Cha. Death! what a ſtore of evils haſt thou brought!
I'm ruin'd then?

Acan. You are.

Cha. And I'm a wretch?

* *Are you afraid, &c.*] Another inſtance of impropriety, not uncommon in our author, of breaking into the ſeeming reality of the repreſentation by addreſſes or alluſions to the ſpectators.

Acan.

Acan. Ev'n ſo: I'll ſay no more.

Cha. What is this miſchief?

Acan. Nay, never aſk: the heavieſt misfortune!

Cha. Ah prithee, good now, eaſe me of my pain:
You keep my mind too long in this ſuſpence *.

Acan. Softly! I've many things to aſk of you
Before I'm beaten.

Cha. Faith, you *ſhall* be beaten,
Unleſs you ſpeak, or run away.

Acan. See there!
See, how he coaxes! no man upon earth
So gentle, when he gives his mind to it.

Cha. I beg you, I intreat you, tell me quickly;
Since I muſt turn a ſuppliant to my ſlave.

Acan. Am I unworthy on't?

Cha. Oh no: moſt worthy.

Acan. I thought ſo.

Cha. Is the ſhip loſt?

Acan. Safe: ne'er fear.

Cha. And all the cargo?

Acan. Safe and ſound.

Cha. Then tell me,

* *You keep my mind too long in this ſuſpence.*] He does indeed; and it is to be feared that this trifling of Acanthio, though not deſtitute of humour, will prove as tireſome to many readers of Plautus as it ſeems to Charinus.

Why

Why you ran over the whole town to ſeek me?

Acan. You take the words out of my mouth.

Cha. I'm dumb.

Acan. Be dumb then; ſurely if I brought glad tidings

You would be wondrous preſſing, ſince you urge me
Thus beyond meaſure to tell evil news.

Cha. I do beſeech you, let me know the worſt.

Acan. I will then, ſince you challenge it.—Your father—

Cha. What of my father?

Acan. Has ſeen——

Cha. What?

Acan. Your miſtreſs.

Cha. My miſtreſs? Oh, ill fortune!—But inform me——

Acan. Of what?

Cha. How could he ſee her?

Acan. With his eyes.

Cha. But how?

Acan. By opening them.

Can. Away, you raſcal!
To trifle when my life's at ſtake.

Acan. How trifle?
Did not I give an anſwer to your queſtion?

Cha. Is't certain he has ſeen her?

Acan. Ay, as certain

As

As I ſee you, or you ſee me.

Cha. But where?

Acan. On board the ſhip, where he ſtood cloſe beſide her,

And ſpoke with her.

Cha. You have undone me, father!
And you, you raſcal, wherefore did not you
Prevent his ſeeing her? How comes it, ſirrah,
You did not ſhut her up, to hinder it?

Acan. Becauſe we were employ'd about our buſineſs,
And buſy with the tackling. The mean while
Your father came 'long-ſide us with a boat,
And no ſoul ſaw him till he was on board.

Cha. In vain have I eſcap'd loud ſtorms at ſea;
Now, when I thought myſelf ſecure on ſhore,
I feel myſelf the ſport of angry waves,
And daſh'd upon the rocks.——Proceed: what follow'd?

Acan. Soon as he ſaw the woman, he enquir'd
Whom ſhe belong'd to.

Cha. What did ſhe reply?

Acan. I ran directly up, and breaking in,
Said you had bought her as a ſerving-maid,
To wait upon your mother.

Cha. Did he ſeem
To credit this?

Acan.

Acan. Entirely.——But the rogue
Began to toy with her.

Cha. With *her*, d'ye ſay?

Acan. Why, do you think he'd toy with *me?*

Cha. My heart
Melts away drop by drop in briny tears,
Like ſalt diſſolv'd in water. I'm undone.

Acan. That's true enough: and yet 'tis fooliſh too.

Cha. What ſhall I do?——If I ſhould tell my father
I bought this woman for my mother's uſe,
He'll not believe it: and 'tis ſhameful too
To tell my father lies. He'll not believe it;
Nor is it credible I ſhould have purchas'd
So ſweet a creature to attend my mother.

Acan. Ridiculous! Have done: he *will* believe it:
For he believ'd my ſtory.

Cha. How I dread
His catching ſome ſuſpicion of the truth!
Tell me, Acanthio!

Acan. What is't I muſt tell you?

Cha. Did he appear to have the leaſt ſuſpicion
She was my miſtreſs?

Acan. Not the leaſt: but ſwallow'd
All that I told him.

Cha.

Cha. So you might imagine.

Acan. Nay, but I'm ſure he did.

Cha. Confuſion! ruin!

---But wherefore waſte I my time here in grieving?
Why don't I ſeek the veſſel?---Follow me.

Acan. Go *that* way, and you're ſure to meet your father:
Who, when he ſees you fearful and diſmay'd,
Will ſtrait take hold of you, and queſtion you,
Where 'twas you bought her, what you gave for her,
And overwhelm you in your fright.

Cha. Why then,
I'll go this other way.---D'ye think my father
Has left the Port?

Acan. It was the very reaſon
I ran before to ſeek you out, for fear
He ſhould fall on you unawares, and worm
The ſecret out of you.

Cha. 'Twas bravely done.

ACT II. SCENE I.

DEMIPHO.

HOW many ways the Gods make ſport of men!
How ſtrangely do they fool us in our ſleep!
As I laſt night experienc'd in my dream.
Methought I bought a beautiful ſhe-goat;
But leſt ſhe ſhould offend another goat,
I had before at home; or leſt the two,
Together in one place, ſhould diſagree,
Methought I gave her to the cuſtody
Of an old ape; who not long after came,
Full of complainings and reproaches, to me:
Saying, that by receiving this new gueſt,
He had ſuſtain'd much injury and wrong;
For the ſhe-goat I truſted to his care
Had ſeiz'd on his wife's dowry. Strange! ſaid I,
A ſingle goat ſhould ſeize an ape's wife's dowry! *
Still he inſiſted on it; and in ſhort,
Unleſs I took the goat directly thence,

* *A ſingle goat, &c.*] *Ut una illæc capra uxoris ſimiæ dotem embadederit.* The intended wit and humour of this paſſage in the original depends on a play of words between *una* and *embadederit*; a poor conceit, neither capable nor worthy of being preſerved in the tranſlation.

Threaten'd

Threaten'd to bring her home unto my wife;
I doating, as I thought, on this young goat;
No friend at hand to take her to his care,
Was tortur'd with diſtreſs and doubt. Mean while
A kid, methought, accoſted me, and told me,
That he had carried off the goat, and laugh'd;
While I lamented and bewail'd her loſs.
To what this dream ſhould point, I can't deviſe:
Altho' indeed I half ſuſpect already
The meaning of that little young She-goat:
For, having finiſh'd all my buſineſs here,
I went this morning early to the port,
Where I beheld a veſſel come from Rhodes,
In which my ſon arriv'd but yeſterday;
It came, I know not how, into my head,
To viſit it; I got into a boat,
And went from thence on board the ſhip; wherein
I ſaw a woman of exceeding beauty,
Intended by my ſon to ſerve his mother.
Ev'n at firſt ſight I fell in love with her;
Not ſoberly in love, but to diſtraction.
In former days, 'tis true, when I was young,
I've been in love indeed; but never thus.
Oh how I rave! with no more ſenſe than this,
To know that I am mad, and die for love.
Ay marry, this is the She-goat, I warrant;

But what the Ape and Kid portend, I fear.*
But peace! I ſee my neighbour coming forth.

SCENE II.

Enter LYSIMACHUS *and* SERVANT.

Lyſim. to ſervant.] Now by my troth, I'll have that old goat gelt
That gives me ſo much trouble in the country.
Dem. behind.] Oh horrid omen! dreadful augury!
I wiſh my wife don't treat me like this goat,
And act the part of that ſame ape I dreamt of.
Lyſim. to ſervant.] Go you directly to my country-houſe,

* *But what the Ape, &c.*] I cannot ſay I much approve of this figurative relation of the antecedent and ſubſequent parts of the fable in the ſuppoſed dream of Demipho. With how much more beauty and art has Shakeſpeare introduced a circumſtance of the like nature, where he repreſents Romeo as deluded by a flattering dream juſt before he receives news of Juliet's death!

If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's lord ſits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy!

And

And ſee that you deliver up thoſe rakes
Into my farmer Piſtus his own hands.
Let my wife know, ſhe is not to expect me,
As I have buſineſs keeps me here in town;
Say, I've three cauſes coming on to-day.
Go, and remember.

Serv. Nothing elſe, Sir?

Lyſim. Nothing. [*Exit* Servant.

Dem. coming up.] Save you, Lyſimachus!

Lyſim. Ha! Demipho!
Save you: how is't? how goes it?

Dem. Wretchedly.

Lyſim. The Gods forbid!

Dem. 'Tis the God's doing.

Lyſim. What?

Dem. I'd tell you, if I ſaw you were at leiſure.

Lyſim. Nay, tho' I'm buſy, tell me, Demipho:
I've always leiſure to aſſiſt my friend.

Dem. I know your friendly nature by experience.
---How old do I appear to you?

Lyſim. So old,
That you have one foot in the grave; quite aged;
Tottering beneath the weight of years; decrepid.

Dem. You're blind: I am a child, Lyſimachus,
A child of ſev'n years old.

Lyſim. Of ſev'n years old!
You're mad.

Dem. 'Tis true.

Lyſim. Oh, now I gueſs your meaning.
When a man reaches the laſt ſtage of life,
" *Sans* ſenſe, *ſans* taſte, *ſans* eyes, *ſans* every thing,"
They ſay that he is grown a child again.

Dem. Nay, nay, but I'm in better health than ever.

Lyſim. Well done! I'm glad on't.

Dem. And if you knew all,
My eyes are better than they ever were.

Lyſim. Very well!

Dem. Very ill, Sir.

Lyſim. Very ill then.

Dem. But may I dare to tell you?

Lyſim. Boldly.

Dem. Hear then!

Lyſim. I'm all attention.

Dem. On this very day
I've been to ſchool to learn the alphabet,
I know four letters.

Lyſim. What four letters?

Dem. LOVE.

Lyſim. Love, you old fool! with that grey head, you dotard!

Dem. Grey head, or red head, or black head, I love.

Lyſim. You mean to play upon me, Demipho.

Dem. Cut off my head, if what I ſay be falſe:
Or, that you may be certain that I love,

Take

Take a knife, cut my finger, or my ear,
My noſe, or lip; and if I ſhrink, or wince,
Or feel that I am cut, Lyſimachus,
I'll give you leave to kill me for my love.

Lyſim. If you have ever ſeen, or wiſh to ſee
The *picture* of a lover, this is he.
For in my mind an old, decrepid, dotard
Is but a painted ſign upon a wall.

Dem. This, I ſuppoſe, is meant to puniſh me.

Lyſim. I puniſh you?

Dem. I don't deſerve reproof.
Many great men have done the ſame before.
'Tis natural to all mankind to love:
'Tis natural to all mankind to pardon.
Upbraid me not; I love againſt my will.

Lyſim. I don't upbraid you.

Dem. Nay, but do not hold me
The leſs in your eſteem on this account.

Lyſim. Ah! heav'n forbid I ſhould!

Dem. Take care!

Lyſim. I will.

Dem. But certainly?

Lyſim. You peſter me.---This man
Is mad with love.---Would you aught elſe?

Dem. Your ſervant!

Lyſim. I'm going to the Port! I've buſineſs there.

Dem. A pleaſant walk to you!

Lyſim. Farewel.

Dem. Farewel! [*Exit* Lyſimachus.*

SCENE III.

DEMIPHO *alone.*

I have ſome buſineſs at the Port myſelf:
I'll thither.---But I ſee my ſon. Good! good!
I'll wait his coming; and I muſt conſider
Which way I ſhall endeavour to perſuade him
To ſell this wench, not give her to his mother,
For whom I hear he bought her as a preſent.
But it behoves me to be wary, leſt
He find I've ſet my heart upon the girl.

SCENE IV.

Enter at a diſtance CHARINUS.

Cha. Never, I verily believe, was man
So miſerable as myſelf, ſo croſs'd.
Whate'er I undertake, I can't effect;

* *Exit Lyſimachus.*] This ſcene, though at firſt ſight not conducive to the action, is far from inartificial; as it very naturally prepares the part which Lyſimachus afterwards takes in the fable.

What-

Whatever wiſh I form, I can't accompliſh:
Some evil fortune comes acroſs me ſtill,
Deſtroying my beſt counſels.---What a wretch!
I purchas'd me a miſtreſs to my liking,
Thinking I could conceal her from my father.
He has diſcover'd, ſeen her, and undone me.
Nor have I yet determin'd what to ſay,
When he enquires; ſo many different thoughts
Fight in my breaſt, I have not pow'r to chuſe,
But my care's doubled by uncertainty.
Sometimes I like my ſervant's counſel well;
And then again I like it not; and think
My father never can believe I purchas'd
This woman to attend upon my mother,
Then if I tell the real truth, and own
I bought the girl upon my own account,
What will he think of me? He'll rob me of her,
And ſend her back beyond ſea to be ſold,
I am not now to learn his cruelty,
Too well convinc'd on't e'er I went from home.
—And is this love then? better plow, than love. *
He thruſt me forth from home againſt my will
To trade abroad; and there this evil ſeiz'd me.
What joy's in that, whoſe pain exceeds the pleaſure?
In vain I hid, conceal'd, and kept her ſecret.

* *Better plow, than love.*] Another jeſt, whoſe merit conARARE *mavelim quam* AMARE. ſiſts more in ſound than ſenſe.

My

* My father, like a fly, is every where,
Enters all places, ſacred, or profane:
And I have loſt all confidence, all hope.

Dem. behind.] What is't my ſon is muttering to himſelf?
He ſeems uneaſy.

Cha. ſeeing him.] Ha! my father here?
I'll go and ſpeak to him. *(going up.)* How do you, Sir?

Dem. Whence come you? Why are you ſo flutter'd, ſon?

Cha. Nothing.

Dem. I'm glad to hear it.---But what now?
You turn pale.---Are you ſick?

Cha. A little, Sir.
I did not ſleep extremely well laſt night.

Dem. Having been out ſo long at ſea, your head
Turns round now you're on ſhore.

Cha. I fancy ſo.

Dem. Ay, ay, that's it: but it will ſoon go off.
That is the reaſon of your turning pale:

* *My father, like a fly, &c.*] The impertinence of the fly was proverbial. Curious men were called Muſcæ, which was alſo the general term of reproach for Paraſites. Our own Jonſon, who was a profeſt imitator of the ancients, has accordingly diſtinguiſhed one of the principal characters in the Fox by that appellation. Shakeſpeare has taken a very natural occaſion of introducing this familiar image in his Romeo and Juliet.

— More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips.

Go home then, if you're wiſe, and reſt yourſelf.

Cha. I have not time: I've buſineſs to look after.

Dem. Do that to-morrow, or ſome other day.

Cha. I've often heard you ſay, Sir, that wiſe men
Should take care to diſpatch their buſineſs firſt.

Dem. Well, follow your own way: I'll not oppoſe you.

Cha. aſide.] Let him but ſtick to that, I'm ſafe enough.

Dem. aſide.] What is it he's conſulting by himſelf?
I'm not afraid of his diſcovering me;
Since I've done nothing fooliſh or abſurd,
As men in love are apt to do.

Cha. aſide.] I'm ſafe.
'Tis plain that he knows nothing of my miſtreſs;
For if he did, he would talk otherwiſe.

Dem. aſide.] I'll ſpeak to him about her.

Cha. aſide.] I'll walk off.
(Aloud.) I'll go and execute my friend's commiſſions.

Dem. Stay, ſon; not yet: I want to aſk you ſomething
Before you go.

Cha. What is your pleaſure, Sir?

Dem. after heſitating.] How have you had your health ſince you've been gone?

Cha. Very well, all the time I was abroad:
But coming into Port, turn'd ſtrangely ſick.

Dem. Sea-ſickneſs, I ſuppoſe: 'twiil ſoon away.

---But

---But prithee tell me, have not you brought home
A ſlave from Rhodes to wait upon your mother?

Cha. I have.

Dem. And is ſhe beautiful?

Cha. Not ugly.

Dem. And well-behav'd?

Cha. Extremely well, I think.

Dem. Why truly, when I ſaw her, ſo ſhe ſeem'd.

Cha. What! have you ſeen her, father?

Dem. I have ſeen her:
But ſhe'll not do for *us*, ſhe's not the thing.

Cha. Why ſo?

Dem. Her perſon is too delicate.
We want a luſty ſervant-wench, to weave,
Grind corn, cut wood, ſpin, ſweep the houſe, be cudgel'd,
And cook the dinner for the family.
This girl's not fit for any of theſe uſes.

Cha. The very reaſon that I purchas'd her,
As a genteeler preſent for my mother.

Dem. No, no: don't give her; do not ſay you've brought her.

Cha. Heav'n favours me! [*aſide.*

Dem. I ſhake him by degrees. [*aſide.*
(To Cha.) Beſides, tho' I forgot to mention it,
Such an attendant could not decently
Follow your mother, nor will I allow it.

Cha. Why ſo?

Dem.

Dem. Becauſe it would be ſcandalous
To ſee a girl ſo handſome in the ſtreet,
After the miſtreſs of a family.
The folks would gaze, and ſtare, and wink and beckon,
Hiſs her, and twitch her by the ſleeve, call to her,
Grow rude, ſing catches underneath her window,
And ſcrawl her praiſe with coal upon our doors. *
And as the world are given to detraction,
They'd ſay my wife and I were turn'd procurers.
Now where is the occaſion for all this?

Cha. You're in the right: I'm quite of your opinion.
---But how ſhall we diſpoſe her then?

Dem. I'll tell you.
I'll buy your mother a ſtout ſtrapping wench,
Some Syrian or Egyptian, plain and homely,
Fit for the miſtreſs of a family;
And ſhe ſhall grind, and ſpin, and take a whipping,
And bring no ſhame or ſcandal to our door.

Cha. Suppoſe then I return this girl to him,

* *Her praiſe with coal.*] *Elogiorum carbonibus.* Some underſtand theſe words as alluding to defamatory, rather than commendatory verſes; alledging that praiſe was written in chalk, and ſcandal in coal. *Illa prius* CRETA, *mox hæc* CARBONE. I have followed, however, the opinion of other commentators, who ſuppoſe that in theſe caſes chalk, or coal, or lighted torches, were uſed indiſcriminately, according to the colour of the ground: as a Poet would write a panegyrick in black ink upon white paper, or a lover delineate the name of his miſtreſs with the ſmoke of a candle on a white-waſhed cieling.

Of whom I purchas'd her?

Dem. On no account.

Cha. He ſaid he'd take her back, if not approv'd.

Dem. There's no occaſion for it; no occaſion.
I would not make a difference betwixt you,
Nor have your faith and honour call'd in queſtion:
And I would rather, if 'twere neceſſary,
Endure ſome little loſs, than have this woman
Bring a diſgrace and ſcandal on our houſe.
But I believe that I can ſell her for you,
And make a tolerable market too.

Cha. At no leſs price than I paid for her, father.

Dem. Peace; an old gentleman of my acquaintance
Commiſſion'd me, ſome little time ago,
To purchaſe for him ſuch a girl as this.

Cha. But a young man of my acquaintance, Sir,
Commiſſion'd me to purchaſe one for *him*.

Dem. I think, I can have twenty Minæ for her.

Cha. But, if I pleas'd, I could have ſev'n-and-twenty
Paid down immediately.

Dem. But I———

Cha. But I———

Dem. Peace! you don't know what I was going to ſay:
I can bid up three Minæ more; that's thirty.

[*looking on one ſide.*

Cha. Whom are you turning to?

Dem. The purchaſer.

Cha.

Cha. Where is the gentleman?

Dem. I ſee him yonder:
He bids me add five Minæ more.

Cha. Plague take him,
Whoe'er he be! [*apart.*

Dem. He nods to me again:
Six Minæ more!

Cha. Sev'n more!---I am reſolv'd
He ſhan't exceed me. My chap bids the faireſt.

Dem. Bid what he will, I'll have her.

Cha. Mine bid firſt.

Dem. No matter.

Cha. He bids fifty.

Dem. For a hundred
He ſhall not have her. Why d'ye bid againſt me?
You'll have a noble bargain; the old man,
For whom I purchaſe her, is ſuch a dotard:
He's mad for love of her; and you ſhall have
Your price, aſk what you will.

Cha. Indeed, indeed, Sir,
The youth, for whom I buy, is dying for her.

Dem. The old man, if you knew him, is much fonder.

Cha. The old man never was, and never will be,
More mad for love than this young fellow, Sir.

Dem. Have done: I'll manage this.

Cha. What mean you?

Dem. How!

Cha. I did not take this woman as a ſlave.*

Dem. But *he* will take her as a ſlave: ſo let him.

Cha. You have no right to ſet her up to ſale.

Dem. I'll mind that matter.

Cha. Then too ſhe belongs
To me in common with another man:
And how am I to judge of his intentions,
Whether he means to part with her, or no?

Dem. I know he will.

Cha. But I know one that won't.

Dem. What's that to me?

Cha. Becauſe he has a right
To challenge the diſpoſal of his own.

Dem. What do you ſay?

Cha. I ſay that ſhe is mine
In common with another, not now preſent.

Dem. You anſwer me, before I aſk the queſtion.

Cha. You buy my ſlave, before I ſell her, father:
I don't know if my friend and partner in her
Chuſes to part with her, or no.

* *As a ſlave.*] This refers to the practice of ſlave-merchants, who, if they warranted the men or women whom they ſold to be ſlaves, were obliged to reimburſe the buyer, if he was afterwards defeated of his purchaſe by their proving to be free. In alluſion to this cuſtom, Charinus here tells his father that ſhe was not warranted a ſlave to him. Which objection is over-ruled by Demipho, who replies that his friend will run that riſque.

Dem!

Dem. How then
Can t'other man commiſſion you to purchaſe,
When *he* don't chuſe to ſell? You trifle with me.
No man ſhall have her but the man I mean,
I am reſolv'd.

Cha. You are reſolv'd?

Dem. I am.
Moreover, I'll directly to the ſhip,
And there ſhe ſhall be ſold.

Cha. Shall I go with you?

Dem. No.

Cha. You don't chuſe it?

Dem. You had better ſtay,
And look to the commiſſion you are charg'd with.

Cha. You won't allow me?

Dem. No. Excuſe yourſelf,
And tell your friend that you have done your beſt.
But come not to the Port, I charge you.

Cha. No, Sir.

Dem. aſide.] I'll to the Port myſelf, and leſt my ſon
Diſcover my proceedings; uſe great caution.
I will not purchaſe her myſelf; but truſt
My friend Lyſimachus to buy her for me.
He ſaid that he was going to the Port.
I'll to him, without further loſs of time. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

CHARINUS *alone.*

Death and confuſion! ruin'd and undone!
They ſay, the Bacchanals tore Pentheus *piece-meal:
Ah, he was never half ſo torn † as I am!
Why do I live? why, why am I not dead?
I'll go and ſeek out an apothecary, ‡
And kill myſelf with poiſon; being robb'd
Of that, for which alone I wiſh to live. [*Going.*

SCENE VI.

Enter EUTYCHUS.

Eut. Hold, hold, Charinus!

Cha. Who calls?

* Pentheus was a king of Thebes, ſaid to be torn to pieces by his mother Agave, and the reſt of the prieſteſſes of Bacchus, for attempting to be preſent at the celebration of their ceremonies.

† *Ah, he was never, &c.*] The intended pathos in this and ſome other paſſages in this play, uttered by Charinus in his diſtreſs, rather borders upon the ridiculous.

‡ *An apothecary.*] *Ibo ad* MEDICUM, *atque ibi me toxico morti dabo.* The word *medicus* is uſually ſuppoſed to ſignify a phyſician; but as it here refers in me-

Eut. Eutychus.
Your friend, companion, neighbour, Eutychus.

Cha. Ah! you don't know the griefs I labour under.

Eut. I do: from our door I have heard it all.
I know the whole affair.

Cha. What is't you know?

Eut. Your father means to ſell---

Cha. You're right.

Eut. Your miſtreſs---

Cha. You're but too well inform'd.

Eut. Againſt your will.

Cha. You know too much: but how did you diſcover
She was my miſtreſs?

Eut. You acquainted me
Yourſelf but yeſterday.

Cha. I had forgot it.

Eut. No wonder.

Cha. Come, inſtruct me, Eutychus;
Tell me, which way I ſhall deſtroy myſelf.

Eut. Peace! never talk thus!

Cha. What then ſhall I talk of?

Eut. Shall I impoſe upon your father?

Cha. Ay;

immediately to the vender of drugs, I ventured to tranſlate it an apothecary. It is not unlikely, that the reſolution of Charinus may put many readers in mind of Shakeſpeare's Romeo.

With all my heart.

Eut. And ſhall I to the Port?

Cha. On wings, if poſſible.

Eut. And buy the girl?

Cha. Ay; with her weight in gold.

Eut. But where's the gold?

Cha. I'll beg Achilles to lend Hector's ranſom.

Eut. You're mad.

Cha. True: were I in my perfect mind,
I ſhould not aſk your help, as my phyſician.

Eut. Shall I pay down whatever price he aſks?

Cha. More than he aſks; a thouſand pieces more.

Eut. Peace; and conſider where you'll get the money,
When you're to ſettle with your father.

Cha. Somewhere;
Anywhere; ſomething ſhall be thought of.

Eut. Pſhaw!
I am afraid that *ſomething* will be *nothing*.

Cha. Can't you be ſilent?

Eut. I am dumb.

Cha. But are you
Sufficiently inſtructed?

Eut. Prithee think
Of ſomething elſe.

Cha. It is impoſſible.

Eut. Farewel!

Cha. I can't *fare well*, till you return.

Eut. Pity, you're mad!

Cha. Go, thrive, and ſave my life!

Eut. I'll do it: do you wait for me at home!

Cha. And you return with ſpeed, and bring the ſpoil! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter LYSIMACHUS, *with* PASICOMPSA.

LYSIMACHUS.

I'VE acted by my neighbour neighbourly,
And bought this piece of goods at his requeſt.
You're mine now. *(to Paſ.)* Follow me:---Nay, do not weep;
You are to blame to ſpoil thoſe pretty eyes,
And you ſhall find more cauſe to laugh than cry.

Paſ. Good Sir, inform me!

Lyſim. Aſk whate'er you pleaſe.

Paſ. What did you buy me for?

Lyſim. For what?---To do
Whate'er I order you; and in return
I'll do whatever you ſhall order me.

Paſ. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Sir.

Lyſim. My orders will not be extremely painful. [*Smiling.*

Paſ. Indeed, Sir, I've not learnt to carry burdens,
Nor to tend cattle, nor take care of children.

Lyſim. Be a good girl, and you ſhall be well treated.

Paſ. Then I am miſerable.

Lyſim. Why?

Paſ. Becauſe

I came from whence bad people were beſt treated:
Nor would I ſpeak what all folks know already.

Lyſim. 'Fore heaven, that ſpeech alone is well worth more
Than I paid for her.---You'd inſinuate
That there is no ſuch thing as a good woman?

Paſ. Indeed I don't ſay *that*, Sir.

Lyſim. Give me leave
To aſk you one thing.

Paſ. Aſk it: I'll reply.

Lyſim. Acquaint me with your name then.

Paſ. Paſicompſa.

Lyſim. It ſuits your form.*--But tell me, Paſicompſa,
Could you, if there were an occaſion for it,
Weave a fine woof?

Paſ. I could.

Lyſim. It follows then
Undoubtedly that you could weave a coarſer.

Paſ. I fear no woman of my age for weaving.

Lyſim. Ay, a good girl, I warrant you, and honeſt;
And of an age to know your duty well.

* *Paſicompſa.—It ſuits your form.*] Paſicompſa is a name compounded of two Greek words, and of much the ſame import with the name of Ann Lovely in one of our Engliſh comedies.

Paſ. Indeed I have been well inſtructed, Sir;
And will not let my work be call'd in queſtion.

Lyſim. Well, that's the very thing; you'll do, I find;
I'll give you for your own peculiar uſe
A ſheep of ſixty years of age.*

Paſ. So old, Sir?

Lyſim. Of the true Grecian breed, extremely fine;
And you will ſheer it moſt incomparably.

Paſ. Whatever honour's done me, I'll be grateful.

Lyſim. Now, child, to undeceive you, you're not mine.
Do not imagine it.

Paſ. Whoſe am I then?

Lyſim. You're purchas'd for your maſter's uſe again;
And I've now ranſom'd you at his requeſt.

Paſ. Ah! I revive, if he be true to me.

Lyſim. Be of good cheer! he'll give you liberty.
'Fore heaven, girl, he loves you to diſtraction;
You charm'd him at firſt ſight to-day.

Paſ. To-day?
'Tis now two years that we have been connected:
For ſince I find you are his friend, I'll truſt you.

Lyſim. How! have you been two years connected?

Paſ. Ay:

* *A ſheep, &c.*] Meaning Demipho. Much the ſame kind of conceit occurs in the next ſcene but one, where Lyſimachus calls Demipho bell-weather.

And bound each other by a mutual oath,
Never to know a man or wife beſide,
Or yield to an adulterous embrace.

Lyſim. Good heav'n! has he no commerce with his wife?

Paſ. His wife? He is not, nor will e'er be married.

Lyſim. Would he were *not!* He is a perjur'd man.

Paſ. I love no man on earth like that dear youth.

Lyſim. A youth, you ſimpleton!---Not long ago
His teeth fell out.

Paſ. Whoſe teeth?

Lyſim. No matter whoſe.
Follow me in: he has intreated me
To give you entertainment at our houſe
For one day; ſince my wife is out of town. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

DEMIPHO *alone.*

I have concerted this intrigue at laſt,
And purchas'd, by my neighbour's help, a miſtreſs,
Without the knowledge of my wife and ſon.
I'll recollect old ſaws, and pleaſe my humour:

My race near run, the reſt of my career
Shall be fill'd up with pleaſure, wine, and love:
For to indulge and ſate the appetite
In this laſt ſtage of life is very meet.
While you are luſty, young, and full of blood,
You ought to toil and labour for a fortune;
But in old age, be happy, while you may,
And render all your latter years clear gain.
I by my deeds will prove theſe maxims true.
But mean while I muſt call at home: my wife,
I warrant you, is almoſt ſtarv'd with waiting,
And has expected me at home long ſince.
—Yet if I go, ſhe'll kill me with her ſcolding:
No: come what may, I'll not go home at preſent,
But find my neighbour firſt, and give him charge
To hire me ſome apartments for my miſtreſs.
But ſee! he's coming forth.

SCENE III.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lyſim. ſpeaking to Paſ. within.] I'll bring him to you
Directly, if I find him.

Dem.

Dem. behind.] Meaning me.

Lyſim. turning about.] Demipho!

Dem. Is the woman at your houſe?

Lyſim. What do you think?

Dem. What if I go and ſee? [*going.*

Lyſim. Whither ſo faſt? hold, hold!

[*ſtopping him.*

Dem. On what account?

Lyſim. Think what you ought to do.

Dem. And wherefore think?

To enter here is what I ought to do.

Lyſim. And would you enter, you old bell-weather?

Dem. Why ſhould not I?

Lyſim. Be rul'd by me, and learn

Certain precautions I think needful firſt.

For ſhou'd you enter now, you'd run directly

Into her arms, and talk to her, and kiſs her.

Dem. You know my mind: I ſhould do even ſo.

Lyſim. You would do wrong then.

Dem. Wrong, with her I love?

Lyſim. More and more wrong with her you love.---What you!

A goat of an old fellow, rank, and faſting,

Go with your ſtinking breath to kiſs a wench?

Your fondneſs will but make the woman ſick.

'Fore heaven, you muſt doat indeed to think on't:

Dem.

Dem. Suppoſe then (ſince 'tis ſo) we get ſome cook
To dreſs a ſupper for us at your houſe
Againſt the evening.

Lyſi. Well ſaid! now you've hit it.
Now you talk gallantly, and like a lover.

Dem. Why do we ſtand then? Let's go inſtantly,
And cater for a jovial entertainment!

Lyſi. I'll follow you; but mark, I give you warning,
To look out for a lodging for this wench.
She cannot ſtay with me beyond to-day;
For fear my wife ſhould come to town to-morrow,
And find her here.

Dem. I've ſettled that. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

CHARINUS *alone.*

Now am not I a wretch, a wretch indeed,
To whom no place can miniſter repoſe?
If I'm at home, my mind is gone abroad;
If I'm abroad, my mind remains at home.
Love in my breaſt and heart ſo fiercely burns,
Did not a ſluice of tears defend my eyes,

My

My head would be in flames.*---Some hope remains;
Safety is fled; if ever to return,
As yet I am uncertain. If my father
Should ſeize, as he has threaten'd, Paſicompſa,
Safety is gone for ever. If my friend
Return ſucceſsful, he brings ſafety with him.
And yet had that ſame tardy Eutychus
Been crippled with the gout, he might have been
Here from the Port ere now.---Oh, he is ſlow,
When I could wiſh him nimble as my thoughts.
---But who comes running hither?---Ha! 'tis he.
I'll meet him.---And Oh Thou, who ſeeſt all deeds
Of Gods and men, the ſovereign governeſs †
Of ev'ry mortal accident, I thank thee
For bringing me this hope!---But may I hope?
Ah, I'm undone! His aſpect likes me not.
Mournful he comes.---My boſom burns; I doubt;
---He ſhakes his head.---Well, friend!

* *My head would be in flames.*] When Plautus affects pathos, he is very apt (as has been before obſerved) to fall into the ridiculous: and there are few more glaring inſtances of it, than the paſſage before us.

† *Sovereign governeſs.*] Implying the goddeſs Fortune. The ſame addreſs to her occurs in the fifth act.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter EUTYCHUS.

Eut. Alas, Charinus!

Cha. Ere you take breath, deliver but one word.
Where am I? with the living, or the dead?

Eut. With neither.

Cha. Then I'm ſafe. I am immortal.
He has redeem'd her, and o'er-reach'd my father.
---There's no ſoul living that can ſooner put
His purpoſe into act.---Come, prithee ſpeak!
If neither here, nor with the dead, where am I?

Eut. No where.

Cha. Confuſion! this dull trifling kills me.
When you ſhould ſpeak directly to the point,
To beat about the buſh thus, is provoking.
Whate'er thy news, tell me the ſum of all.

Eut. Firſt, we are ruin'd then.

Cha. Nay, that's no news.
Inform me ſomething I don't know.

Eut. Your miſtreſs
Is torn away from you.

Cha. Ah, Eutychus!
You're guilty of a capital offence.

Eut. Of what?

Cha.

Cha. Of murder: for you put to death
A friend, companion, and free citizen.

Eut. Heaven forbid!

Cha. You've cut my throat. I fall.

Eut. Abandon not your mind unto deſpair!*

Cha. I have no mind to be abandon'd, I.
---Come, ſpeak the reſt of your ill news: for whom
Has ſhe been purchas'd?

Eut. That I cannot tell.
She was adjudg'd a ſlave, and carried off,†
Before I reach'd the Port.

Cha. Ah me! you throw
Mountains of fire upon me with theſe news.
Proceed, and torture, executioner,
Since you have once begun.

Eut. Alas, my friend,
This troubles me as ſorely as yourſelf.

Cha. Tell me, who bought her.

Eut. I don't know.

* *Abandon not, &c.*] There is a hardneſs in the turn of words in this line and the next not well ſuited to our language, and not very elegant in the original.

Quæſo, hercle, animum ne DESPONDE,
CHA. *Nullus eſt, quem* DESPONDEAM.

† *Adjudg'd a ſlave.*] Not only criminals, but ſlaves alſo, were formally condemned as ſuch, before the purchaſers had a right to carry them off as their property.

Cha.

Cha. See there!
Is that diſcharging buſineſs like a friend?
Eut. What could I do?
Cha. The very thing, that now
You've ſeen Me do; have died, but have diſcover'd
What kind of man he was, who purchas'd her:
And poſſibly that way have trac'd the woman.
Eut. Alas! [*weeping.*
Cha. Weep not the miſchiefs you have done.
Eut. What have I done?
Cha. Deſtroy'd me; broke your faith.
Eut. The Gods are witneſſes I'm not to blame.
Cha. Away! ne'er call upon the abſent Gods.
Give me a living witneſs of your truth.
Eut. I have proofs worthy your belief, proofs worthy
To be produc'd by me.
Cha. You're quick and apt
At diſputation; to diſcharge your truſt
Lame, blind, dumb, ſenſeleſs, weak, and impotent.
You promis'd to cajole my father. I,
Fool that I was! believ'd you capable:
But now I find you a mere block, a ſtone.
Eut. What could I do?
Cha. What could you do? *Oh ſhame!*
Have aſk'd, enquir'd, who? whence he was? what figure?

A ci-

A citizen, or foreigner?

Eut. They told me,

That he was an Athenian citizen.

Cha. You might at leaſt diſcover his abode,

If not his name.

Eut. No creature could inform me.

Cha. His figure then you might have aſk'd at leaſt.

Eut. I did.

Cha. And how did they deſcribe him to you?

Eut. Juſt thus: bald-pated, bandy-legg'd, pot-bellied,

Wide-mouth'd, ſhort, blear-eyed, lanthorn-jaw'd, ſplay-footed.

Cha. This is not the deſcription of a man,

But a mere bundle of deformities.

Know you aught more about him?

Eut. Nothing more.

Cha. Death! his vile lanthorn-jaws have ruin'd me!*

I can't endure it. I will fly my country;

And only doubt what city I ſhall ſeek,

Eretria, Megara, Corinth, Chalcis,

Crete, Cyprus, Gnidus, Sicyon, Zacynthus,

* *His lanthorn jaws have ruin'd me.*] *Ille oblongis* MALIS *dedit mihi magnum* MALUM. The original here affords another of thoſe innumerable puns with which the works of Plautus abound; puns, which though no tranſlation can render, no reader has occaſion to regret.

Or Leſbia, or Bœotia.

Eut. Why d'ye think on't?

Cha. Becauſe I'm croſs'd in love.

Eut. And what of that?

Suppoſe you gain your place of deſtination,
If there you chance again to fall in love,
And be again ſucceſsleſs, will you fly
That country too? Another and another,
Upon the like occaſion?---You will ſet
No bounds to exile; know no end of flight.
What country, what abode can then be certain?
Suppoſe you quit this city, d'ye ſuppoſe
You leave love here behind you? If you think ſo,
If you're convinc'd on't, how much better were it,
To go into the country, and live there,
Till this ungovern'd paſſion wears away?

Cha. You've ſaid?

Eut. I have.

Cha. In vain: for I'm reſolv'd.
I'll home, and pay my duty to my parents;
And then, without their knowledge, fly my country,
Or take ſome other ſtep as deſperate. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

EUTYCHUS *alone.*

How ſuddenly he took himſelf away!
Wretch that I am! if he ſhould fly his country,
They'd ſay that my remiſſneſs was the cauſe.
I will aſſemble all the publick criers,
And find this woman out by proclamation.
If that ſhould fail, I'll to the Prætor, beg him
To grant ſearch-warrant officers, and raiſe
An hue and cry in ev'ry ſtreet in town:
For theſe I think the only means are left me.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DORIPPA, SYRA *following.*

MY huſband having ſent to let me know
He could not follow me into the country,
Like a true woman, I return'd to Athens,
In queſt of him, who ſeems to fly from me.
---But where's our Syra?---I don't ſee her.---Heav'n!
How ſlow ſhe comes!

Enter SYRA.

Why don't you follow faſter?

Syr. Good faith, I can't, with all the load I carry.

Dor. What load?

Syr. Why fourſcore years and four:
Which, with fatigue, and ſlavery, and thirſt,
Weigh me quite down.

Dor. Well, give me ſomething, Syra,
To offer at our neighbour-altar.*

* *At our neighbour-altar.*] VICINI *noſtri aram. Apollinis* underſtood. So in the Bacchides, Act II. Scene I. *Saluto te, vicine Apollo.* It was uſual for the Athenians to have at their doors an altar ſacred to Apollo or Bacchus, whom they

Syr. Take
This branch of laurel.

Dor. Now go in.

Syr. I go. [*goes in.*

Dor. at the altar.] Apollo! I beſeech you to grant peace,
And health and ſafety to our family;
And to my ſon proſperity!

Syr. within.] Ah me!
Ah well-a-day! ah woful day! ah me!

Dor. Why, how now? are you mad? what means this howling?

Syr. entering.] Dorippa! ma'am! Dorippa!

Dor. Why d'ye bawl thus?

Syr. Here's a ſtrange woman in the houſe.

Dor. What woman?

Syr. A harlot-woman.

Dor. Is it poſſible?

Syr. Troth, you were very wiſe to come to town.
She were a fool indeed, who could not ſee
This woman was your pretty huſband's miſtreſs.

Dor. My mind miſgives me, you are in the right.

Syr. In then with me, my Juno! and behold
Your harlotry Alcmena!

they conſidered as guardian to the family. And it is evident, from many paſſages in Plautus and Terence, as well as from Donatus, that theſe altars always made a part of the theatrical decorations.

Dor. In, in, Syra!
I follow you as faſt as poſſible. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LYSIMACHUS *alone.*

Is't not enough that Demipho's in love,
But he muſt be extravagant beſides?
Had he invited ten grandees to ſupper,
He has prepar'd too laviſhly; and then
He follows up the cooks, as earneſtly
As pilots urge the ſailors in a ſhip.
I hir'd the maſter-cook myſelf; and wonder
He is not come according to my order.
---But our door opens: who is this comes forth?

SCENE III.

Enter at a diſtance DORIPPA.

Dor. to herſelf.] There never was, never will be, a wife
More wretched than myſelf. Ah, what a huſband!
Unhappy that I am! From this time forth
Be cautious, women, whom ye truſt in marriage.
What,

What, I! who brought a fortune of ten talents!
That I ſhould ſee and ſuffer ſuch affronts!

Lyſim. behind.] Ha! I am loſt: my wife is come to town,
And has found out this wench, I warrant you.
---But at this diſtance I can't hear.---I'll nearer.

Dor. Ah, woe is me!

Lyſi. And me.

Dor. Undone!

Lyſim. And I,
No doubt but ſhe has ſeen her.---All the Gods
Confound you, Demipho!

Dor. Ay, this it was
Prevented him from coming out of town.

Lyſim. I'll go and ſpeak to her. *(goes up)* Good-morrow, wife!
---Our town-folks grow mere ruſticks.*

Dor. But they act
More modeſtly, than they who don't grow ruſticks.

* *Our town-folks grow mere ruſticks.*] This paſſage is ſomewhat obſcure, but is thus explained by the commentators. Lyſimachus bids his wife good-morrow; but ſhe, being out of humour, pouts at him, and makes no return to the ſalutation: on which he obſerves, that the town-gentry are grown as unmannerly as the country bumpkins. This explanation does not appear to be ſtrained or unnatural; but there is certainly an uncouthneſs in the dialogue, as it ſtands at preſent, which a word or two from Lyſimachus, by way of comment on his wife's ſilence, would have rendered clear and eaſy.

Lyſim. What! have the ruſticks been in fault?

Dor. Much leſs
Than folks in town, and do themſelves leſs miſchief.

Lyſim. Prithee, what miſchief do the folks in town?

Dor. What wench is that within?

Lyſim. You've ſeen her then?

Dor. I've ſeen her.

Lyſim. And, "Who is ſhe," do you aſk?

Dor. Ay, to be ſure; and I'll know too. *You* know.

Lyſim. You'd have me tell you "who ſhe is," you ſay?
She---ſhe---confuſion! what ſhall I reply? [*aſide.*

Dor. What! do you falter?

Lyſim. I've not ſeen her.——

Dor. Tell me!

Lyſim. Give me but leave, I will.

Dor. You ſhould ere now.

Lyſim. You preſs me ſo, it is impoſſible:
You queſtion me, as if I were to blame.

Dor. Oh, to be ſure, you're not at all to blame! [*ironically.*

Lyſim. Say what you pleaſe.

Dor. Speak *you!*

Lyſim. I will.

Dor. Then ſpeak!

Lyſim. She's—Would you have me tell her name?

Dor.

Dor. You trifle.
I've caught you. You're in fault.
Lyſim. What fault? She is——
Dor. Who is ſhe?
Lyſim. heſitating.] She——
Dor. See there!
Lyſim. Plague take her name!
Did not I long to tell it, I ſhould hit on't.
Dor. You don't know who ſhe is then?
Lyſim. Very well,
I am her judge.* •
Dor. Her judge?—Oh! now I have it.
You've call'd her here to be your counſellor.
[*ironically.*
Lyſim. No; ſhe is left with me, as arbiter.
Dor. ironically.] I underſtand.
Lyſim. Nay, not as you imagine.
Dor. You clear yourſelf too ſoon. [*ironically.*
Lyſim. This bitter buſineſs
Has prov'd too much for me. I'm quite aground.
[*aſide.*

* *I am her* JUDGE.—*You've call'd her here to be your* COUNSELLOR.—*She is left with me, as* ARBITER.] Theſe paſſages relate to ancient uſages, and are interpreted thus. The property of Paſicompſa was ſuppoſed to be in diſpute, and Lyſimachus, by mutual conſent, appointed judge to decide between the contending parties. On theſe occaſions, it was uſual for the perſon ſo appointed to call in ſome friends as counſellors, to adviſe him in his determination; and the thing in diſpute was always left in his cuſtody.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter the COOK, *with* SERVANTS.

Cook. Quick! quick! make haſte! for I muſt dreſs a ſupper
For an old gentleman in love.—Tho' truly
'Tis for *ourſelves* we dreſs it, not for *him*.
For give a lover but his paramour,
He feaſts on Her; to languiſh, and embrace,
To kiſs, and chat, is meat and drink to him.
But we, I truſt, ſhall go well loaded home.
This way!—But here's th' old gentleman that hir'd us.

Lyſim. The Cook here too! Undone again!

Cook, to Lyſim.] We're come.

Lyſim. Go back again.

Cook. Go back again!—Why ſo?

Lyſim. Hiſt! get away, I tell you.

Cook. Get away?

Lyſim. Be gone.

Cook. What! don't you want a ſupper, Sir?

Lyſim. We've ſupp'd already.—Now I'm quite undone. [*aſide.*

Dor. What! have the folks, who choſe you arbiter,
Order'd in theſe proviſions too?

Cook.

Cook. Is this
Your miſtreſs, that you told me of at market?

Lyſim. Huſh!

Cook. A good pretty tidy wench enough:
And her mouth waters at a man, I warrant.

Lyſim. Hence, raſcal!

Cook. Faith, ſhe's not amiſs.

Lyſim. Confuſion! [*aſide.*

Cook. And, I dare ſay, a charming bedfellow!

Lyſim. Won't you be gone?—It was not I that hir'd you.

Cook. Not you? 'Fore heaven, your own ſelf.

Lyſim. Undone! [*aſide.*

Cook. By the ſame token too, you let me know
Your wife was in the country, whom you loath'd
Worſe than a ſerpent.

Lyſim. Did I tell you ſo?

Cook. Ay, that you did.

Lyſim. So help me, Jupiter,
As I ne'er utter'd ſuch a word, ſweet wife!

Dor. Can you deny it?

Cook. No; he did not ſay
He loath'd *you*, miſtreſs, but his wife.

Dor. 'Tis plain
That I am your averſion.

Lyſim. I deny it.

Cook. And he ſaid too, his wife was in the country.

Lyſim. This is ſhe, ſirrah!---Why d'ye plague me thus?

Cook. Becauſe you ſaid you did not know me.---- What!
Are you afraid of Her?

Lyſim. And well I may;
For I have none beſide.

Cook. Will you employ me?

Lyſim. No.

Cook. Pay me then.

Lyſim. You ſhall be paid to-morrow.
Be gone at preſent.

Dor. What a wretch I am!

Lyſim. 'Tis an old ſaying, and I find a true one,
That a bad neighbour brings bad fortune with him.

Cook. Come, let's be gone! *(to Serv.)* If any harm has happen'd,
'Tis not my fault. [*to Lyſim.*

Lyſim. You maſſacre me, villain.

Cook. I know your mind; you'd have me gone.

Lyſim. I would.

Cook. Give me a drachma,* and I'll go.

Lyſim. I will.

Cook. Order it then: it may be paid, while They
Set the proviſions down.

* *A drachma.*] The Attick drachma, according to Cooke, was equal to ſeven pence three farthings of Engliſh money.

Lyſim.

Lyſim. Will you be gone?
Will you ne'er ceaſe tormenting me?
Cook. Come then! [*to the Servants.*
Lay the proviſions down before the feet
Of that old gentleman.---The pots and pans
I'll ſend for preſently, or elſe to-morrow.
[*to Lyſimachus.*
Follow me. [*to the Servants, who lay down the proviſions, and go out after him.*

SCENE V.

LYSIMACHUS, DORIPPA, SYRA.

Lyſim. You're ſurpriz'd, I make no doubt,
At this Cook's bringing theſe proviſions here.
---But I'll explain.
Dor. I'm not ſurpriz'd at all
At any wrong or wickedneſs from You.
But be aſſur'd, I'll not endure this uſage.
Fine treatment for a wife! to have your wenches
Brought home to my own houſe!---Intolerable!
---Go, Syra, to my father, and intreat him
To let me ſee him here immediately.
Syr. I go. [*Exit.*
Lyſim. You quite miſtake the matter, wife:
I'll take whatever oath you pleaſe to frame,

That I've no buſineſs with the wench.---What now?
Is Syra gone? [*Exit Dorippa.*

SCENE VI.

LYSIMACHUS *alone.*

See there! my wife gone too!
Death and deſtruction!---Gods confound you, neighbour,
You, and your miſtreſs, and intrigues together!
What foul ſuſpicions has he thrown upon me!
Rais'd me a croud of enemies abroad,
And made a tygreſs of my wife at home!
I'll to the Forum, and tell Demipho,
By her own hair I'll drag his doxy forth,
Unleſs he takes her hence without delay.
Wife! wife, ho! *(calling to her within.)* Tho' you are enrag'd with me,
Be wiſe, and order theſe proviſions in,
To make our ſupper better by and by. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter ſeverally SYRA *and* EUTYCHUS.

Syr. Her father, whom my miſtreſs ſent me to,
Is not at home; nay, not in town, they ſay:

And

And I'm returning to her with this anſwer.

Eut. at a diſtance.] I'm tir'd of hunting the whole city through
In chace of this ſame girl, and all in vain.
---But ſure my mother muſt be come to town;
For I ſee Syra ſtanding at our door.
Syra!

Syr. Who's there? who calls?

Eut. Your maſter, nurſe.

Syr. turning.] What, my young maſter? Heav'n bleſs my child!

Eut. Inform me, is my mother come to town?

Syr. Ay, marry, is ſhe; and by great good luck,
Both for herſelf, and all the family.

Eut. Why, what's the matter then?

Syr. Your ſweet papa
Has brought a wench into the houſe.

Eut. A wench?

Syr. Ay: madam came to town, and found her there.

Eut. Aha, old gentleman! I ne'er ſuſpected,
You were addicted to ſuch pranks as theſe.
Is the wench ſtill within?

Syr. Ay.

Eut. Follow me. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

SYRA *alone.**

Now, by my troth, the poor unhappy women
Are much more hardly dealt with than the men.
For if a huſband brings his miſtreſs home,
Tho' the wife finds her under her own roof,

* *Syra alone.*] Nothing can follow the preceding ſcene more naturally than this ſoliloquy: and yet the old commentators, never content without ſophiſticating their author as well as illuſtrating him, have here foiſted in three lines, in order to introduce two dull ſuppoſititious ſcenes; on which Limiers, in his examen prefixed to this comedy, remarks, "One may eaſily perceive, by "the difference of ſtile, that "they are not only unworthy of "Plautus, but rather uſeleſs in "the conduct of the plot." The truth is, the ſcenes in queſtion are not only uſeleſs and impertinent, but diametrically oppoſite to the evident deſign of Plautus. Had he introduced the wife of Demipho into his piece, he would no doubt have derived much pleaſantry from the admiſſion of that character; but that he had no ſuch intention, is manifeſt from the laſt ſcene, where we are expreſsly told, that Demipho's wife is utterly ignorant of the whole tranſaction. Had the author of the ſuppoſititious ſcenes endeavoured to open a ſource of pleaſantry, left untouched by Plautus, he might perhaps have deſerved ſome notice; but his interpolation is as dull, as it is injudicious with reſpect to the deſign of the author: for Periſtrata enters, not to produce any comick ſituation by a jealouſy and detection of her huſband's amours, but only, like a tender-hearted mama, to lament that her ſon's miſtreſs ſhould be run away with by his father.

There

There is no law that puniſhes the man:
But catch her rambling with gallants abroad,
The huſband truly ſues for a divorce.
Would the ſame law held good for man and wife!
For ſince a wife, if ſhe's an honeſt woman,
Will be contented with her huſband; why,
Should not the huſband alſo with his wife?
I would fain ſee fair play between them both;
And then, I warrant you, if ev'ry huſband,
Prov'd a ſly wencher, could but be divorc'd
As well as wanton wives, we ſoon ſhould find
More widowers, than there are widows now. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

CHARINUS *coming from home in a travelling habit.*

ONCE more, ye ſacred doors,* I bid you hail,
And to that greeting join, Farewel for ever!
To-day, for the laſt time, I lift my foot
Over my father's threſhold. From this hour
All uſes and enjoyments of this houſe
Are gone, deſtroy'd, eſtrang'd from me for ever.
Ye houſhold Deities, who guard my parents,
And ſhed your influence on our family,
To you I recommend their lives and fortunes.
I muſt ſeek other houſhold Gods, muſt ſeek
Another city, and another country:
At Athens I abide no more. Where vice
Each day grows more and more predominant;
Where treachery and friendſhip are ſo mingled,

* *Sacred doors.*] Among the ancients the doors of houſes were conſecrated to particular Deities. Eugraphius, in his notes on Terence, tells us, that the entrance was called Veſtibulum, from the goddeſs Veſta; and the commentators on our author cite a paſſage from Tertullian, in which he mentions Limentinus, that is, God of the threſhold.

They

They cannot be diſtinguiſh'd; where all joys,
Deareſt and beſt, are raviſh'd from me; there
I would not live,---no, not to be a king.

SCENE II.

Enter at a diſtance EUTYCHUS.

Eut. Fortune! who ſeeſt the deeds of Gods and men,
Sole arbitreſs of all events on earth,
I thank thee! Thou haſt rais'd me from deſpair.
Is there a God now happier than I?
All that I ſought and wiſh'd for was at home.
There I found friendſhip, life, ſociety,
Feſtivity, and joy, and jollity;
Theſe boon companions chas'd the baleful troop
Of anger, enmity, diſaſter, folly,
Perverſeneſs, ſorrow, weeping, baniſhment,
Diſtreſs, and ſolitude. Oh grant, ye Gods,
I ſoon may find Charinus!
Cha. not ſeeing him.] I am prepar'd,
Thus furniſh'd as you ſee. I caſt away
All equipage and pomp: my own companion,
My own attendant, horſe, and groom, and ſquire:
Maſter at once, and ſervant to myſelf,
I carry my own baggage.---God of love,

How abſolute thy ſway! for thou canſt make
The coward confident, and fright the brave!

Eut. not ſeeing Cha.] I'm thinking where to find him.

Cha. to himſelf.] I'm reſolv'd
To ſeek her over all the world. No river,
Mountain, or ſea ſhall bar my way. I fear
Nor heat, nor cold, nor wind, nor rain. Let rain
Deſcend in torrents, or the ſcorching ſun
Parch me with thirſt, I will endure it all.
No reſt, no reſpite, night or day I'll take,
Till I have loſt my life, or found my love.

Eut. Whoſe voice is that?

Cha. And oh ye Gods,* who make
The traveller your care, protect me!

Eut. Jupiter!
Is that Charinus?

Cha. Citizens, farewel!

Eut. Ho! ſtop, Charinus!

Cha. Who recalls me?

Eut. Hope,
Safety, and victory.

Cha. What would you with me?

Eut. To keep you company.

Cha. Go ſeek ſome other.
For the companions that I have at preſent,

* *Ye Gods, who make, &c.*] Theſe Deities were called *Lares viales*, Gods of the road.

Hold me, and will not part with me.

Eut. Who are they?

Cha. Care, miſery, diſtraction, pain, and ſorrow.

Eut. Scurvy companions! drive them hence. Come hither.

Cha. If you'd ſpeak with me; follow.

Eut. Stop, I ſay.

Cha. 'Tis idle to delay a man in haſte.
The ſun is going down.

Eut. Direct your haſte
This way, inſtead of that you now perſue,
And better ſpeed will follow it. This way
The wind is proſperous, do but ſhift your ſail.
Here's a fair weſtern breeze, and there the ſouth
Heavy with rain: this ſpreads a peaceful calm
Over the boſom of the deep, and that
Works up the billows to a foam. This way!
Make towards the land, Charinus! Don't you ſee
How black the clouds are yonder, how the ſhower
Hangs ready to burſt over you, while here
Prevails eternal ſun-ſhine, and fair weather?

Cha. The omens * that he ſpeaks of ſhould deter me.
I'll turn that way.

Eut. Ay, now you're wiſe, Charinus.

* *The omens, &c.*] This is perfectly agreeable to the ſuperſtitious manners of the ancients, who conſidered it as impious to reſiſt certain words which they regarded as omens or inſpirations. LIMIERS.

Advance this way. Another ſtep! another!
Stretch out your hand tow'rd mine. D'ye hold me?

Cha. Ay.

Eut. Stay! whither are you going?

Cha. Into exile.

Eut. What to do there?

Cha. The ſame that wretches uſe.

Eut. Fear nothing: I'll reſtore you to content,
Ere you depart.

Cha. I will depart directly,

Eut. Attend, and I'll tranſport you with glad tidings.
Stop! I'm your friend, and bring the beſt of news,

Cha. What news?

Eut. Your miſtreſs---

Cha. What of her?

Eut. I know
Where ſhe is——

Cha. Do you?

Eut. Safe and ſound.

Cha. Safe! where?

Eut. Oh, I know where.

Cha. But *I* had rather know.

Eut. Can't you be quiet?

Cha. No: I'm all emotion.

Eut. I'll make you calm and quiet, never fear.

Cha. Nay, prithee now, inform me where you've ſeen her.

Not

Not a word? Speak. You kill me with your ſilence.

Eut. She's not far off.

Cha. Where? Shew me, if you ſee her.

Eut. I do not ſee her *now* indeed, but ſaw her
A while ago.

Cha. And ſhall *I* ſee her?

Eut. Ay.

Cha. The leaſt delay is tedious to a lover.

Eut. Still are you fearful? I'll inform you all.
I have no dearer friend on earth, than he
Who has her now in his poſſeſſion; none
To whom I am more bound in love and duty.

Cha. I don't concern myſelf with *him* or *her.*

Eut. I'll talk to you of *her* then: tho' indeed
I never thought of telling that at firſt.

Cha. Inform me, where is ſhe then.

Eut. At our houſe.

Cha. A charming houſe! a well-built houſe indeed!
Built in a happy hour! if this be true.
But how may I believe it? Have you ſeen her?
Or do you ſpeak from hearſay?

Eut. I have ſeen her.

Cha. Who brought her hither?

Eut. What a ſilly queſtion!

Cha. Well, I allow it.

Eut. Don't you bluſh, Charinus?

What ſignifies who brought her——

Cha. So ſhe's there?

Eut. She's there, I promiſe you.

Cha. For theſe good news
Wiſh what you pleaſe!

Eut. Suppoſe I do?

Cha. I'll pray
The Gods to grant your wiſh.

Eut. Ridiculous!

Cha. Let me but ſee her, all my cares are over.
—Why don't I ſtrip this habit off?—Within there!
[*calling.*
Ho! ſomebody come forth, and bring my cloak!

Eut. Well done! this pleaſes me.

Cha. In good time, boy! [*to a lad who enters.*
Here, take this doublet, and this furniture.
Nay, never ſtir: ſtay there! that if theſe news
Prove falſe, I may perſue my journey ſtill.

Eut. Don't you believe me?

Cha. Moſt implicitly.
But, prithee, introduce me.

Eut. Stay a little!

Cha. Why ſo?

Eut. It is not time to enter yet.

Cha. You torture me.

Eut. There is no need, I ſay,
That you ſhould enter now.

Cha.

Cha. And why not now?

Eut. There's no occaſion for it.

Cha. No occaſion?

Eut. 'Tis inconvenient to her.

Cha. Inconvenient

To her, who loves me; whom I love ſo dearly?
---He trifles with me moſt egregiouſly.
Fool that I was to credit him! 'Tis all
A trick to ſtop me.---Give me back my doublet.

Eut. Nay, do but hear me!

Cha. Here, boy! take this cloak!

Eut. My mother is enrag'd againſt my father,
For bringing Paſicompſa to our houſe,
While ſhe was in the country; and ſuppoſes
That Paſicompſa is my father's miſtreſs.

Cha. not regarding him.] I've got my belt.*

Eut. And ſhe is now enquiring
The truth of that affair within.

Cha. ſtill inattentive.]---And ſword.

Eut. And ſhould I introduce you now---

Cha. ſtill inattentive.]---And bottle.

And thus accoutred I march off.

Eut. Hold, hold!

* *My belt—and ſword—and bottle.*] Each of theſe compoſed a part of the traveller's equipage. Lambinus tells us, that travellers, as well as ſoldiers, carried their money at their belts; and that neither the Greeks nor the Romans ever wore a ſword in the city. The bottle was filled with oil, in order to anoint their feet.

Hark

Hark ye, Charinus!

Cha. No, no, Eutychus;

No tricks on travellers!

Eut. I mean no tricks.

Cha. Won't you allow me to perſue my journey?

Eut. I can't allow you.

Cha. Why do I delay?

In, boy! *(Exit Boy.)* I am already in my chariot;

The reins already in my hand.

Eut. You're mad.

Cha. Why do not I directly on to Cyprus,

Seeing my father drives me into exile?

Eut. Nay, ceaſe this folly!

Cha. No; I am reſolv'd

Never to ceaſe to ſearch for her---

Eut. I tell you,

She's at our houſe.

Cha. For all, that he has ſaid,

Is falſhood.

Eut. Nothing but the real truth.

Cha. I'm now arriv'd at Cyprus.

Eut. Follow me:

And you ſhall ſee the object of your wiſhes.

Cha. I've enquir'd after her, but cannot find her.

Eut. I'll not regard my mother's anger now.

Cha. Still will I on in queſt of her. I'm now

Arriv'd at Chalcis: I encounter there

My

My old Zacynthian hoſt, and let him know
My errand thither; aſk if he has heard
Who brought her thither, and who now detains her.

Eut. Have done this trifling, and walk in with me.

Cha. "Faith," * ſays mine hoſt, "the figs, Sir, at
"Zacynthus
"Are no bad figs."

Eut. Your hoſt is in the right.

Cha. "As for your miſtreſs, I believe, I've
"heard
"She is at Athens."

Eut. He's another Chalcas.†

Cha. I go on board, ſet ſail, and come to port.
Now I'm at home, return'd from baniſhment.
Ha! my friend Eutychus, are *you* there? Save you!
How have you been, friend? How are both my
parents?
What! ſup with you? I'm much oblig'd to you.
To-morrow, if you pleaſe; to-day at home:
For that's but right and decent.

* "*Faith,*" *ſays mine hoſt, &c.*] Some commentators have diſcovered a myſterious meaning in this paſſage, conveying a moral compariſon between youth and green figs. But Turnebus juſtly remarks, that it means nothing more than that the hoſt made an anſwer nothing to the purpoſe. We have an inſtance of the ſame ſpecies of humour in Shakeſpeare, where the Prince anſwers Falſtaff's queſtion about the hoſteſs, by ſaying, "And is not a buff-"jerkin a ſweet robe of du-"rance?"

† *Chalcas.*] A prieſt mentioned in Homer, who had the gift of prophecy.

Eut.

Eut. You are dreaming.
The man has loſt his ſenſes.
Cha. Heal me then;
Quick! miniſter your medicines, like a friend.
Eut. Follow me then.
Cha. I follow.
Eut. Gently, gently!
You tread upon my heels.---But do you hear?
Cha. I've heard too much already.
Eut. You muſt bring
My mother into humour with my father.
For ſhe's enraged at preſent---
Cha. Prithee, hence!
Eut. About the girl—
Cha. Nay, hence, I ſay.
Eut. So mind!
Cha. So hence, I ſay! I'll render her as mild
As Juno, when ſhe is at peace with Jove. [*Exeunt.**

* *Exeunt.*] There is ſomething very unnatural in the behaviour of the young gentlemen in this ſcene. Eutychus trifles with his friend before he communicates the moſt intereſting news; and Charinus trifles after he has heard it. It is very juſtly obſerved by Limiers on this occaſion, that, diſtant as the manners of the ancients might be from our own, yet the paſſions of mankind have been always the ſame.

SCENE III.

DEMIPHO, LYSIMACHUS.

Dem. As if now * you yourſelf had ne'er been guilty
Of ſuch a thing as this?

Lyſim. 'Fore heaven, never.
Never, I promiſe you: and even now
I ſcarce know whether I'm alive, or dead.
My wife is ſo enrag'd about this wench,
She foams again.

Dem. I'll pacify your wife,
Make your excuſe, and reconcile you both.

Lyſim. Follow me then.----But ſee! my ſon comes forth.

SCENE IV.

Enter EUTYCHUS.

Eut. to Cha. within.] I'll to my father now, and let him know

* *As if now, &c.*] In ſome editions eleven ſpurious lines are prefixed to this ſcene, probably by the ſame hand with the two ſuppoſititious ſcenes mentioned in the notes to the fourth act.

My

My mother is quite pacified; and then
Return immediately.

Lyſim. liſtening.] This promiſes.
Well, Eutychus? [*going up to him.*

Eut. Ha! well met both!

Lyſim. What now?

Eut. My mother is appeas'd and ſatisfied.
You may join hands again.

Lyſim. Good heav'n be prais'd!

Eut. As for you, Demipho, I let you know
You've loſt your miſtreſs.

Dem. Plague upon your news!
What means all this?

Eut. I'll tell you. D'ye both mark me?

Lyſim. Both.

Eut. When'er men of rank are ill-diſpos'd,
Their evil diſpoſition ſtains that rank.

Dem. Very true.

Lyſim. True indeed: but 'tis a truth
Bears hardly upon *you.* [*to Dem.*

Eut. Why that's true too.
And at your age it ill becomes you, Sir,
To raviſh from your ſon, a youthful lover,
His newly-purchas'd miſtreſs.

Dem. How is this?
Is Paſicompſa then Charinus' miſtreſs?

Eut. How the old fox diſſembles!

Dem.

Dem. Not at all.
My ſon inform'd me he had purchas'd her
To wait upon his mother.
Eut. For which reaſon
You purchas'd her, young lover? Eh, old boy?*
Lyſim. Well ſaid! Go on. I'll ſecond you. Let's both
Work him, as he deſerves, for this!
Dem. Confuſion!
Lyſim. on one ſide.] To uſe his ſon ſo ill!
Eut. on the other ſide.] So ſcandalouſly!
To drive him into exile!
Dem. Is he gone?
Lyſim. Peace, ſcarecrow! an old fellow, like yourſelf,
Should have done meddling with thoſe matters.
Dem. True.
I own I've been to blame.
Eut. Peace, hatchet-face!
Your age ſhould not admit of crimes like theſe:
For as the ſeveral ſeaſons of the year
Bring with them different fruit, in human life
So have our actions their fit ſeaſons too.
If then old men, like you, without reſtraint,
Paſs in laſcivious wantonneſs their age,

* *Young lover—old boy.*] Exactly the expreſſions of the original. *Novus amator——vetus puer.*

Where

Where is the ſafety of the publick weal?

Dem. Alas! I'm ruin'd.

Eut. Youth alone * ſhould follow
The trade of baſket-making.

Dem. Well, e'en take
Baſket and baſket-maker to yourſelves!

Eut. Reſtore them to your ſon: let him enjoy them.

Dem. With all my heart: I give my full conſent.

Eut. In good time truly! now you cannot help it.

Dem. Nay, let him aſk whate'er revenge he will,
And he ſhall have it for this injury.
But, prithee, make my peace with him: I beg
He may not be incens'd: for had I known,
Had he inform'd me, tho' but jeſtingly,
She was his miſtreſs, now by Hercules,
I never would have tried to tear her from him.
I beg you then, ſweet Eutychus; intreat you;

* *Youth alone, &c.*] In the original, this ſpeech and the next run thus.

Eut. *Adoleſcentes rei agendæ iſti magis ſolent operam dare.*
Dem. *Jam obſecro vobis herclè habete cum ſportis, cum ſiſcinâ.*

There are various readings in the laſt ſpeech; but each way it is agreed to be utterly proverbial, ſignifying, "Take "her, with all that belongs to "her." The reading I have followed is in Engliſh literally, "Now then prithee take her, "with her baſkets and panni-"ers." Wherefore I have made uſe of a kind of cant phraſe in our own tongue, ſomewhat ſimilar to the language of the proverb in the original.

You're

You're his companion; lend me your aſſiſtance.
Take an old fellow under your protection,
And you ſhall find he will not be ungrateful.

Lyſim. Ay, ay, intreat him to forgive your crimes,
And ſpare the follies of your youth. [*ironically.*

Dem. Again?
Cruel! d'ye perſecute me ſtill? I hope
A time will come I may be even with you.

Lyſim. No: I gave over thoſe pranks long ago.

Dem. Henceforward, ſo will I.

Lyſim. Not you. Your mind
Will ſoon return to its old bent again.

Dem. Nay, prithee now, have done; or if you pleaſe,
Horſewhip me!

Lyſim. Truly you deſerve it richly.
And when your wife ſhall come to know of this,
She'll do it too.

Dem. She need not know of it.

Eut. No, no: ſhe ſhall not know of it: ne'er fear!
Let us go in! it ſuits not your affairs
To talk in ſuch a publick place as this,
And make a witneſs of each paſſer-by.

Dem. 'Fore heaven, you are right: the ſtory too
Will be the ſhorter; ſo let's in directly!

Eut. Your ſon is at our houſe.

Dem. I'm glad to hear it.
We can paſs thro' the garden home again.
Lyſim. Hold, Eutychus, I muſt enquire one thing,
Ere I ſet foot within the houſe.
Eut. What now?
Lyſim. Every man looks to what concerns himſelf.
Inform me therefore, if you're very certain
Your mother's anger is appeas'd.
Eut. Quite certain.
Lyſim. Take care!
Eut. Depend upon't,
Lyſim. I'm ſatisfied.
But prithee don't deceive me!
Eut. Do you doubt me?
Lyſim. Well, I believe you; yet I am afraid.
Dem. Come, come, let's enter!
Eut. Hold! before we go,
Paſs we the laws againſt old men; the laws,
By which henceforward they ſhall hold them bound!
" Whoever hath attain'd his ſixtieth year,
" Be he or huſband or old batchelor,
" And ſhall attempt to wanton with the wenches,
" Be it decreed, we deem him impotent;
" And for his ill-timed prodigality,
" Doom him to loſe the little he has left.
" Henceforth let none forbid his youthful ſon,

" To

" To wench, or keep a miſtreſs---decently;*
" On pain of loſing more, than 'twould have coſt,
" Had he indulg'd him in it!---From this night

* —*decently.*] " The latitude here allowed to the debaucheries of young men muſt be offenſive to thoſe who are acquainted with the pure doctrines of Chriſtianity; but was eaſily reconcileable to the groſſneſs of the Pagan religion."——Such is the remark of Madam Dacier on the concluſion of the Brothers of Terence, where, in like manner, Demea allows that his ſon Cteſipho ſhall keep his miſtreſs.——From the other part of this play, however, which is the main plot, an excellent moral may be deduced. An antiquated libertine is indeed a truly comick character, and a very proper object of ſatire and ridicule. The play on the whole, though not a favourite with the old commentators, has undoubtedly great merit. There are ſeveral happy turns in the fable, which is in general well conducted, and in its conſtruction approaches nearer to the modern manner, than any other piece in the Greek or Latin languages. An author of theſe days would indeed moſt probably have introduced the wife of Demipho, in order to heighten the ridiculous diſtreſs of the old dotard after his detection, and by that means have enlivened the cataſtrophe, which, it muſt be confeſſed, appears to be the moſt unfiniſhed part of this comedy. Terence, who, if he had leſs humour than Plautus, had certainly more art, has very happily betrayed the Lemnos intrigue of Chremes to his wife Nauſiſtrata, in the laſt act of Phormio. But that Plautus had no ſuch intention in this comedy, is plain from the following portion of the above dialogue between the parties concerned in this ſcene.

Dem. Nay, prithee now, have done; or if you pleaſe,
Horſewhip me!
Lyſim. Truly you deſerve it richly.
And when your wife ſhall come to know of this,
She'll do it too.
Dem. She need not know of it.
Eut. No, no: ſhe ſhall not know of it: ne'er fear!
Let us go in! it ſuits not your affairs

To

" Be theſe our laws, in force againſt old men."
Young men, farewell! and if ye like theſe ſtatutes,
Enacted to make fathers dutiful,
Now ratify them with your loud applauſe!

To talk in ſuch a publick place as this,
And make a witneſs of each paſſer-by.

This paſſage alone would be an irrefragable argument of the ſpuriouſneſs of the two ſcenes mentioned in the notes to the fourth act, if their lamentable dullneſs and inſipidity did not afford a ſtill more convincing proof of the interpolation.

APPENDIX.

THE reverend and ingenious Mr. Farmer, in his curious and entertaining *Eſſay on the Learning of Shakeſpeare*, having done me the honour to animadvert on ſome paſſages in the preface to this tranſlation, I cannot diſmiſs this edition without declaring how far I coincide with that gentleman; although what I then threw out careleſsly on the ſubject of his pamphlet was merely incidental, nor did I mean to enter the liſts as a champion to defend either ſide of the queſtion.

It is moſt true, as Mr. Farmer takes for granted, that I had never met with the old comedy called *The Suppoſes*, nor has it even yet fallen into my hands; yet I am willing to grant, on Mr. Farmer's authority, that Shakeſpeare borrowed part of the plot of The Taming of the Shrew, from that old tranſlation of Arioſto's play, by George Gaſcoign, and had no obligations to Plautus. I will accede alſo to the truth of Dr. Johnſon's and Mr. Farmer's obſervation, that the line from Terence, exactly as it ſtands in Shakeſpeare, is extant in

Lilly and Udall's *Floures for Latin Speaking*. Still, however, Shakeſpeare's total ignorance of the learned languages remains to be proved; for it muſt be granted, that ſuch books are put into the hands of thoſe who are learning thoſe languages, in which claſs we muſt neceſſarily rank Shakeſpeare, or he could not even have quoted Terence from Udall or Lilly; nor is it likely, that ſo rapid a genius ſhould not have made ſome further progreſs. "Our author, (ſays Dr. Johnſon, as quoted "by Mr. Farmer) had this line from Lilly; which "I mention, that it may not be brought as an argu-"ment of his learning." It is, however, an argument that he read Lilly; and a few pages further it ſeems pretty certain, that the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, had at leaſt read Ovid; from whoſe epiſtles we find theſe lines:

Hàc ibat Simois; hic eſt Sigeia tellus;
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

And what does Dr. Johnſon ſay on this occaſion? Nothing. And what does Mr. Farmer ſay on this occaſion? Nothing.

In Love's Labour Loſt, which, bad as it is, is aſcribed by Dr. Johnſon himſelf to Shakeſpeare, there occurs the word *thraſonical*; another argument which ſeems to ſhew that he was not unacquainted

quainted with the comedies of Terence; not to mention, that the character of the ſchoolmaſter in the ſame play could not poſſibly be written by a man who had travelled no further in Latin than *hic, hæc, hoc.*

In Henry the Sixth we meet with a quotation from Virgil,

Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?

But this, it ſeems, proves nothing, any more than the lines from Terence and Ovid, in the Taming of the Shrew; for Mr. Farmer looks on Shakeſpeare's property in the comedy to be extremely diſputable; and he has no doubt but Henry the Sixth had the ſame author with Edward the Third, which hath been recovered to the world in Mr. Capell's proluſions.

If any play in the collection bears internal evidence of Shakeſpeare's hand, we may fairly give him *Timon of Athens.* In this play we have a familiar quotation from Horace,

Ira furor brevis eſt.

I will not maintain but this hemiſtich may be found in Lilly or Udall; or that it is not in the *Palace of Pleaſure*, or the *Engliſh Plutarch*; or that it was not originally foiſted in by the

players: It ſtands, however, in the play of *Timon of Athens*.

The world in general, and thoſe who purpoſe to comment on Shakeſpeare in particular, will owe much to Mr. Farmer, whoſe reſearches into our old authors throw a luſtre on many paſſages, the obſcurity of which muſt elſe have been impenetrable. No future Upton or Gildon will go further than North's tranſlation for Shakeſpeare's acquaintance with Plutarch, or balance between Dares Phrygius, and *the Troye booke of Lydgate*. *The Hyſtorie of Hamblet*, in *black letter*, will for ever ſuperſede Saxo Grammaticus; tranſlated novels and ballads will, perhaps, be allowed the ſources of Romeo, Lear, and the Merchant of Venice; and Shakeſpeare himſelf, however unlike Bayes in other particulars, will ſtand convicted of having *tranſverſed* the proſe of Holingſhead; and at the ſame time, to prove "that his *ſtudies* lay in his own language," the tranſlations of Ovid are determined to be the production of Heywood.

"That his *ſtudies* were moſt demonſtratively confined to *nature*, and his *own language*," I readily allow: but does it hence follow that he was ſo deplorably ignorant of every other tongue, living or dead, that he only "remembered, perhaps, enough "of his *ſchoolboy* learning to put the *big*, *bag*, *hog*,

"into

"into the mouth of Sir H. Evans; and might pick "up in the writers of the time, or the courſe of his "converſation, a familiar phraſe or two of French "or Italian?" In Shakeſpeare's plays both theſe laſt languages are plentifully ſcattered: but then, we are told, they might be impertinent additions of the players. Undoubtedly they might: but there they are, and, perhaps, few of the players had much more learning than Shakeſpeare.

Mr. Farmer himſelf will allow that Shakeſpeare began to learn Latin: I will allow that his *ſtudies* lay in Engliſh: but why inſiſt that he neither made any progreſs at ſchool; nor improved his acquiſitions there? The general encomiums of Suckling, Denham, Milton, *&c.* on his *native genius* *, prove nothing; and Ben Jonſon's celebrated charge of Shakeſpeare's *ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek* †, ſeems abſolutely

* Mr. Farmer cloſes theſe general teſtimonies of Shakeſpeare's having been only indebted to nature, by ſaying, "He came "out of her hand, *as ſome one elſe expreſſes it*, like Pallas "out of Jove's head, at full growth and mature." It is whimſical enough, that this *ſome one elſe*, whoſe expreſſion is here quoted to countenance the general notion of Shakeſpeare's want of literature, ſhould be no other than myſelf. Mr. Farmer does not chuſe to mention where he met with this expreſſion of *ſome one elſe*; and *ſome one elſe* does not chuſe to mention where he dropt it.

† In defence of the various reading of this paſſage, given in the preface to the laſt edition of Shakeſpeare, "ſmall Latin, and "*no* Greek," Mr. Farmer tells us, that "it was adopted above "a century ago by W. Towers, in a panegyrick on Cartwright." Surely, Towers having ſaid that Cartwright had *no* Greek, is no proof that Ben Jonſon ſaid ſo of Shakeſpeare.

abſolutely to decide that he had *ſome* knowledge of both; and if we may judge by our own time, a man, who has any Greek, is ſeldom without a very competent ſhare of Latin; and yet ſuch a man is very likely to ſtudy Plutarch in Engliſh, and to read tranſlations of Ovid.

END OF VOL. II.

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